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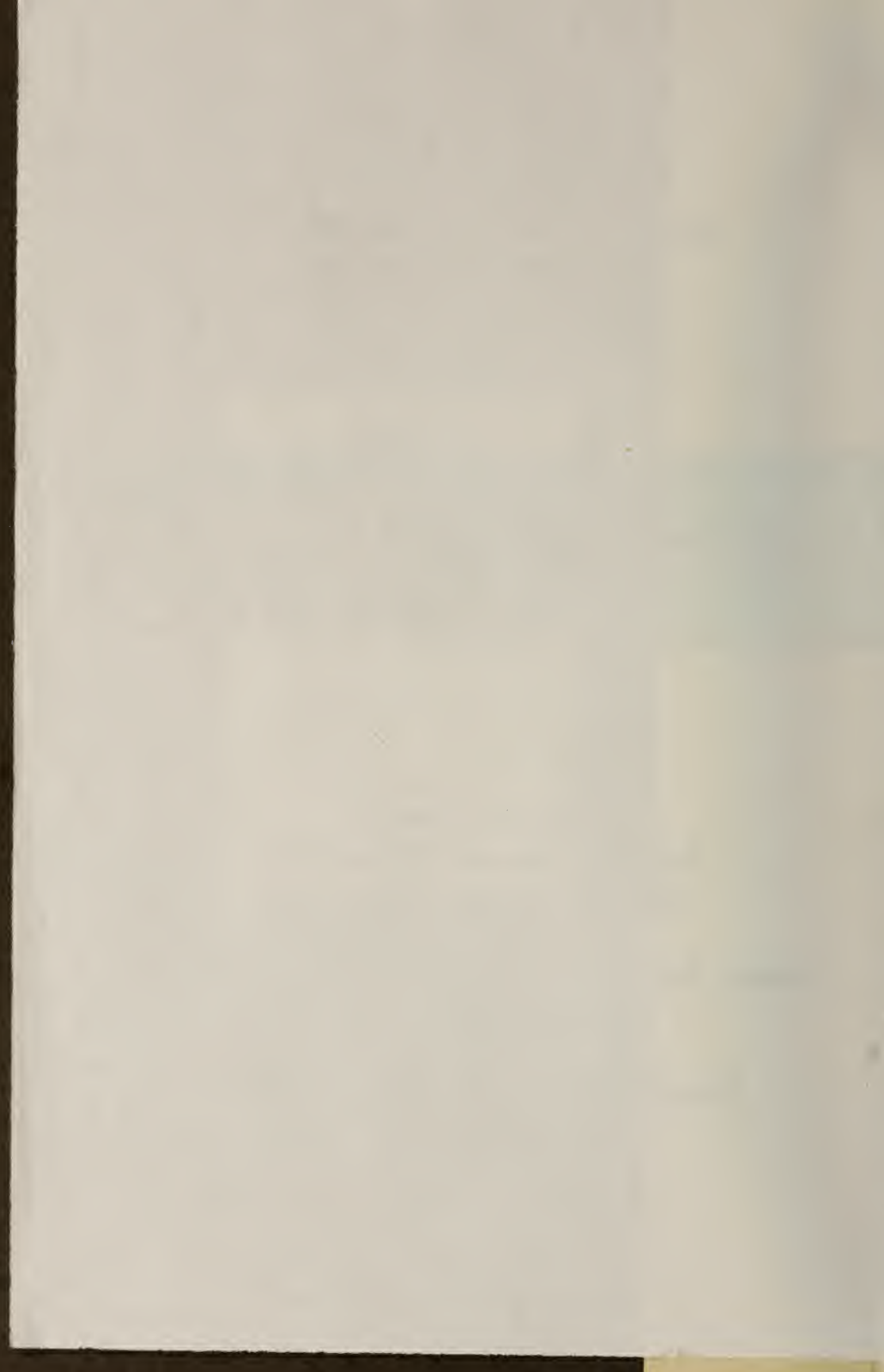
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March



1923

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MARCH

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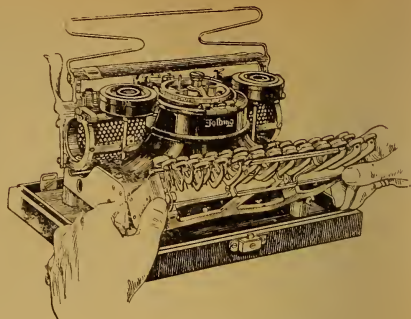
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length in this issue
on page 46*



The Only Organ in Three Counties



*John Resents the Intrusion of a New Member
of the Household.*



The Seeds of Love Begin to Sprout.



Preparing for the Wedding.

The STORY WORLD

AND PHOTODRAMATIST

MARCH, 1923

VOL. IV—No. 9



THE BRIDGE*

BY SARAH WATERS

ALONG the waterfront, not far distant from the financial district in the city of San Francisco, there remains a group of ghostly, misshapen old buildings that, through some strange freak, escaped destruction by the ravaging fire following the earthquake in 1906.

Completely forgotten by rebuilders, these blistered, faded, rotting structures still lean against one another as if in brooding communion and mutual support—braced in resentful defiance against a possible recurrence of that evil temblor.

It was sympathy for these derelicts that caused David Mason to take to the decrepit old dens. A weird, uncanny understanding that somehow struck a responsive chord within his soul and made him accept the meager shelter they offered. He had vowed on first

acquaintance, to share their fate. He too had suffered as a result of that earthquake; it had left him with a twisted, misshapen knee—and a broken heart. Hapless misfits, those buildings and David Mason. Out of plumb; out of level; out of symmetry—but fit to survive.

For sixteen years, David had dwelt in one of these strange hovels, sharing it with a little waif who had wrapped himself around the old man's heart. True, the floor was below the new street level; the walls were cracked, devoid of plaster; and the chimney was so twisted upon itself that it had sunk completely below the roof and forbade practical use of the antique fireplace, but David had crudely transformed it all into a livable den, for Joe. And with Joe it was home.

David had denied himself much for the growing youngster's welfare and education, but he looked upon the many sacrifices as privi-

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leges. Privileges that were more and more appreciated as the boy went through high school and entered the University across the Bay.

Joe had decided upon law as a profession, and David listened to the boy's hopeful plans with immeasurable pride. To David, the fulfillment of those plans meant triumph over environment, an achievement worthy of countless sacrifices—a fitting survival. Victory!

Thought of that victory wrinkled David's sallow face into a smile. He was winning. Winning in spite of the destiny that had decreed Joe's downfall first by denying him a name, and then by robbing him of mother-love. By giving the boy an education, old David was helping him to rise above environment—to bridge the unfathomable gulf separating the dwellers of these disreputable buildings from the men of success who carried on the world's work.

There was no selfishness, no deceit, in the makeup of the boy whose life David had moulded. Only compassion—love—an unusual degree of wholesome affection that reflected affection and bolstered David's courage in his darkest hours.

It took money to defray Joe's expenses at the University. By increasing his activities and including the exclusive hotels and clubs as prospective sources of second-hand clothing, David was enabled to keep abreast.

David anxiously awaited the boy's return on the promised week-end visit. He wanted to know if

Joe's popularity was continued. He wanted to feel that his teachings had not been in vain, that Joe was making none but the proper connections. He wanted to hear the boy's cheery voice, to feel the pressure of his hand—and above all to hear that grown lad call him "father."

It was not quite time for the boy to come, but David peered through the crooked window; he wanted to glimpse him as he rounded the corner. Stealing another glance at the clock and reassured that Joe could not be expected for at least ten more minutes, David forgot his stiff knee and bobbed around the room giving final little touches to the books, the flowers bought especially for Joe, caressing little pats to Joe's old clothes hanging on the wall.

At last, Joe came swinging down the broken pavement. He nodded and waved to neighbors. In a few moments the big wholesome boy had embraced David and his strong, young voice radiated cheer in the creaky old dwelling. Joe's words and actions were those of one returned home after a protracted absence and it warmed David's heart to see that the boy had really missed him. Eyes moist but radiating joy, he drew his chair close to Joe's.

"Tell me, lad, how goes it? I'm hungry for news—tell me everything."

In glowing words, Joe told of his experiences, his joys, his fears, his hopes, and David sat like one enthralled, interrupting now and again, begging for more details.

"This Mortimer Lake, Joe. This

chum of yours who you said was the son of Judson Lake, tell me about him."

"I'm glad you ask, father, I want you to like him. I met him in the gym. We were playing soccer and he was on my side. After the game—we trimmed the other boys—Mort asked me to have something to eat with him. I went—and father—I just had to tell him about us here—about the old derelicts and all about you. At first, I thought it was the contrast to his own home that interested him, but I found that it was something deeper that drew us toward each other—something neither of us could quite explain. When we came out of the grill it was nearly ten o'clock. We had talked for five hours and I felt as if I had known him all my life. He wants me to room with him at the Beta Frat House."

David's mouth compressed. Some compelling force within him prevented speech. It was not jealousy—or the fear of losing Joe that gripped him, it was the dawning of the realization that his fervent prayers were being answered. As David had hoped, the boy had already formed the basis for a life-long friendship, a friendship that would be beneficial in future years. A partnership maybe—a partnership not founded on the shifting sands of selfishness—at least a proper entry into the profession of law where he could rise to the heights of success and service.

David closed his eyes, his free hand rested on Joe's and pressed it. At last, he found his voice.

"I'm glad this pal has come into your life, Joe. You'll both be better

men for it. Better men, Joe. But will his family tolerate this friendship?"

"I was coming to that. I met his father and—" Joe's eyes shifted to the bent old chimney "—and I've been asked to spend the Christmas holidays with Mort at the Lake mansion in Burlingame."

David's eyes grew troubled. "Why the halt in your sentence, Joe? Why did you hesitate when you spoke of meeting Judson Lake?"

"He's stiff—cold—and—well I don't exactly like him, father. He's too cynical."

David patted Joe's hand lovingly. "Your first clash, boy. He probably thinks you're not good enough—coming from these old hulks—to chum with his son. But it's up to you to rise above that resentment, and to show Judson Lake that these old hovels have sheltered only those fit to survive."

His voice broke a little, then, with grim determination, he added: "How much will it cost you to live at the fraternity house?"

"Can—can we afford it—father?" came the boy's troubled voice.

Just then there came a tap on the window pane. The signal was familiar to both men and Joe sprang delightedly to open the back door to *Weasel*, a friend of his childhood and now a power of the underworld, who still came mysteriously and at long intervals to see them.

The short chunky man divested himself of his coat and began to disgorge packages.

"Afraid I was goin' to be late. Davy. Afraid you'd be havin' your

snack before I came, but I see I'm on time. Now fer an ol' time feed."

Joe took the packages and the three men fell to the preparation of the meal. While they ate David recounted Joe's experiences at Berkeley. His oration, somehow, lacked the necessary conviction for *Weasel* looked suspiciously resentful. As if he sensed that some important information was being withheld because of his connection with the underworld.

Weasel asked a few sympathetic questions, that disclosed not only his fondness for the boy, but also a tinge of regret that he, *Weasel*, had never had the chance that was now Joe's. As he pushed back his chair and reached for his hat Joe announced that he was to spend the holidays at Burlingame.

Weasel shot David a quick glance—a glance that revealed his understanding of the withheld information as well as an effort to convey to David that he need not have feared.

"Gettin' in high with these swells," he commented drily. "Gettin' in right, I'll say. That Lake crib is the swellest in Burlingame."

Joe chuckled, gathered the dishes and carried them to the sink.

Noiselessly, *Weasel* sidled to David's side and whispered: "If you need any 'jack' to help the kid——"

David gave him a grateful glance and shook his head in negation.

"Drop in again, *Weasel*," he said huskily. "Joe's going to live at the fraternity house and we'll have to spare him his week ends. It'll be nice to see you more often."

Weasel slipped off into the night

as suddenly as he had come, and as mysteriously, by way of the rear.

David sank into his chair, produced his pipe and thoughtfully filled it. Would it come to his accepting help from *Weasel* to put the boy over—or would

His teeth clenched over his pipe. Joe was *his* problem. What would those old derelicts think of him if he failed to prove they had harbored others than those fit to survive?

The Lake mansion was one of those homes typical of California's better class. Topping one of Burlingame's rolling hills, it contained no ostentatious display of wealth, though wealth had been there for generations. No vulgar effect of newly rich. Richness, yet simplicity. Bare, empty spaces of floor and wall that somehow suggested room for spacious thought, spirit freedom. Gracious rooms, with their high ceilings; the hospitable hall; and wide staircase whose shallow steps had been trod by countless famous men and beautiful women. It held that all-pervading air of home, of love and warmth and cheer—of kindness and courtesy.

But it harbored one discordant note—Judson Lake. The old, florid lawyer had resented the invitation extended to Joe, and his resentment amounted to bitterness as he came to realize that the young man's daily association with his ward, Carrie, was arousing in the young woman a regard he had long hoped would develop for Mortimer. To have this upstart, of doubtful parentage, step in and overshadow his own son in Carrie's affection was more than

Judson Lake could tolerate. He must put a stop to it! Stop it before the mooning young calf forgot himself and confessed his love to Carrie.

Lake watched the pair of young lovers in the garden. Apparently, they were oblivious to their surroundings. He reached for a cigar, nipped the end with his teeth and spat the tobacco into the grate. Something must be done to appeal to Carrie's good sense and make her realize the folly of encouraging the young upstart.

The touch of a feminine hand on Lake's arm startled him.

"Don't, Judson. Don't stare so. Your look at that boy is positively venomous."

Lake fairly bristled. He threw his unlighted cigar into the grate and made room beside him for his wife.

"I've noticed it since the boy first came. Mortimer feels it, Judson, and he's hurt. It's the first time he's ever had a chum for whom he really cares and we should make things pleasant."

"Margaret!" The exclamation was tense, unbelieving. "You can't mean that you have been hypnotized by that nameless nobody!"

She raised a deprecating hand. "I know. I know. My coming out in defense of Mortimer's friend is rather a jolt—nevertheless, I thoroughly approve of him."

"Margaret—you don't know what you're saying. For all you know he might be a son of the Barbary Coast!"

She arose abruptly.

"Sham, Judson. Just pure sham. I might say that for all I know, he

may be the son of one of our most respected citizens."

Judson's jaw dropped; he stared incredulously at the departing figure of his wife as she gracefully ascended the stairs.

He reached for another cigar and viciously clipped it with his teeth. In a moment he was surrounded by a cloud of smoke that partly screened him from the observation of Joe and Carrie who were stepping through the conservatory into the library. Carrie extended her hand, Joe took it with boyish gallantry, and kissed her fingertips.

Judson Lake saw, and cleared his throat in a manner that startled the young couple. Carrie darted up the stairs and Joe advanced toward Judson.

"Cigar?" offered the old lawyer.

"Thanks, I'd rather not."

Judson frowned and puffed as he fixed the young man with chill eyes. "Hm, too expensive, bad habits for a stinted pocketbook, eh? Girls expensive too. Especially Carrie."

Judson paused. He meant that to sink in.

Joe bristled. It was evident that he was making an effort to control his anger at this insult. "Some girls have things thrust on them and appear to be satisfied, when in reality they would prefer modest surroundings—and happiness," he retorted quietly.

Judson sneered. "See here, Joe. I'm not going to mince words or listen to philosophizing. I agreed to Mortimer's bringing you here for the holidays because I thought it would be part of your education to see a side of the world you can

never hope to be a part of. But I'm damned if I'll remain quiescent while you're fortune-hunting."

Joe's hands clenched, but he bit his lips in silence.

"I've noticed your hypnotic abilities with Carrie" continued Lake, "and I want to say that ——" He paused and frowned, for Mortimer was just entering the room and above all, Judson did not wish for an open break with his son. "I want to say that—that circumstantial evidence often convicts men who are absolutely guiltless," he continued as his false smile slipped into place and temporarily concealed the animosity he bore for Joe.

"At it again, eh, Dad? Can't you let up on discussions of law and let Joe enjoy his vacation? We get enough law at school. Come, Joe, time to get slicked up for dinner."

Mortimer locked his arm through Joe's and led him to the staircase while Judson sank into the settee and pulverized the cigar in his hand.

The memory of Joe kissing Carrie's hand enraged him. That little scene was proof that he must take decisive action and forever break the hold Joe was weaving upon his family. Something must be done to make Carrie and Margaret ashamed of that upstart. Something that would forever sever the foolish bond that somehow existed between Mortimer and Joe.

Would Joe tell Mortimer of the attempt to break his spirit? Would the dog yelp and show the yellow streak in him? Or would he doggedly cling, currying favors until he was made to cringe?

Judson suddenly reached for the push-button at his side and a second later a noiselessly shod servant slid into the semi-darkened room.

"Jasper, want you to do me a favor."

"Yes, sir."

A moment of silence and Judson continued:

"Jasper, did you ever see those old buildings along the water-front—the ones with crazy roofs and rotting cornices?"

"The ones that were spared by the fire, sir?"

"Exactly, I want you to go there tonight, after the guests have begun to arrive, and bring back an old man they call David."

"Yes, sir."

"Use my car. Say nothing to anyone; bring the old man to my room, and keep him there until I send for you."

"Yes, sir. What shall I tell him?"

"Damned if I care. Get him here."

"Yes, sir."

"And, Jasper, run up to Miss Carrie and tell her I want to see her before dinner."

Jasper melted out of the room and Judson Lake settled comfortably into the divan. He snapped the light cord, and flooded the room with the soft glow of light that came through silken shades. He shifted his position and waited, his blood seething with increasing anger and deliberate purpose. At last, he heard the rustle of silks,

"You wanted to see me?"

Judson glanced at her and plunged bluntly into his subject: "I saw Joe kiss your hand."

"Oh!" The expression came with a little start of surprise. She leaned from him a trifle; her violet eyes sought his and held.

"I just wanted to say I don't approve."

"Perfectly harmless, Mr. Lake."

"Mean you're flirting?"

"Not exactly."

"You allowed him to kiss your hand. His eyes showed plainly that he loves you."

"I—I hadn't noticed it."

Judson could feel that she was on the defensive and he groped for words that would take the edge from his bluntness, but they failed to come.

"I want to impress upon your mind that your father's will stipulates that you cannot marry without my consent."

She arose abruptly; stared at him a moment as if in an effort to control her feelings. Then she averted her face and quietly left the room.

The spacious ballroom was aglow with light and youth, for it was the occasion of the Christmas dance. Invitations had been broadcasted to include most of Mortimer Lake's classmates and the professors at the University who were also Judson Lake's fellow practitioners. Early in the evening, Judson had assured himself that David was in Lake's own room. He now awaited the right moment to spring his surprise—to introduce this ragged old peddler to the fashionable guests in his ballroom. He chuckled as he imagined the consternation of Joe, the fortune-hunter and the humiliation of Carrie and Margaret as

they saw their romantic dream go up in smoke.

Since the little scene in the library that afternoon, he had managed to keep away from his wife, Carrie, and Joe, and there were no indications that Joe had confided in Mortimer. Lake had kept Mortimer at his side as much as possible, expounding Carrie's qualities and openly expressing his desire to link Carrie's name and fortune to the Lake interests. He had met with little success. Mortimer had become more reticent than usual. This served to strengthen Judson's belief that some drastic action—such as the little surprise he had arranged for—was imperative.

At a nod from Lake, the orchestra stopped, the dancers glanced at each other, wondering at the abrupt halt of the music. In a resonant voice, Judson announced the surprise of the evening.

"You've all met Joe," he explained with the semblance of a sarcastic note, "I want you to meet his father."

At this moment, heavy velvet draperies were parted and David Mason, blinking, surprised by the amount of attention given him, stood near the portieres, undecided whether to bolt or to remain. In his gnarled old hands, he nervously twirled a misshapen old hat. His tongue ran over thin, dry lips. His eyes glistened with pride as he glimpsed Joe in the far corner of the room—a young vision of loveliness beside him, lips parted, a detaining hand on the boy's arm.

David shifted from one foot to the other. What was the meaning of this summons? Hadn't kind Mr.

Lake informed Joe? Why was Joe staring so? It was all lovely, this dance, the people, the home—exactly what he had dreamed would come to Joe. It meant the realization of his hopes—proof that the little waif he had fostered was fit to survive—but why were they staring so? Why did some of those younger men snicker? Why did some of the beautiful women look so sad?

"David," came Lake's sonorous voice, "I've asked you to come so we could hear about yourself. We'd like to know about Joe's dad. Speak up—don't be afraid."

David thought he detected a bit of a challenge in Lake's latter remarks, but he overlooked it and launched into his favorite subject—Joe.

"There's not much to say about myself," he began tremulously. "I'm just 'Old' David, the second-hand clothing man. About Joe, though, I could tell you a lot. He's your friend. I'm your friend, too, for that matter—but *he's* the one who's interesting."

"He was just a little tyke when I found him. Must have been four years old. The little cuss was sitting on a fallen wall in the ruins of the earthquake and fire. He was clinging to a small metal bond box for dear life, while his free hand was digging into the ashes for all he was worth."

"Dirty! I never saw such an unclean child. He had been digging among the ruins for two days and he was the wildest, most scared little thing I ever saw. When he saw me, he darted away like a little animal and tried to hide behind

the twisted beams and heat-seared leaning walls. Some of you may recall the ghostly appearance of those fallen, twisted beams and those chimneys that stood up among gutted buildings. Remember how they swayed with the wind? I was in constant fear the boy would be killed as he darted between those tottering ruins.

"It took some time to coax him and win him over, but a little patience and I convinced him that I was no ogre."

"The child had not eaten since the night before the earthquake and he had slept in the ashes of the building where his home once stood——"

"I thought the charities took care of such cases," interposed Judson Lake, with a touch of impatience.

"So they did, Mr. Lake, so they did. But this little Joe had too much heart to be pried away from the ruins of his old home, by ordinary well-meaning methods. You see—you see—he had lost his mother in that fire and his little mind couldn't grasp the significance of it all. I remember his telling me that he couldn't go with me because he had to wait for her."

David dabbed at the corner of his eye with the now wrinkled old hat. The memory of those heart-rending days was strong upon him, and despite the obtruding lump in his throat, he felt he must tell these people all. They must know the waif was a fit survivor—they must know what little he knew of the boy's history. Bits he had never dared tell Joe in later years.

"Piecemeal, I got threads of information concerning the boy's

mother. She was one of those unfortunate women who love too well and unwisely."

David's eyes had paused on those of Judson Lake's and he saw a perplexing look—exultance, almost. David resumed:

"But not a scarlet woman as my last few words might imply; a good woman who had been cruelly abandoned and divorced by a man who believed he had married beneath his station."

David paused again. Judson Lake's erstwhile florid countenance had turned ashen. The woman at his side—Margaret—looked swiftly at her husband and stepped in front of him. Joe saw the move and leaned forward as he raised an objecting hand. Judson sank into a chair.

The little woman beside Joe—Carrie—quickly brought down the young man's hand.

"How—Mr. David" she asked, "how did you learn about the divorce?"

David essayed a smile. It was so good of the little woman to be interested. He wanted her to be. Had he not observed the occasional glances of affection she had bestowed upon Joe?

"By the contents of the bond box," David replied. "Everything in it was burned except a single page from a letter—and that was burned at the edges. I still have it. It's the most cruel piece of writing I've ever read—cold, calculating, selfish—condemning."

"Did you ever learn the unfortunate woman's name?"

"Joe called her Julia 'Ensen,' but I could never make out whether

it was Anson, Henderson, Hanson, or anything else. But I'm sure her first name was Julia."

"And your interest in Joe—was it just because he was a waif?" continued Carrie.

David shook his head in negation. The memory of his lost ones and the wife and child he had been prevented from saving because of a beam fallen over his knee—the frantic struggling to get to them—the darkness that came over him and mercilessly spared his seeing them crushed to death—it was all too vivid. David could not speak. He could only gulp and plead with his eyes. He had intended no self-revelment—it was Joe he had wanted to talk about.

Someone had given the signal to the orchestra and the music had resumed. Through dimmed eyes David saw the young woman who had asked questions come to him and vaguely realized that she was kissing him.

The next moment he felt himself lifted to the shoulders of young men in full dress. The men cheered in a way he had heard boys cheer at a foot-ball game. Why should they cheer him and carry him about on their shoulders? He had done nothing. It was *Joe* they should cheer. It was Joe—it was Joe——

They were hurting his crippled knee. He tried to raise his voice in protest, but no words came. Suddenly, he felt himself toppling—then darkness. The same darkness that had come to him on that memorable spring day in 1906.

The recoil had been so unexpected, so effective, that it was

some time before Judson Lake could muster his faculties sufficiently to plan the next move. He knew David had been taken to Carrie's room, and he knew that both his ward and Joe were with the old man. He must get to David. Get to him and see that the old codger was returned to his haunts before too many questions were asked. That page from his old book of life must be kept from Margaret and Carrie. The old fool must be made to leave the city.

From a shadowed corner, Lake observed Carrie coming down the staircase. A moment later, Joe followed. Lake made sure that the young couple rejoined the guests, then, deliberately, he made for Carrie's room.

As Lake entered, David stirred and opened his eyes.

"Better, eh? I'm glad of it. I'll order the car and you can be home in a few minutes."

He paused to note the effect of his words, then resumed:

"That was some monologue you pulled about Joe," he chuckled. The tone of his voice was nicely calculated to give the impression that he believed old David had been lying. "They all liked it—it made a hit!"

"Monologue?" came David's questioning voice.

"Yes, the kid stuff about the bond box."

"It's all true. Every bit of it," emphasized David. "And now that I think of it, it's strange the initials stamped at the ends of the box are similar to yours."

Judson contracted his brows and his eyes narrowed. His voice was

mild, disarming. "I'd like to see that box—it may serve as a clue as to who this 'Julia' woman was. Perhaps she—perhaps someone in her house stole it."

"Perhaps some one gave it to Julia before it was discovered that she was of a different class," David hastily put in. "Perhaps the boy had been schooled to guard that box and its contents above all else in order to establish his parentage. Perhaps——"

"All you say is possible, old man. All possible. As a lawyer, I may be able to assist in clearing up some of this fog by seeing the box and its contents. For Joe's sake—and a possible reward for your endeavors, let's go to your house and see it."

"I don't want recompense. The boy's companionship has done more for me than anything else." David's voice softened. "Joe has been calling me *father*. Can you realize what that means to a man who has lost his own son—a son who would be about the same age?"

In spite of his harshness, Judson Lake was beginning to like this strange old ruffian. There seemed to be something big in the man. Something that compelled admiration. But he steeled himself against that feeling. He had to fight the man or permit himself to be exposed. He must go on with his intent to drive the old man out of town—away from Joe. But he must do so smoothly.

"I know just how you feel, David. Let me come to see you tomorrow. Let me come and give you the benefit of what experience I have. Together, maybe we can

arrive at a solution of the problem for the boy's good."

David's wrinkled old face expanded into a glad smile. "You mean you'll work with me for the boy?"

Lake nodded.

"Then send me home and—and— couldn't you come with me, tonight, and talk things over?"

Lake repressed a smile. Things were going his way.

"You're too tired," he temporized.

By way of answer, David hobbled out of bed and reached for his coat from the back of a chair.

"When Joe is concerned, I'm never too tired—or too crippled. Come."

"But Joe—he'll wonder what's become of you."

"I'll write him a note." He chuckled as he hobbled to Carrie's writing desk and scribbled. "See," he said, handing the bit of paper. "I'm telling Joe that I'm all right and that I've gone home—for him not to leave here until the end of his vacation."

Judson Lake's fingers trembled a bit as he held the note. It was full of tenderness and was signed with the word "Father."

Less than an hour later, both men were seated at the center table in David's den. They formed a contrast, these two men. The florid Lake in evening clothes and the wizened, sallow David Mason in his threadbare clothing. Ordinarily, such surroundings would have made Lake revolt. Just now, however, he was too intent upon the metal box David had retrieved from its hiding place. All else was

forgotten save that box. Did it, or did it not hold the letter he suspected he had written Julia in those earlier years?

His hands shook and he leaned forward to catch the first glimpse of that fateful document.

The blood drained from Lake's countenance. He need not pick up the letter—it *was* his handwriting. The revelation stunned him, made him gasp, and with the revelation came remorse, an overpowering remorse that gripped his heart, wrung it and made him realize how unjust, how cruel, how selfish he had been.

He avoided David's gaze and took in the pitiful surroundings—its shabby attempt to be homelike—the incongruous, twisted chimney—the crooked windows and the antiquated furniture.

His cruelty and selfishness had caused his own son to become an object of charity. And that kindly old man across the table had given to a stranger the love and affection Lake had denied.

What would the people say? What wouldn't they say—if they knew? Lake sank into a chair and covered his face. He must make up to Joe. Make up to David for the many sacrifices he had made. Joe had been educated, prepared to take his rightful place in the world, but at what cost!

Slowly, ashamed of what he was about to say, he lifted his head and saw the bewildered, puzzled expression on David.

"The search is ended," he said simply. "The boy must have his chance. Reparation must be made. I will see to it."

"The search is ended?" vaguely

repeated David. "Reparation? I can't quite understand."

"Need I say more?"

David's eyes had grown wide, gradual comprehension taking hold, a conviction that was at once resentful and thankful.

Lake controlled his feeling and rose abruptly.

"David. You must go away."

"Go away and leave Joe—leave these old dens that have been home?"

"For Joe's benefit, David. You can't refuse. I'll pave the way. The boy is in love with Carrie, and the girl loves him. She couldn't risk social ostracism by marrying a young man from the slums. Can't you see? Can't you understand what it means for Joe's happiness?"

"Go away and—never see Joe?" quavered David. "Never see the boy who's been a part of my life? Do you realize what you're asking?"

"I'll pay well—give you back every cent you spent on the boy." He reached to his pocket and withdrew check book and fountain pen. Hastily he signed his name to a blank check and push it across the table.

David stared at the check, at Lake. His lips moved tremulously, his old blue eyes dimmed. "You're trying to pay for something it's been a pleasure to give, you're——"

David's hands went to his head. His gnarled old fingers twisted in the thinning gray hair. Slowly, his head came down and rested on his arms and his body shook with uncontrollable grief.

"That's all right, David. You can cash the check in the morning and

disappear. It's best for Joe. Consider that, David. It's best for *Joe*."

Lake took up his hat and coat. After one more glance at the old man, he stepped from the room.

When Judson returned to his home, the last guests were leaving and Margaret met her husband at the door. He took the astonished wife's arm and silently led her to the library. With characteristic boldness, he plunged directly into the subject uppermost in his mind.

"You were right—Margaret—about Joe. He's the son of a respected man."

The woman gasped. It was plain that she sensed momentous revelations, but she asked no questions.

"I'll have to make amends, Margaret. I'll have to make up to the boy and compensate for all that has been denied him."

"All that has been *denied* him," she repeated, eyes widening.

"Hang it all, Margaret! I need your help. I need your help—because—because——" His voice lowered, then chokingly, came the final words— "Joe is my own boy."

Margaret sprang to her feet, staring in unbelief. The announcement had driven speech from her. Lake reached for her hand and drew her protesting form to him.

"Julia's boy, Margaret. The baby I never thought about when I met you and divorced her. Perhaps that explains the strange bond between Mortimer and Joe—they're half brothers."

He drew her close to him. "I loved you, Margaret—loved you so much that I realized my marriage to Julia was merely the result of

blind infatuation. The girl loved me. No use going over that, Margaret. You know I had to wait for a divorce before I could marry you. I forgot about the child. I had made some provisions and I was foolish enough to believe those provisions coupled with the divorce absolved me of all responsibility. Now, I can see how wrong I was. How terribly selfish and brutal it was for me to forget that child and allow him to drift like an outcast—undesirable through no fault of his own.”

He paused again; his arm circled Margaret and that understanding, compassionate woman yielded to his embrace and pressed her face against the moist cheek of her husband.

“I’ve got to win his affection, Margaret, I’ve got to offset the effects of my fool persecutions—break down the bars that have risen between us; make him see that I am anxious to remove those bars, Margaret, I—I want him to call me ‘father.’ And to forgive me.”

Margaret stroked the head that was now leaning on her shoulder. His lips pressed against her free hand. For some moments, she stroked silently.

“In a way, Judson, I’m responsible too. Not that I regret the step, but I’m ‘the other woman.’ It was I who made you forget. It was selfishness that led me to monopolize your love and to save it all for myself and my own boy. It’s a problem, Judson, a big problem; but you and I will solve it. I love the boy—much more now that I know he’s your son.”

“You’re a brick, old girl, a thoroughbred. We must plan this out carefully. We must plan his acknowledgment so that there will be no recoil from Joe, and no social ostracism. Couldn’t you take Carrie and the two boys to Lake Tahoe while we formulate plans? The winter sports are on. They’ll appeal to them. When you come back, perhaps we will have had time to plan definitely.”

The chimes of the hall clock struck three times. Margaret arose.

“I’ll do it, Judson. Perhaps I can get them to consent to leave by the noon train. I’ll let you know in time so you can arrange for tickets.”

The Lake limousine had scarcely departed on the following afternoon when Judson Lake descended the broad steps of his mansion. He still smarted from the sting of Carrie’s resentful glances and Joe’s aloofness—they had scarcely acknowledged his wishes for a bon voyage—and the memory of those hurt glances spurred him on to immediate efforts to pave the way for the plan he had in mind. First, he must make sure David left town.

Lake retraced his steps, ordered his roadster and drove himself to the old hovel. David met him at the door, but he was unsmiling. He had thought over Lake’s proposition—had stared at the check through the balance of a sleepless night.

“I can’t do it, Mr. Lake. I can’t give up the boy.”

Lake frowned. Couldn’t the old fool see that it was for the boy’s good?

"I can't give up the boy," David repeated as he sank slowly into an old chair near the window.

Lake watched him intently, shifted his glance to the check still on the table where he had left it, then back to the wizened old man.

"I wanted to spare you a little jolt, David, but it seems that I must tell you the truth: Joe *wants* you to go away, he wants you to take that check and leave San Francisco. Leave today—and forget him."

"Joe wants that?" came his unbelieving voice. "Joe wants me to *forget* him? That's impossible, Mr. Lake. Leaving San Francisco will not make me forget him."

"Then I am to infer you are leaving?"

"Not until I've satisfied myself that Joe wishes it—not until I have talked to the boy myself."

Lake remained silent, ignorant of the fact that *Weasel* was at the rear window—peering—and listening.

The lawyer grew thoughtful. Since David would not believe the lie, how could he bring about the old man's departure? What if David were invited to visit Joe—and suppose a servant should tell David that Joe did not wish to see him?

The dense fog, flurried and shaken by a stiff breeze, sifted in from the ocean like a hurrying, stealthy invading thing. It stole over Twin Peaks, enveloped the building, smothered the streets and limned the street lights in pale yellow. An odd figure slipped out of a rotting old building that had

been home to David Mason for sixteen years. The figure stood there, in front of that crooked old door, its threshold a foot below the level of the new street, undecided, pondering. For a brief moment it straightened as if in entreaty, then sagged with a hopelessness that was final and fatalistic.

The man abruptly moved toward the waterfront, limping, hobbling along with his twisted, crippled knee.

The tempest that had raged within David's brain since that fatal visit, in which he learned that Joe was "not at home" to David Mason and would not be, had made him unmindful of time, and now that he was away from the protecting walls of his old dwelling, it seemed to him that he could think of his grief, without confiding to the old walls.

He felt only overwhelming pity for the poor boy who had let the glitter of a prospective home overshadow and completely obliterate the happy hours they had spent together.

"He wills it, he wills it," repeated the crushed old man as he hobbled over the intervening space between the buildings and the edge of the bay. "Joe wants me to go away. The boy that I raised, the boy that called me 'father' does not want to see me—sends me away. Oh, my boy! what have they said to you to make you do this thing?"

He walked slowly—a muffled, stumbling old figure, groping his way closer to the water. There he might find peace. His feet left the cement pavement. He could hear

the pound of his heels against the timber wharfage.

Then came the jingle of bells. He counted them. He heard the dull, monotonous call: "All's well." He shivered. What mockery! "All's well's." What mockery! He stumbled against a coil of rope and kicked viciously—and laughed. Suddenly he stopped. The sound of his own laughter had chilled his spine.

He trembled and looked around like a frightened child. It seemed to him there was some one near. Swiftly he glanced over his shoulder—only dense fog.

A gust of wind and the fog came racing by. For the first time, he became aware of the mist blowing in his face. His hand went to his sleeve; it was damp. The feel of it brought him back to that night long ago when Joe had sobbed himself asleep in his arms. And now Joe wished him to leave.

Gradually, he became conscious of a light above his head. It seemed to grow in intensity. He looked up. Filmy fragments of a flying mist were racing across a full moon. He shuddered.

He looked back toward the city. It was still enveloped in fog. The intervening space shimmered in the moonlight, as if after a rain. Then his eyes shifted to the bay. He was at the end of the wharf, the water looked dark, cold, gloomy.

Another gust of wind and he was completely enveloped in the fog.

Dimly, the swish of waves came to him. It was a beckoning sound. A soothing call, insistent, gently urging, promising peace—reunion!

Half an hour later, a drenched crippled, raving old man was assigned to the care of a nurse in the receiving hospital. He had been picked up from the bay, drowning, by the night watchman of a boat.

The man could give no name—only incoherent bits repeated in a dull voice, like a litany. "Joe . . . Joe . . ."

When Joe returned from his extended trip to Lake Tahoe his first thoughts were of David. He had a premonition that all was not well with the old man since that night in the ball room and hastened to the old home.

He cupped his hands and called for David, but his calls were unanswered. Fear gripping his heart, he made a round of the rooms and came upon David's old hat. The only hat David possessed. With reverence, almost, Joe picked it up. The presence of the hat, without David, suggested that David had been taken away. Filled with self-reproach, Joe made another round of the rooms and finally came to the back door where he found milk bottles strewn crazily about the step. Evidence that David had been gone for seven days.

Hastily, Joe made inquiries from the neighbors. No one had seen David for over a week. Joe called the police station, the various hospitals—without result.

Again, Joe was in the old hovel. Overcome by self-accusing thoughts, he sat with bowed head in David's favorite chair and waited for the *Weasel*, to whom he had sent word of his trouble.

Joe heard the familiar tap on the

window pane and bounced from his chair. In a moment he had told *Weasel* of his fears concerning David, and that sympathetic denizen of the underworld remained stoic as Joe voiced his grief.

"You can find David quicker than me, Joe," came *Weasel's* words as he produced a check from a bill-fold.

Joe reached for the check and as he read Judson Lake's signature, his face clouded with anger. "A bribe," he said disgustedly. "A bribe to get David out of the way."

"Ashamed of Davy, Joe. I heard it all when Lake came down here the day after the Lake shindig. He told Davy you wanted him to go 'way so they'd be no hitch in gettin' you in solid with the upper crust. No comeback. I lamped this check on the table two days later. Davy was gone."

For a moment Joe stood as if riveted to the floor, pale, his pupils dilated. "See if you can find father, *Weasel*, spread your net and bring David back. I know you can help me."

"Lake can help you more than I can," protested *Weasel*. "He was anxious to get rid of the old man. The fish knows exactly where Davy is."

Joe essayed a smile. "I think not. I know David better than you do, *Weasel*. He is in some dark corner, heart broken by the lies that have been told him. Find him, *Weasel*. I've got a score to settle with Judson Lake."

The peaceful atmosphere in the Lake mansion was suddenly disturbed by the arrival of Joe. The

boy made for the library where Lake, his wife and Mortimer were listening to Carrie's violin selection. The soft, plaintive music somehow made Joe more bitter.

Lake was standing near the mantel, his head resting on his arms, gazing into the fire. Joe bounded to his side, grasped his arm and swung him around.

"Where's David?" he demanded.

The startled Lake glanced around him. Carrie stopped playing. Margaret took a step toward Joe while Mortimer dropped his book and came to Joe's side.

"Where's David?" repeated Joe. His teeth were clenched, his fingers opened and closed. "What did you do with David?" he repeated hoarsely.

"What's the matter, son?" came Lake's cool voice. "Has anything gone wrong with your foster father?"

"You know what's happened to him. I'm asking you what you did with him."

"Easy, old man," came Mortimer's voice. "Steady. Let's get at the root of this without a squabble."

Mortimer's words had a soothing effect for the moment.

"What makes you think I did something to David?" temporized Lake.

Joe took the check from his pocket and flung it at Lake's feet. "That's the answer. You've gone to him with money—as if he could be bought!"

His lip curled, his chin went up, and his fists closed more tightly. "You've lied to him and made him feel that I had denied him—that I had thrown over the best man that ever lived—for money—for you!"

Carrie had advanced to Joe's side. Her hand went pleadingly to his shoulder. He brushed it off.

"Lies, deceit, selfishness—a fine thing to call yourself a father! I don't believe you. If I thought you were——"

His hands opened, his neck arched and his fingers groped for the throat of the man who had taken the denouncement with stoic silence.

Margaret shrieked. Mortimer grasped Joe's wrists and held them—tears brimming his eyes.

"Don't Joe—he's our father. He'll help you find David. We'll all help, Joe, your pal's word on it."

Joe's head bowed. He turned abruptly and started for the hall. Carrie followed, drawing a ring from her finger.

"If you don't apologize to your father. . . . Do you understand?"

Joe gave her a pleading look, his arms lifted toward her. She turned her back and he stepped to her.

"David is more to me than all in this house, except you. But I can't apologize—even for you. David gave me the love of a father—and he has the love of a son. Good-by!"

Again, the dense fog enveloped those old neglected buildings along the waterfront and a groping bent figure stood near them. The figure straightened arms in supplication—the head drooped penitently. A strong hand rested on the knob, and paused, for there was a light within. Joe peeped under the window slats and saw Old David seated at the dear, familiar little table; his arms flung out over it, his stiff knee thrust a little sidewise. Old, much

older he looked, and ill and feeble. The snow-white hair had grown thinner, and the gnarled hands that had nursed him in childhood ailments, caressed him, worked for him so many years, were twisted together as he sat with head bent, as if his spirit had been extinguished.

Joe slipped around and softly opened the friendly old back door. He stood beside the table.

"Father," he said simply—penitently. "Father."

But the old man did not stir.

"Father," cried Joe in alarm. Fearfully, he laid his hand on the stooped shoulder.

At last the white head came up. Slowly, wearily, unbelieving eyes were lifted, and then the white head was on Joe's shoulder.

Another figure slipped through the back door. It was Carrie. She stopped as she saw the pathetic sight before her. Then she smiled through tears, stretched forth her arms as if to caress both men—and came a bit closer.

Joe stiffened and loosed David's embracing arms. Gently he assisted the old man to a chair.

The girl advanced half timidly, her eyes wet, and stood at David's side.

The old man looked up, his lips half parted in a winning smile. He looked pathetically from her to Joe, for guidance.

"I had to come," she said with a little break in her voice. "I had to come—*father*."

With infinite tenderness, she took the white head into her arms.

ARE AMERICANS PEOPLE?

DO you believe that America has a literature of her own—that this country has advanced far enough to build up a school of writers and has background sufficient upon which to base real literary epics? Do you believe that the time has come that the people of this nation should cease to look upon European writers as the standard bearers of the fiction forces? Eugene Manlove Rhodes, the noted author, does; and in a recent article in this magazine he stated so quite emphatically. Incidentally, he attacked in no uncertain terms the so-called Menckenes and the group of cynics who are generally known as the Young Intellectuals. The Young Intellectuals, however, heartily disagree with him, and in letters to the editor have referred to Mr. Rhodes and other American writers of the conservative school

in phraseology as forcible as it is brilliant.

We believe the time is ripe for an open discussion by members of both schools on this topic. In consequence, beginning with the coming issue, THE STORY WORLD will open the discussion by publishing a letter written by Stanley K. Booth attacking Mr. Rhodes' position, and will also publish the latter's vigorous reply. Copies of this correspondence and also of Mr. Rhodes' initial article which aroused so much discussion have been sent to leading writers of both groups, with the request that they render their opinions. The editors have more than enjoyed the result. These will be published monthly under the general heading "Are Americans People." If you are interested in creative writing you cannot afford to miss this "different" and unusual series of articles.



WHAT is it that Novalis says: "It is certain my conviction gains infinitely the moment another soul will believe in it." And what is a novel if not a conviction of our fellow-men's existence strong enough to take upon itself a form of imagined life clearer than reality and whose accumulated verisimilitude of selected episodes puts to shame the pride of documentary history.

—From "A Personal Record," by Joseph Conrad.

"WHAT WILL THE BISHOP SAY?"*

BY BERNADINE KING

THE Rev. Calvin Streete was returning to his parishioners and the dull-ordered life of his modest country parsonage with more than a shade of regret.

The Rev. Calvin was a tall young man of perhaps twenty-eight, with sandy hair and wide blue eyes and with an habitual expression of wistful bewilderment as though he were not quite sure why he was, what he was, and where he was—a bewilderment that was emphasized by a nervous Adam's apple which ineffectually he tried to conceal behind his high collar.

It was only when he held forth from the pulpit of the Belvedere Methodist Church about this sinful life, of which he knew so little, and the life to come, of which he knew as much as anybody, that he lost his puzzled look, his eye sparkling, his whole face shining—with perspiration—his Adam's apple in spasms.

He belonged to that class of mild and good young men that instinctively the predatory female seeks in marriage as essentially easy to handle.

He was returning now from his class reunion at Dartmouth. And as he sat looking out of the window

of his Pullman he was recalling with guilty pleasure his stolen week of unprecedented frivolity. For the first time in four years, since he had left college for the theological seminary, he had danced, he had kissed a girl's hand, and he almost regretted that he had not kissed her soft, smooth cheek; somehow he felt she would not have objected. But then that would have led to a proposal. No honorable man would kiss a girl unless he meant to propose.

He recalled, too, with a thrill that his lips had touched wine—it was a toast to his Alma Mater. Of course he was careful not to swallow any; yet it had given him a curiously pleasant sensation of being of the world. It was after this that he had gone out in the moonlight and kissed the girl's fingers.

Then Calvin sighed as his thoughts traveled on to his destination—to the loneliness of his shabby little parsonage, the dust and disorder of which was carelessly remedied once each week by the sexton's rheumatic wife. He thought of the three Tibbett sisters who had obviously decided to marry him; that is to say, they had pooled the issue and poor Calvin knew that if ever he were lured into marriage with one he would have the three at table for the rest of his life. And there would be no

*Before the fictionization of "What Will the Bishop Say?" had been completed, it was purchased in its original scenario form by Fred Caldwell Productions. The story is now being filmed and will shortly be ready for release, probably under the title, "The Deacon of Hollywood." Violet Schramm, Victor Potel and Gale Henry will appear in the principal roles.

variety in that: they looked alike and dressed alike and they were uniformly unprepossessing.

His parishioners were eager that he *should* marry. A young bachelor clergyman can never be considered settled and safe from temptation till he is married. Calvin rather longed for the comforts and the companionship that matrimony is supposed to bring. He did not believe in passionate love; he thought it was rather vulgar; but to have the tender and affectionate interest of a home-loving wife appealed to him strongly. But emphatically not the Tibbett sisters; he disliked receding chins, and three of them was too much!

Calvin was enjoying the unwonted luxury of a stateroom all to himself. Three classmates who had seen him off had bought it for him, with that access of sentimental generosity which comes with reunions and the golden glow of mild inebriation.

It had been a wonderful week, free from the restraining influence of his watchful flock. With a sigh Calvin turned to the joke column in *The Undertakers' Gazette* which a playful classmate had left him at parting.

With the last call for dinner in the dining car, Calvin suddenly realized that he was hungry. The diner was crowded and presently he was ushered to a small table where he found himself facing a young woman who raised a pair of violet eyes to glance at him curiously.

Calvin's Adam's apple began to rub up and down against his stiff collar and to cover his embarrass-

ment he became absorbed in the menu card.

But try as he would, he could not keep his glance from straying toward her every now and then, and each time she was just looking away from him. Her eyes were large and grave, but there was a slight twitching about the soft red lips which suggested some suppressed emotion.

A sharp curve disturbed his cup of bouillon as he was nervously sipping it, and it dripped from his nose and his chin, to his agonized embarrassment. He looked like a swimmer just emerging from the surf, gasping for breath. The girl laughed. It was a very musical laugh.

"I think they ought to serve straws, don't you?" she said in a friendly way.

And the next moment Calvin found himself drawn out of his shell and engaged in a very animated conversation. He was too inexperienced in such matters to know that she was wearing a Paris frock and that her hat was a marvelous creation; that five years of his meagre salary would not pay for her adornment. But he was human enough to be aware that she was a very pretty girl; that she had very lovely and expressive hands, and that every time he met her eyes "head on," as it were, even his Adam's apple stood still.

Though Calvin had never before had any contact with women of the world, he was quite sure that the girl opposite belonged to the idle rich, that stratum of society which quite frequently he had inveighed against to the smug satisfaction of

his provincial congregation. Her assured manner, her small audacities of speech, positively thrilled him, and try as he would he felt frightfully stiff and frightfully immature before the smart sophistication of this young woman.

And when she asked, "You are a professional man, I take it?"—there was nothing in his traveling garb to indicate his vocation—he felt suddenly reluctant to answer with full truthfulness, and stammered, "Yes, yes—I suppose I am."

The girl was rather intrigued with the shy youth. He was awfully immature, but he was not at all bad-looking. Besides she was fed up with another type after her month's visit in New York. She was not altogether unaware of the frank but unconscious admiration in the Rev. Calvin's blue eyes, set deep beneath his high forehead.

"Do you write?" she asked. —

Calvin stammered that he did write. Somehow it became more and more difficult for him to admit to this radiant young creature that he was the parson of the Belvedere Methodist Church.

She was paying her check and Calvin noted the generous tip that she carelessly left for the grinning waiter. As she rose, he stumbled to his feet. She paused a second and then remarked—

"If you care to join me in a cigarette on the observation platform——"

Calvin flushed hotly and stammered, "Thank you, no. I have work to do."

She eyed him mischievously for a moment.

"I perceive you do not approve," she murmured, and with a quick little smile she was gone.

Calvin was trying to work on a sermon, but somehow he could not keep his mind in the right channels. He had always looked upon cigarette smoking as a deadly sin, and that her lovely lips should be so profaned appalled him. What was the world coming to, he thought. He glanced out of the window into the darkness, trying to concentrate, but those luminous violet eyes kept appearing before his mental vision. He gave up in despair and went to bed.

In the morning Muriel Houghton, half attired beneath her batik negligee, struggled out from a lower berth and made her way to the ladies' dressing room. Four women were ahead of her, splashing and chattering and taking their good time. She looked at her wrist watch; it was eight o'clock and she was hungry. A girl of quick decisions, she hurried into the next car and found that there she could more speedily complete her toilet. Comfortably and leisurely she brushed her hair and piled it high on her head. She decided she was looking rather fit in spite of her uncomfortable night. In an hour she would be at home with her family at Berkeley — with her quaint little mother and her rotund and portly father. She smiled as she thought how she would shock them and amuse them with stories of gaieties in New York.

The train had stopped once or twice with considerable bumping, but she thought nothing of it. She

knew vaguely that somewhere near there was a junction.

Eager for her morning coffee, she hurried out of the ladies' room and turned back to her own car. In the vestibule she stopped aghast—there was no other car, but a mile back, traveling rapidly across a level stretch of country, she saw the train on its way to Berkeley, while she was being hurried over the short line that ends at Belvedere.

Her plight was rather desperate. She glanced down at her filmy, rather transparent draperies and rushed back into the aisle of the car, looking for refuge. The porter was busy making up the first of the upper berths; sleepy and dishevelled men were crawling in and out, like tired ants. At the end of the aisle a stateroom door stood ajar.

If only she would find some woman who would help her out of her predicament! She knocked on the door. There was no answer. Just then from up forward came two or three boisterous commercial travelers in startling negligee, back from the men's dressing-room. In a panic she opened the door wide and stepped in, closing the door behind her. Miss Houghton, in losing her baggage, had also lost her presence of mind.

Glancing wildly around she perceived a pair of rather baggy black trousers draped over the sofa. Someone was turning the knob of the door. Muriel made a high dive into the lower berth, dropping her slippers as she jumped.

As he opened the stateroom door, the Rev. Calvin, attired in a

shabby bath robe, paused a moment to speak to the porter, then he entered—and saw the slippers. In horror he glanced up to find the curtains over the berth held tight together. There was a moment's silence, and then Muriel's head appeared between the curtains.

"Won't you please go?" she asked. "I am in a frightful predicament."

Wild thoughts of women who lured men to their destruction raced through Rev. Calvin's dizzy head. He clutched his bath robe more tightly around him and reached for his trousers and turned toward the door.

"Oh, wait!" beseeched Muriel. "Find some woman passenger and send her to me at once. My car has been cut off and I have no clothes."

With a gasp and a nod Calvin bolted.

In a few moments there was a knock on the door and Muriel cried, "Come in!"

Calvin, now completely attired, opened the door an inch.

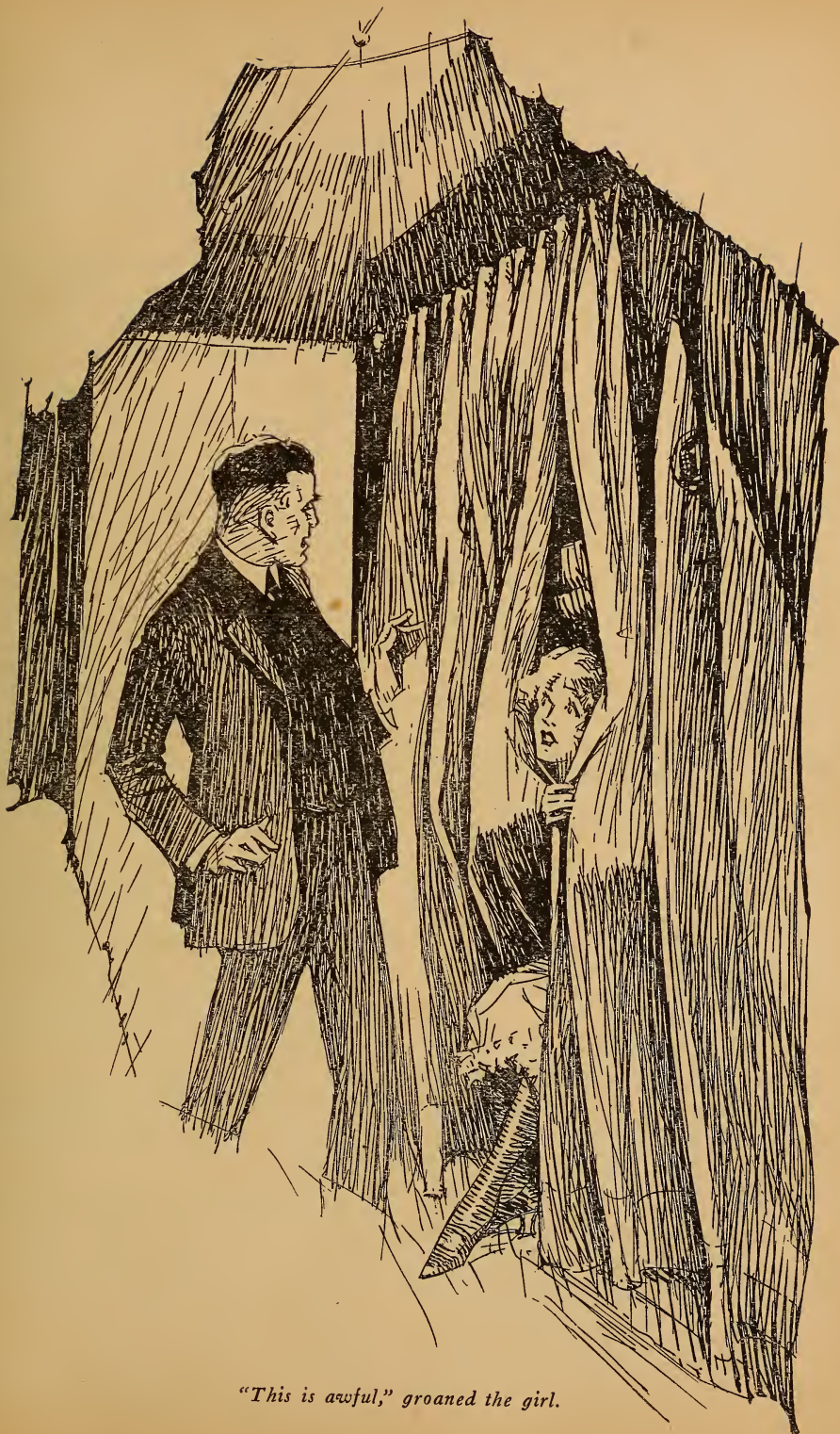
"I'm awfully sorry," he said. "There is just this one car running up to Belvedere; there are only six people on board besides us—and they are all men."

"This is awful," groaned the girl, and she burst into hysterical laughter.

There was a pause, and then she called out, "Close the door and don't let anybody in for a minute."

The train was slowing up; the porter was calling "Belvedere—all out!"

One of the passengers, an old farmer, recognized Calvin as he stood guard at the door.



"This is awful," groaned the girl.

"Hello, parson," he cried. "Traveling in state! Ain't never been in one of them staterooms. Kinda 'ud like to have a look at it."

"I am sorry," stammered Calvin, in anguish of mind. "There is a friend of mine in there dressing."

The old fellow shot a suspicious look at the Rev. Streete, and muttering went out as the car came to a stop.

The stateroom door opened and the flushed face of Muriel showed over the top of Calvin's ulster buttoned tight around her neck.

"There is nothing for it; you will have to take me into your home, and I am sure your mother or your sister or your wife will help me out."

She was quite self-possessed again. Her spirits had revived; she was rather enjoying her ridiculous adventure.

Tremblingly, Calvin picked up his suit case and umbrella and followed her out. She was explaining to the conductor her predicament and instructing him to wire over to Berkeley to have her things taken from the train. Then, taking the nervous Calvin's arm and giggling to herself, they walked across the platform and around the end of the station, followed by the curious stares of the loungers, all of whom knew Calvin.

A Ford taxi was waiting, but Calvin held back.

"I don't know what to do," he said. "I haven't any family."

"That's all right," said the girl as she hopped into the car. "This is no time to think of the conventions. Please hurry; my ankles are cold."

In the short ride to his house, the Rev. Calvin sat stiffly upright. The girl glanced at him once or twice in exasperation, then she remarked rather curtly:

"Don't you think you should be less concerned about yourself and more about me?"

"But what will the Bishop say?" cried Calvin, "if he ever hears of this!"

"What Bishop?" asked the girl sharply.

"Why you see, I'm the pastor of the Methodist church here and the Bishop is frightfully strict."

Muriel burst into wild laughter.

"Oh my, but you *are* in a pickle, aren't you? Never mind," she added, patting his arm, "'United we stand, divided we fall.'"

Muriel surveyed the first floor of the little parsonage with a critical eye. Then she shook her head.

"My, but you do need a wife," she exclaimed.

She opened her purse and thrust some bills at Calvin.

"For Heaven's sake, rush down town and get me something to wear as quickly as you can. Any sort of a frock—size thirty-six. I suppose I couldn't trust you to pick out a hat—Oh, buy me a sailor; that's safe."

"But—but—," stammered Calvin. "I can't be seen buying clothes for women."

"Oh, can't you?" retorted Muriel. "Well, I can't be seen going around like this. Anyway, the sooner you get me something to wear, the sooner I'll save you from an out and out scandal!"

Then she turned to the kitchen.

"I'll make some coffee," she said,

"and toast; and have it ready by the time you come back. Please hurry!"

It was lucky for Calvin that the parsonage was sufficiently isolated so that the arrival of his strange companion had not been noticed.

He was almost breathless when he arrived on Main street, and with a hunted look to right and left he stood at a shop bearing the sign, "New York Store—Ladies' Apparel." Hesitatingly he went inside.

Three women with their backs to him were looking at hats. A saleswoman came quickly forward and smiling graciously asked what she could do for him.

"I am looking—" began Calvin—"—I am looking—for——"

At the sound of his high tenor voice the three backs turned simultaneously and a horrified Calvin found himself staring into the smirking faces of the Tibbett sisters.

"Oh, there you are!" he gasped, trying to smile naturally. "I was looking for you—just got back. Awfully jolly time; must run along now!" And abruptly he turned, stumbled through the door and hurried away.

The Tibbett sisters looked slowly at one another.

"How queer he acts," remarked the eldest. "Did you notice how flushed his face was? I wonder if he is ill?"

"I think we should presently call and inquire," said the youngest.

Calvin rushed down the street as thought the devil were after him, and found himself passing a second-

hand shop. On hooks outside, swinging in the breeze, was a row of men's suits, and in another row some women's shabby dresses.

Feverishly he grasped one of these.

"How much?" he asked of the old Jew who came out rubbing his hands.

"Ten dollars for that—and cheap at the price," replied Isaacs.

Just then Calvin caught sight of the old farmer he had met on the train, standing across the street and eying him.

"Well, Isaacs, I hope you sell it soon," said Calvin airily, and hurried on.

Miserably he thought of the girl's wrath and scorn at his utter and cowardly failure.

His rapid flight had settled down into a hesitating stroll. He dared not go back without something. What could he do? Then, over a picket fence in the backyard of a small frame house, he saw a pink gingham dress hanging on the clothes line. He glanced around. The side street was for the moment deserted. With the agility born of desperation, Calvin more than equalled his record high jump, seized upon the gingham dress, tore it from its moorings; then, realizing that he was actually guilty of theft, he pinned a five dollar bill with a clothes pin to the line.

He heard a shrill cry behind him as he ran, and once more he slid over the fence without touching it—but he had been recognized by the deacon's wife.

Muriel was not as grateful as she should have been.

"Was this the best you could

do?" she cried, holding up the gingham dress.

"I am sorry," he stammered, "but some of my parishioners were in the store. I couldn't buy anything there. I found this on a clothes line, and——"

"—and stole it, I suppose," finished Muriel with a cheerful grin. "Well, you are a fine clergyman, I must say." Then she added solicitously, "I hope you weren't recognized."

"I really don't know," gasped Calvin. "I was moving pretty fast."

"Well, buck up, old top," said Muriel cheerfully as she placed some hot coffee and toast on his study table. "Feed thou the inner man while I clothe the outer woman," she laughed as she hurried out into the kitchen and closed the door after her.

Then the first blow fell.

The Tibbett sisters arrived en masse. Calvin was acting more queerly than ever they thought, as they inquired after his health and about his visit to his "dear old college."

Suddenly there was a crash of crockery on the kitchen floor, followed by a smothered ejaculation. There was a moment's awkward pause, and then Calvin mumbled something about the carelessness of his housekeeper. This might have passed, but the eldest Tibbett recollected that the sexton's wife came on Tuesday—and this was Thursday. She remarked as much and there was a chilly suspicion in her voice.

"Oh, but I have a new housekeeper now," said Calvin with an air of nervous gaiety.

"Oh, we hadn't heard about that," said the youngest Miss Tibbett.

The middle Miss Tibbett never spoke unless she was spoken to, but what she lacked in speech she made up in action. She rose up sedately and flung open the door that led into the kitchen. Muriel, in her rather too large gingham dress, was mopping the kitchen floor. Her hair was slightly dishevelled and her eyes were sparkling dangerously; she seemed to be choking.

Calvin, trying to appear unconcerned, was finishing his coffee with a very shaky hand.

The middle Miss Tibbett smiled coldly at Muriel; she thought she was much too good looking for this position. Then her smile froze as her glance rested upon the rings on Muriel's hands, and quickly she took in the silken hose, the very pretty bedroom slippers. Miss Tibbett's chin went up—that is, as far as it would go. She turned haughtily and went back into the study.

Her sisters sensed something momentous, although the middle Miss Tibbett gave no other indication than the raised eyebrows. The other two sisters made their farewells, and taking a round-about way across the room, managed to get a good look at Muriel.

Calvin saw them to the door. The eldest Miss Tibbett turned and remarked icily:

"I am afraid your vacation has unsettled you, Mr. Streete, for the serious duties of your position. I dislike to criticize; I desire to ask no questions that would embarrass you, but—sooner or later you will have to explain the meaning of

that strange young woman in your house today."

"Holy Jupiter!" exclaimed Calvin as he slammed the front door.

"Well?" asked Muriel as his drooping figure slowly entered the kitchen.

"The cat is out of the bag," he muttered, with unconscious reproach.

"It is a good thing the cats are out of the house!" retorted Muriel. "One moment more of their nasty stares and I would have gone for them with the mop."

"But, my dear young woman," interposed Calvin, "you don't realize my position—the Bishop—what would he say?"

"Look here, Calvin Streete," broke in the girl, her color rising, "you are altogether too much concerned with unimportant virtues—you are so full of inactive goodness that sometimes I would like to slap you—you irritate me!"

"But—but—" protested Calvin.

The girl rushed on. "Be a man first and a parson afterwards." She stopped suddenly at the man's hurt look. "That wasn't quite fair," she said more gently. "You have really been very kind and I know you have done your best. But look here! While you were shopping I read a couple of your sermons. You write darn well—or, rather, you would if you knew anything about life."

And then this amazing young woman changed the subject so quickly that it took Calvin's breath away.

"Have you ever been in love?" she asked. "I mean head over heels in love—so much in love that

you didn't know whether it was Saturday or Sunday?"

"I was once—when I was quite young," Calvin answered. "Quite recklessly in love—but that was before I realized the seriousness of life and of my profession."

He stopped and sighed, remembering.

The girl impulsively put her hand on his arm.

"Your heart is all right, but your perspective on life is all wrong. There is nothing more serious in life, and more important, than love."

The touch of her hand affected him very strangely. He glanced up at her with the look of a bewildered boy.

"I suppose I seem awfully young to you, and unimportant."

He straightened up suddenly and half defiantly he added:

"I am a country parson; I preach mediocre sermons to a lot of smug, narrow-minded people—and live on twelve hundred a year. That doesn't sound like much to you, does it?"

The girl was regarding him intently. Her expression had softened wonderfully.

"I am not a worldly person, Calvin Streete," she said. "Not in the sense you think. And I am afraid I have brought about a crisis in your life—but perhaps it is a good thing that you are facing what you are facing—if you meet it like a self-respecting man and not like a parson cringing before the folks who feed him."

She turned and swiftly hurried into the kitchen, closing the door behind her, leaving him to stare

after this strange new Muriel with quickened pulse and with a new wonder in his heart.

Slowly Calvin sat down at his desk. Automatically he pulled some sheets of paper in front of him, tapping the table with his penholder. Then he wrote down the text of his sermon—"Judge not that ye be not judged"—but there he stuck.

He got up and started to pace the floor, his hands clasped behind his back. He could hear Muriel moving about the kitchen, humming softly to herself. Once he heard her giggle. He could hear also the hum of the gas stove; then the whir of the egg beater. Once she opened the door and poked her head in.

"We will have luncheon at noon," she remarked cheerfully.

She eyed Calvin for a moment, mischief dancing in her eyes.

"Don't worry, parson," she said. "I 'phoned home while you were out shopping. The car with my things will be over some time this afternoon." She paused, a faint smile playing about her lips. "I could not think of compromising you by staying all night, you know."

Calvin was staring at her with that familiar bewildered look of his, and audaciously she threw a kiss at him and banged the door shut.

Calvin's Adam's apple worked convulsively for a moment. He glanced at the sheets of paper on his desk, then he hurried to the kitchen door and poked his head in. His blue eyes were quite bright as he asked a bit tremulously:

"Can't I help you?"

She crossed to him quickly and gently shoved him back, shaking her head and smiling.

"No," she said, "a parson's place is in his study!" and once more shut the door.

Presently the door bell rang. The old farmer, eaten with curiosity, had come to call. As he stood in the doorway his small eyes roved around eagerly for signs of the mysterious girl.

Calvin lost his temper. "I am very busy writing my sermon. You will have to excuse me," and shut the door in the old man's face.

Muriel had evolved from Calvin's meagre larder a miraculous repast. She herself was frankly hungry, but Calvin ate as one in a trance and to this day he doesn't remember what she served him. And it is regretfully to be recorded that he entirely forgot to say grace. Muriel reminded him of it afterwards just to see him blush and hang his head.

She talked animatedly of her trip to New York and described wittily the types she had met, all the way from lounge lizards to sedate bank presidents. And Calvin reminisced gaily of his college days and his college pranks, and once as he gestured with his fork a bit of clinging scrambled egg deposited itself upon his cravat. Muriel deftly removed it, then dipping her napkin into a glass of water she erased the stain. Her nearness to him, her soft hair tickling his nose, brought to the Rev. Calvin an overwhelming realization that up to now he really *had not* lived. He kept his hands stiffly in his lap. Muriel took an unnecessarily long time over this small operation. Cal-

vin, of course, could not see the quivering of her pretty mouth or the expression of her eyes. She was a little bit disappointed at his admirable restraint, and for the next five minutes the two faced each other rather self-consciously.

Afterwards, at his earnest insistence, Muriel permitted him to wipe the dishes. They were having a jolly time when the 'phone rang. Muriel overheard Calvin's end of the conversation."

"Yes, deacon," he was saying stiffly. "Yes—it is true. I borrowed your wife's gingham dress. Circumstances warranted it. . . . Yes, I'll return it. . . . No, I don't care to explain. That is my own affair. . . . Yes,—if the Board commands my presence, of course I'll be there. . . . I have nothing to conceal. . . . Eight o'clock. . . . Yes."

He rang off.

Muriel eyed him searchingly as he came back into the kitchen. He was a little bit pale, but he held his head high.

"I guess you are in for it," Muriel murmured.

He nodded as he dried a plate.

"It is funny," he added. "I don't believe I really care. What you said is true. I must be a man first—a parson afterwards."

Muriel's car had arrived and with it Muriel's bag. She made a quick toilet in Calvin's little bedroom and mischievously she took the discarded gingham dress and laid it carefully out on Calvin's narrow, old-fashioned walnut bed.

At the front door she turned to him and gave him her hand. She was all seriousness now.

"You have been a good Samar-

itan," she said. "Don't worry. If you are in serious difficulties over our little adventure, I will stand by you. The Bishop knows of me I think. I'll call you up early next week—and—thank you for everything."

She got into the car and waved to him gaily as she drove away.

Calvin slowly re-entered his house. It seemed suddenly a very lonely sort of place; the life was somehow gone out of it. And he didn't even know her name—he had waited for her to tell him, and she hadn't done so. She evidently didn't want him to know—perhaps that was best. Then he caught his breath for a second—she said she would call him early next week.

But he sighed as he went upstairs to dress for the evening's ordeal. On the bureau was a powder puff which Muriel had forgotten in her haste. He picked it up and looked at it curiously. A faint fragrance arose from it—a fragrance that had thrilled him whenever she was near. He raised the powder puff to his lips, quite unconscious that he had left a dab of white on the end of his nose.

Calvin had left the board meeting with a white, set face, his eyes gleaming with anger. He had frankly told the board what had happened, but he could not tell them who the girl was—he did not know her name. His explanations had not been accepted, so he had left abruptly, knowing full well that a damaging report would be made to his Bishop.

He went back to his little study and wrote his Sunday sermon, and writing it in righteous wrath and

with a new understanding of what life might mean, it was both eloquent and fiery.

The scandal mongers had done their work and as a result, on Sunday morning, the church was packed with a curious and hostile audience.

Just before the sermon began a car drew up before the church steps and a portly gentleman, accompanied by a young woman with a heavy veil, went in and unobtrusively took their seats in the back pew.

It was the last sermon Calvin was ever to preach in that church, and he stirred his audience as he had never done before. He made them very uncomfortable, but his unwonted fervor was to his accusers confirming evidence of a guilty conscience.

When his sermon was ended, the portly gentleman in the back pew, who had listened intently, murmured, "Bless my soul!"

The girl beside him silently stretched out her hand and squeezed his, her eyes shining.

Then they arose and hurried out before the congregation had more than gotten to its feet. They were gone before Calvin, having pronounced the benediction, paused a moment, looking over his flock, and then announced:

"I resign as pastor of this church."

With the buzz that rose over the church, Calvin turned on his heel and disappeared. Hastily picking up his hat he passed out of the side door and strode down the street toward his parsonage.

In his heart he was exultant; he was free at last. Like so many of his calling, he had allowed his people to dominate him. In his heart

he wanted do good; he wanted to be worth while, but he knew that in this town his usefulness was over.

As he approached the parsonage he saw a large plump man standing on the steps waiting. It was the Bishop.

Calvin ushered him into his study.

"I won't keep you long, my boy," said the Bishop calmly, as he sat down heavily.

"Now, what's all this row about?" His keen glance fixed itself on Calvin's face.

"There was no row," began Calvin stiffly. "You have had the report. I was guilty of an indiscretion, but not, as I have been accused, of wrong doing."

He paused; then he stood up very straight as he went on quickly.

"I have been here a year, sir, and as pastor of this church I have acted like a smug, self-righteous prig, just as smug as the people I have preached to. I can be of no further use here. In fact, I have tendered my resignation."

The Bishop looked down at his boots.

"Well," he said, "I heard your sermon this morning—there was nothing smug about that. It was good stuff, right from the shoulder."

He looked up to meet Calvin's defiant eyes.

"I am afraid, sir," the younger man spoke quietly, "I am afraid I don't want to preach any more."

"What has brought you to that decision?"

"A girl," Calvin replied. "I am rather deeply in love."

Then he added hastily, as the Bishop smiled at him quizzically:

"I don't mean just an ordinary,

calm, sort of caring." He stopped a moment, his face flushed, then he went on desperately, "You see, she is not the sort of a girl for a parson's wife at all—not that she isn't fine—but she never could stand being a parson's wife, I am sure of that. But whether I win her or not, she has done this: She showed me that I have got to get out in the world and do things. I have got to live and to write. You see, I care enough to be quite utterly reckless. I would elope with her—I'd carry her off to the South Seas—in my heart I know I would do any of the crazy, reckless things that I have preached against."

"Well, well," murmured the Bishop, his mouth twitching curiously.

Then—from the hallway, where she had been eaves-dropping, came Muriel. The Bishop rose to his feet.

"Oh, Streete, let me introduce my daughter."

Calvin stared, his face turned red, then suddenly very pale, as they shook hands conventionally and very self-consciously.

The Bishop looked at his watch—he lived by his watch. He turned to the younger man.

"Since you have resigned, I see no reason to take any official action in this matter."

He held out his hand.

"On the whole, I think you have decided rather wisely, and if I can

help you in any way I shall be glad to do so."

He turned to his daughter. "My dear," he said, "I have a meeting of the church board; I have a few pointed things to say. I will be back in half an hour. In the meantime I'm sure Mr. Streete will entertain you." And unseen by Calvin, the Bishop winked at his daughter.

Calvin saw him to the door, then came back into the study.

"I could not help hearing what you said to father," the girl remarked demurely, "and I liked it. Of course I don't know who the girl is, but I am sure she must be a very nice person."

She shot a sidelong glance at him from under her lashes.

Calvin was gazing at the shabby carpet.

"She is," he said. "She is wonderful. Some day when I have made good I am going to tell her——" He paused.

"You silly boy," murmured the girl. "You have made good today, and I am sure she doesn't want to wait."

Calvin looked up at her, startled. Her eyes were dewy—she held out her hands to him.

And for the second time that day the Rev. Calvin Streete acted with decision.



APPEALING TO THE MAJORITY

BY EDGAR LLOYD HAMPTON

ALL men are subject to limitations; some more than others. Those with the fewest limitations—in other words, the broadest mental horizon—of course make the broadest human appeal. Yet no person on this earth has ever yet appealed to the majority, and doubtless no person ever will; all we, as human beings, can ever hope to do is to approach that illusive Timbuktu of our desires.

The limitations of a writer, as well as of everyone else, are determined, generally speaking, by his ignorance—his indifference to the evidence surrounding a given fact; his failure to see its true significance; his inability to understand its relative importance among the multitudinous facts that constitute life on this mundane planet. An editor learns, instinctively, to synthesize his data, to gather the facts on all sides of a subject, and out of these to determine the result. A judge also must keep an open mind, admitting all the possible contingencies before he ventures a conclusion; while in many states there are laws which exclude from jury service ex-prosecuting attorneys, because of their preconceived habit of rejecting a part of the evidence.

The writer who, through ignorance, or prejudice, adopts the plan of the prosecuting attorney, by that very act draws about himself an all but impassable circle. Within this

circle are included, of course, the beliefs which he thinks represent the essentials of life. In this state of mind it is almost impossible for additional evidence to reach him. Because he continually, and vehemently, fights it off; like the preacher of creed he has become, not a searcher after truth, but a defender of a theory. So, with a vast and complacent self-assurance, he settles down within his circle, and begins to parade his half dozen sickly prodigies. "These," he says, "are my ideas. They represent the essentials of life. All that lies within this circle, is true; everything else is false." Thus does our friend become not a searcher after knowledge but the purveyor of a fad; and a fad, as everyone knows, has always a short, and usually a precarious existence. His trouble was that, inside his circle, he had actually accumulated less than one-half of one per cent of available truth, and no one can hope to get very drunk on one-half of one per cent. Yet we have writers, today, who seem to be hopelessly intoxicated on a smaller percentage than that.

It seems then, to follow logically, that the prerequisite to a broad and comprehensive appeal, must be an open mind; a persistent wish to get at the aggregate facts of life in order to express them; not jumping at conclusions and then hastening out in search of corroborative data, but

drawing the conclusions out of the available data. No man can reach a conclusion so quickly as the one who has no evidence. Yet his conclusion is only an opinion, and opinions are not important; it is only the data back of them that is important.

Thus does it appear that a large part of our preparatory work in the craft of writing, is embodied in a search for the facts about life, the laying of a foundation of general and specific knowledge. The public is not content with the objective facts; it demands reason for them. It wishes to be startled by the revelation of some hidden data on the subject of human conduct which it shall at once recognize as authentic. If we are to accommodate it we must, of course, first get this data into our possession.

The search will lead us upon an adventurous quest where no one would expect a mere author to set foot. For example, into the fields of mathematics, domestic science, popular mechanics. I am convinced, after thirty years of careful contemplation, that a knowledge of logarithms is essential to the writing of a detective story. I think that a writer should know the theory of relativity in order to discuss the social set intelligently. I believe that the facts in regard to the Darwinian theory should be firmly settled in an author's mind before he dare undertake to discuss a flapper, and I also think that he should study carefully that law which deals with the reproduction of species, before he ever again attempts a "sex" novel.

So we who hope, as writers, to appeal to the majority, must learn

to analyze the evidence—*all* the evidence; viewing life not as a toddler and chaser, but as a student; considering tendencies as a statistician; observing, as a philosopher would observe, not the surface results, but the reason. For if you have the reason and know the law, you already have the results.

Is it not, then, clear that our task demands of us not only the power of analysis, but a well-developed habit of observation? Throughout twenty-five years of contact with people, from the standpoint of a writer, I have asked myself continually one question: "What does life mean to this person; what are his hopes and plans, his desires and temptations; in what terms does he live?" And, although I read the newspapers continually, I have never found the answer in a newspaper.

Also, for twenty-five years, I have made a persistent effort to see the dramatic values in human events, but more particularly have I tried to determine their relative importance. During the most of that time I was an editor and publisher, writing editorials, and buying, or rejecting, manuscripts. As often as possible I hobnobbed with longshoremen and wharf rats. Because I never was a longshoreman, or a wharf rat; and, by talking with these people you are apt to run on to a number of human slants that you never even dreamed about.

In other words, get the other fellow's point of view; you already have your own. And when you get it, try to appraise its relative importance in a nation of a hundred and ten million people.

The story which you are about

to write should be a broad and truthful interpretation of human life. It must be an expression of the reactions of life upon yourself. Yet if your conclusions regarding life, are wrong, if your reactions are not according to the law, if you have fooled with Freud, to the exclusion of other evidence, until your ideas have become distorted, then you will write a foolish story; and the most ignorant man in the whole world will know that it is foolish, although he cannot tell you the reason why.

Therefore, "With all your getting, get wisdom." Because, whether you wish it to be so or not, your story is an expression of yourself, and this fact you will not be able to disguise. Your beliefs come forth in your argument. Your ideals come forth in your characters. If you are ignorant of the laws of life, you show it. If your tastes are depraved—though God forbid—the fact shows up in your theme. While your wisdom, or lack of it, is evident everywhere. That is to say, every sentence that a writer writes is the sum total of his aggregate knowledge, and experience, up to the moment that he writes it; and don't blame me for this fact, because I had nothing whatsoever to do with it.

If this article has left you the impression that I consider it unethical to select themes and material that have a popular appeal, then the article has failed in its very inception. For I consider it highly ethical. One should adjust oneself to the period in which one lives, and strive to visualize it. Bulwer Lytton, and Dumas, are dead, even though some directors do not seem

to know it. This is no longer the period of the stage coach; our rate of speed is one hundred miles an hour; and the writer who wishes to express our present tendencies will do well to keep these facts in mind.

Thus, while an appeal to the majority is utterly impossible, an effort in that direction is most praiseworthy, and the nature of the themes that have made the profoundest impression upon the public mind should be carefully considered.

These themes have always been, and no doubt always will be, of a homely sort, portraying, not man's doubts, but his ideals; his hopes and dreams; his yearnings after honorable achievement; dealing always too, of course, with some phase of the law of attraction: the instinct to mate; the urge to go forth, create and populate a home. Here is the strongest trait in the human race—to secure a plot of ground, and build a house; with a fence about it, and a woman inside. And then, gun in hand, to stand at the front yard gate and defy the universe. An absolutely universal human trait. It forms the basis for ten thousand novels. Our young intellectuals will not agree with this, of course, but then they are very young, and not so very intellectual. By the time they're fifty, and strong enough to really be dangerous, they'll know a great deal better. And long after they are fifty—long after we all are dead and gone, mankind will still be building houses, with women in them, and enclosing them in fences.

The reason why is as great as all this universe.

The writers who have written the world's enduring literature, who have made the broadest and most permanent appeal, have proceeded upon the premise herein outlined: They have looked at life, discovered its essential elements, and portrayed them with sympathy and fidelity.

For here is a fact which, with them, has been universal: That, in their writings, they have invariably offered the world both hope and sympathy. Hope and sympathy are the greatest qualities that any writer can put into a book. Because they represent the things for which all mankind is enhungered. Man, in his upward struggle, per-

plexed by invisible forces, and vastly fearful of the outcome, will turn to any source that offers reassurance. Thus the writer who can supply this element in reasonable proportions, stands a chance, sometime, of appealing to a part of the majority. The one who can not, had better go back to selling groceries.

For man's life is lived in terms not of reality, but expectancy. You can't win his favor by slapping his cheeks, and taking away all his beer and pretzels. Thus, under the law of life, do the pessimists die, and the prophets of hope survive. A lie, in time, must fail; but the truth lives on forever. Look back a thousand years and read the answer.

BEGINNING NEXT MONTH

"UNKNOWN" WOMEN OF THE FILMS"

BY ALICE EYTON

DO you know that there are, in the studios, scores of women who make salaries equal to—or larger than—those of some of the highly advertised picture stars? These silent workers form the real background of the profession. Some of them may be found in the scenario department, others in the laboratories, on the research staffs; in the cutting rooms or on the "set" assisting directors in technical details. Most of them, however, entered the motion picture field through knowledge of the scenario and its technique. Miss Alice Eyton, who has been connected with the scenario staffs of Famous Players-Lasky and Realart Studios for several years, and who has a wide acquaintance in film-land, will tell you about these important persons in a fascinating series of articles that starts in *The Story World* for April. Don't miss this feature!

"THE GIRL I LOVED"

BY DOUGLAS Z. DOTY

The Riley Poem as the basis of the most significant Motion Picture of the year.

ON the evening of January eleventh, in the so-called "play room" of the new Writers' Club of Hollywood, was given a preview of Charles Ray's latest picture, "The Girl I Loved," based on the Riley poem. By the time these pages are published this epochal picture will be showing in certain of our big cities.

To go no further back, "The Miracle Man," Chaplin's "The Kid," William DeMille's "What Every Woman Knows," "Tol'able David" and "Robin Hood"—each has marked a distinct step forward in the evolution of the screen. But "The Girl I Loved" is more than a step; it is a full flight. It is well within the border of that Promised Land of Pictures which many have despaired of ever seeing. With this picture, we suddenly realize that screen drama has at last ripened into a distinctive art, with a technique that is gloriously its own and not that of the book or of the stage.

Such is the achievement of that modest youth, Charles Ray.

The audience at the preview was warmly appreciative but professional; they watched for points and counted the number of subtitles. One man from Famous Players remarked, "Fine picture—but will it make money?" Another exclaimed: "Wonderful!—but don't you think it needs cutting?"

Still under the spell of its poignant and devastating loveliness, I resented these questions; yet for each I had my own answer: I am sure it will make money; that every one who is not just a human vegetable must be stirred by its universal appeal, by Ray's matchless art, and by the thousand bits of characterizing "business," which is the screen's substitute for the stage dialogue and the novel's descriptive passages—and without which no story-plot, however new and startling, can ever be more than dead bones rattling in the breeze.

But whether this picture makes money or not, this I know: it represents the dawn of a new era for pictures; it is, in dramatic form, the definition of a new art—a work of real genius that no film factory could ever have achieved. And only the future can tell how much we shall owe to Ray.

Too long is it?—

I heard a charming young woman exclaim: "It was over so soon—why it *can't* be five reels!"

As a matter of fact it is eight and a half reels long. But then the young woman was not a professional and she lost herself in the illusion of reality, as every audience will.

The history of this picture is interesting and it will go to show how even the recognized reviewers may be singularly unenlightened

as to how pictures are built and to whom the credit is due.

Years ago Colonel Selig bought up the motion picture rights of vast quantities of literary material, at a time when those rights were not generally thought to be valuable. Three years ago when Ray wished to purchase from him the rights to "The Old Swimmin' Hole," he was forced to buy with it three other poems of Riley—among them "The Girl I Loved." Riley, being a sensitive and retiring man, had not allowed this poem in his collected works when he found that it was generally recognized as being autobiographical. And I believe it was only after his death that his publishers re-issued it in a separate and highly illustrated volume.

It captivated Ray, but at first he could not see a picture in it—hardly more than the germ of one. But he could not put it out of his mind and for two years subconsciously he played with it, slowly developing the theme and visualizing the business. It was during this period that he was being forced, under his contract, to turn out quickly and cheaply a series of pictures that were bad enough to have doused the glimmer of a less beloved star—he was nearly the victim of the "efficient" business mind which so often kills the goose that lays the golden egg.

There is no longer an original plot or theme to be discovered. Originality lies solely in the treatment of the material. "It isn't what you say, but how you say it that counts," says William DeMille—and therein lies the genius of Charles Ray.

From a dozen lines of the poem Ray built his story. Then one day he was sure. He had a picture.

The outline of the screen version can be told in a few words: John, as played by Ray, is a tall, gawky farmer boy of fifteen or sixteen when his mother adopts a young girl named Mary from an orphan asylum. John is at the age when he hates girls and when his mother asks him to kiss his new sister, he sticks out his tongue.

The years pass; John is of age, and suddenly discovers that he is in love with Mary. Driving home from a husking bee, before he can summon up courage to propose, she tells him that she is promised to Farmer Brown's son. He takes the blow quietly, though his heart is broken. Lost for the moment in bitter revery, and the girl dreaming of her lover, the boy is not prepared when the horses shy and run away. The boy's leg is broken.

Day after day, during his convalescence, he is held to the house, furtively watching the girl he loves, cringing at the frequent sight of Brown, his successful rival.

Brown is a kindly chap, who patronizes John and makes a pair of crutches for him. Day after day, the boy suffers the agony of watching the unconscious lovers when they meet and embrace, and he dreams dreams of what might have been—of kissing Mary as he had never kissed her. And once, as he watches the cheerful, unconscious Brown across the room, his jealous hate visions for him what he would like to do to Brown—choke him, throw him out of the house, and kill

him. No one of all the household realizes what is going through the boy's heart and mind.

Then comes the wedding. It is John who ropes the girl's trunk and puts it in the back of the spring wagon. It is John who at the last moment hooks the back of Mary's wedding gown. And when the parson says, "Who gives this woman," it is John who says, "I—her brother."

And when the wedding party goes gaily off amid a shower of rice, John is sitting alone in the front pew of the empty country church.

That, baldly, is the story which runs on for over two hours. I venture to say that even a detailed treatment of this simple, almost plotless narrative, automatically would have been turned down by any factory studio. And certainly in this outline there is nothing new or fresh. Moreover, it violates most of the general rules laid down by scenario chiefs. There is very little physical action; there is no big punch in a physical way—there is no heavy, and there is a sad ending. Most of the action is what is called "mental action." Yet so absorbing is the unfoldment of the simple story that the spectator is lifted out of himself, living with the characters for the while, quite as though they were flesh and blood, not merely shadows on the screen.

So once again the categorical gentlemen will have to revise their rules as, bewildered, they discover that a new note has crept into pictures—that the gallant, high-minded youth called Charles Ray

has blazed a new trail which others must follow if they can.

There are just thirteen lines in "The Girl I Loved" that in their implication formed the basis of Ray's story—which, on his part, is just as surely an original creation as Fairbank's version of "Robin Hood," as an O. Henry story based upon a street incident that would come under his observation.

Here are the lines from the poem:

"And 'tuz one o' mother's ways
You know, to want a daughter,
So she took a girl to raise."

"I was ridin' home with Mary."

"A-tellin' to me this:
She was happy *bein' promised*
To the son o' Farmer Brown."

"And the lines fell from my fingers—"

"I was lying' by the roadside
——I had a broken leg."

"For I hated Brown, you see
Worse'n pizen—and the feller
Whittled crutches out fer me—"

But of these lines the two salient ones on which he based his own conception have to do with his mother adopting a girl and that John grew to hate Brown.

It is certain that mental action—the actual vizualization of the inner emotions, has never been so beautifully and subtly portrayed as in this picture. I doubt if there has ever been such a piece of acting since pictures have come into being. Both Ray and his director between them have shown consummate skill in this, that though there are reels without physical action yet there is

always *movement*. When Ray, riding home with the girl, learns that she is engaged, there must be several hundred feet of his close-up, looking at her, looking away—and that is all. He does not weep or contort his features or clinch his fist—the audience instinctively does all that for him. That, I think, is one of the secrets of Ray's skillful work.

In another long close-up later on, again there is no action beyond the pathetic, furtive glances of his eyes and the play of his long sensitive fingers on his chin.

There was still another close-up of exquisite beauty where he holds the girl's fingers as though they were something too fragile to be more than lightly touched.

The runaway sequence is thrilling, and the director, Joseph De Grasse has handled this episode with amazing dexterity. But the episode that more than any other places this picture on a plane of its own is where John, with his broken leg, sits watching the girl as she reads to him from a book of verse, and the madly sweet thoughts that go surging through his heart and mind are visioned for us on the screen as in his imagination the boy's passionate love bursts all bonds—fiery, radiant, and yet with never a suggestion of sex.

Equally dramatic in its own way is the sequence that visualizes the boy's jealous and murderous thought towards the well-meaning lover.

But probably most people will remember even more vividly the last episode of all, when John helps

the girl to pack her little trousseau in the old leather trunk; when he kneels to fasten two obstinate hooks and eyes in the back of her wedding gown—radiant happiness in the girl's face—dumb anguish in the boy's.

Ray never for a moment suggests that John is sorry for himself. Again he lets the audience feel that for him. There was never a more tragically beautiful gesture portrayed upon the stage or the screen than when, in answer to the clergyman's question, "Who gives this bride away?" John says, "I do—her brother."

To those who are directly interested in the screen, the significant facts are: first, that Ray's simple story was two years, more or less subconsciously, building and growing in the author's mind; that in the last analysis it is characterizing business of a fine and subtle sort that makes the picture; that treatment is more important than plot or physical action; and that the free and independent creative forces personified by such men as Chaplin, Ray and Barthelmess and Fairbanks, working in a bold, untrammelled way, are leaving the machine-made pictures far in the background.

There are those who will say that it is because of Ray's acting that this picture "gets over." But that is only half the truth; it is Ray's creative imagination, vision and fine sincerity which made possible the *vehicle* for his especial talents—that and the fine co-operation of a talented director: and one is led to wonder what might not be the future of a man like Valentino,

and a woman like May McAvoy if from out the confusing and harassing cross-currents common to factory methods—the many egos pulling this way and that—they could emerge into the straight rushing stream of independent production with the whole-hearted co-operation of a producing director, who has vision enough to develop genius *first* and to cultivate the exhibitor afterwards.



“**R**OBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, that beautiful master of words, has also told us how he trained himself to that dexterity and grace which have been the delight of so great a company of readers:—

“‘All through my boyhood and youth, I was known and pointed out for a pattern of an idler; and yet I was always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write. I kept always two books in my pocket, one to read, one to write in. As I walked, my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words; when I sat by the roadside, I would either read, or a pencil and a penny version-book would be in my hand to note down the features of a scene or commemorate some halting stanzas. Thus I lived with words. And what I wrote thus was for no ulterior use. It was written consciously for practice.’”

—Arlo Bates in *“Talks on Writing English.”*



“**T**HE false fastidiousness which shuns a short particle at the end of a sentence is often fatal to a force which belongs to the language in its primal character.”

—Prof. Reed of the University of Pennsylvania.

MOTION PICTURES FROM THE INSIDE*

BY WILLIAM C. DE MILLE

Noted Lasky Director

THE reason I went into pictures is the reason that I went into the theatre. I like to tell the truth; I like to tell it to as many people as I can. I have always been by nature a democrat—more so by nature, perhaps, than by politics. And to me that art is most important which reaches the most people. I think the older arts of the world are pretty well taken care of; they do not interest me so much; they only get to a few people; they are luxuries. I like to think of a world where ultimately some form of art will be considered among the necessities of life. When we get that, we are beginning to advance in civilization.

I first took up the art which at the time seemed to me to be the most important—the drama—because it reached the most people; it was the popular art. Yet drama is by way of being an aristocratic art. But a new thing has now come in—the motion picture—which is as much bigger than the drama as the drama is bigger than music, although music is coming to be a more popular art since the phonograph. I am speaking entirely statistically, since the phonograph is important to the human race to the extent that it reaches the mass.

Arts, like painting and sculpture,

exert a very noble influence, but are not of any great social importance. But the motion picture is of tremendous social importance.

At first I came to Hollywood from the theatre to look around—just to see what this new thing was. I had seen only one or two motion pictures, in spite of which I was under contract to go into pictures if, after I had looked around for three months, I wanted to stay. After two weeks I wired my family to pull up stakes and come on out; we were going to be here for some years. The reason was that I was so tremendously impressed with the motion picture, even as it then was—and it was rotten in those days, and still is—most of it! But I saw what it could be; I saw that this art was a new thing, a new way of telling a story—the first new way that had been invented in five hundred years or more. Here was a way of getting some sense of art form, not only in dramatic art but even in literary art, to everybody; here was something within everybody's grasp. I perceived that it was destined to be the tremendous factor in social progress that it has since become. Nowadays we find boys coming down from the backwoods of Tennessee who actually know what finger-bowls are for; this is due to motion pictures.

*This article is condensed from the verbatim report of an informal talk recently delivered before the faculty of the Palmer School of Photoplay Writing.

Most of the people of the United States are just as much cut off from the theatres as if chained to a post in the desert. There are only a very few million people in the United States who ever have the opportunity of going to the spoken drama, but here is an art which can be put into a box and sent to any tank town for two dollars and fifty cents. Anybody who has a hundred dollars can start a theatre to show it.

It is the most important art from the standpoint of social usefulness that has ever been devised—that is why I went into it and why I am still in it. I was intrigued at once by the wonderful opportunity to do something original, in which I was my own master. There is nobody behind us—all have to come after us. We are delving into absolutely virgin soil, so to speak—it must be virginal to pass the censor!

The motion picture, then, is the largest medium for the spreading of truth in art that has yet appeared. By it we are preparing the bulk of the population of the United States for the higher arts. People who get a sense of art in one form are ready to go on and take up another form. We are preparing the people who will make a national American drama possible. There is not any national American drama now; there never has been. There is only a handful of American writers, reaching a few handfuls of people. I said when I left the theatre that I did not expect to go back to it until the most expensive seat on Broadway was a dollar—so that I am now farther away from it than ever. The idea behind that

remark was that I refused to write for Broadway—I am not interested in Broadway. What Broadway thinks is no concern of mine whatever. Broadway is not America—not even American. America is this large country that I discovered since leaving New York. That is the trouble with the American drama on Broadway, and will be until something like the motion picture comes in and reaches America and begins to give the message about dramatic art to America.

Drama which does not reach the people can never be drama. My most successful play on the stage has not been seen by more than two and a half million Americans after a great many years. My least successful picture has been seen by fifteen or twenty millions. In making pictures I can tell the truth to the largest number of people, giving them what I consider some sense of art form. This is the way progress lies.

For the last three or four years I have had a little motto on the wall of my study which says: "The picture of the future will be the picture which says something worth saying in a beautiful way." I think that is all there is to it—something worth saying and said beautifully; then it is art. I don't think it is really art without both of these. Just saying something worth saying doesn't make it art; and something not worth saying said beautifully is not art. One is really dependent upon the other.

In the matter of material, I much prefer originals, but I have been able to find more good novels and stage plays than good originals. Yet

I think the only hope in the future for the screen is the original story. The screen always will be simply a craft as long as it is only a means of adapting an art to another medium. To be an art full-fledged, it must be complete within itself; it must have its own writers that come out of the masses. That is what those who are sincerely training writers for the screen are doing for us.

You see this animal we call the screen is in a very delicate condition right now. It has not had time for its brains to grow up to its body. It is about ten years old mentally, and yet in size it is gigantic. It reaches so many people; it has a most tremendous weight and scope today, but it has not had time to develop people who talk its language. Some of us are young enough to have started with the screen, but most of those actually in charge of the making of pictures were artists in another field, who learned to speak another art, and who have transplanted themselves. I do not consider myself any more really of the screen than the Pilgrim fathers who first landed on Plymouth rock could consider themselves real Americans. I am not a native; I am naturalized.

The great work of the future is going to be done by the people who speak the language of the screen as their native language, who were born into it and learned to speak it first. This is the screen of the future. So far there has not been time for enough people to develop inside the art itself, but we are not going to remain a child. I seem to feel a stir in the brain of this ani-

mal now; I think it has pushed its way a little beyond the protoplasmic stage; I think the brain is beginning to function a little.

As I am fond of saying to my brother Cecil, to Mr. Griffith and others—they are not Shakespeares; they are but Marlowes and the Ben Jonsons. They do not know it any more than I think it about myself. But when I have moments of vision I see I am not nearly so good as I think I am. We are only preparing the art for someone who is going to be really big. We are making it easier for the future Shakespeares of the screen.

I think "Robin Hood" is the finest picture I have ever seen; I think it has done more to make the screen a literary art than anything yet offered, because the literary quality is not so much in the subtitles as in the picture itself.

There will be a literary value to the subtitle when it shall have been developed to a fine point, as I am sure it will be. I think nothing is more important than that the subtitle should be recognized, not as interruptions between two scenes, but as the coupling-pins between the two scenes; they must carry the story along uninterruptedly. A title that breaks it off is a bad subtitle; it should not stop anything; it should carry you along quickly and continuously from what you had last to what you have now, and to what you are going to have. It should have its roots in the scene behind, its branches in the scene ahead, and the trunk should be worthwhile for itself.

I much prefer originals; that is one reason why I like "The World's

Applause" and "Midsummer's Madness." And I am watching to see the original developed—but we of the studios know how hard it is to get a good original. And I have been surprised how difficult it has been in most cases for very accomplished authors to adapt themselves to the screen. They will not learn; they do not seem able to learn in most cases—there are some exceptions—to think "screen." They think it out first in their own art and then make a rough translation into what they think the screen is.

I had a famous dramatist out here doing an original story for me. He told me the original story in five minutes in my study; it was a first class story idea. I thought I would like to do it. It had not been written in any other form. We had two or three consultations about it; he suggested ideas; I came back at him, and in about four days we had a very nice story worked out. Then I had to go to New York and left him to develop it. He developed it as he thought it should be developed for the screen. When I returned I found a most appalling mess. I called him into my office and asked him, "What is this thing?" He retorted, "That is the development of the story!" I said, "Oh, no, it isn't. This is the story you told me—this is the story I bought!" And I outlined the story we had first discussed. "Throw this awful thing away and write me the story you told me you were going to write. Write it as a novel or anything you like—what I want is the story!"

In trying to translate it, he did

not know the screen well enough to make a true translation. This is a peculiar tendency which great authors have. The minute they begin to feel the freedom of the screen—what they think is the freedom of the screen—they go mad. They think because they can change the scenes every five seconds they should do so. That isn't the idea at all.

As you know, screen stories are rapidly beginning to collect themselves into different type groups and we are beginning to use the narrative form of motion picture as well as the purely dramatic, and also the psychological. But, let me add, a psychological situation does not consist of a long pause during which no one does anything.

One difference between the screen and drama fundamentally is that the screen reaches more people and consequently has to be that much more simplified. Just as one type of drama has to be more simple than others. Browning and others wrote far above the heads of the public—in fact they go so far above the heads of the public that they do not hurt anybody, because they do not hit anybody. It is only a very small audience that will read them. I have been severely criticized for saying, when asked to compare George Cohan and Browning as dramatists, that there *was* no comparison—that Cohan was eight thousand times a bigger dramatist than Browning every thought of being.

People are confused in their minds between dramatic values and literary values. The two things are really quite separate. Drama

has to succeed as drama. The only definition of drama that satisfies my peculiar complex is that a drama is a story which finds its *best* expression through physical acting on the stage—its *best* expression that may or may not have literary value. Every great play, I think, has had some kind of literary value also. Some very great plays as dramas do not have enough literary value to keep them alive more than five, six or seven years. Some live as literature, but do not succeed as drama. When you get a play which is weak drama but fine literature, it has little success on the stage but lives as a book. Fine drama but bad literature succeeds very well on the stage, which is its function, but does not live at all as literature. Shakespeare happened to be both a dramatist and a poet. I think there are other dramatists who are as wonderful as Shakespeare, and there are poets as wonderful as Shakespeare, but there is none that combines the two qualities as does Shakespeare, though Sophocles and Moliere are not so far behind.

The changes which are bound to come in the construction of continuity are going to be individualistic. We are going to free ourselves from the idea that we have to write every motion-picture play like every other motion-picture play. Slowly we are coming, step by step, to the individualistic policy in pictures.

In "Robin Hood" they used an art form best adapted to the peculiar problems they had to face. (You will see a lot of imitations of "Robin Hood" and they are all going to be terrible!) I was delighted

to see in "Robin Hood" places where the director, the writer and the actors themselves dared to do things which are considered bad technique, but which in this case were absolutely right. You will remember where Robin Hood finds out the girl is alive and the nun points to where she sits brooding under a tree. That is one of the big moments of the story. What director, as a rule, would have dared to play that scene seventy-five feet away—with no close-ups! The person who departs from tradition in the right place is a genius. But now you will begin to see directors unintelligently playing the crucial moment seventy-five feet away and wondering why it doesn't get over!

There isn't anything yet that can be called a classic in form. Even "Robin Hood" I would not call a classic. I do not believe we have any classics as yet. You can tell me as much as I can tell you. But I know that as a number of earnest people begin to be familiar with the technique of this new thing—as they begin to think originally for the screen, instead of adapting stage plays or novels—as the original process of thought goes on, we are going to get individualistic pictures. We will adapt the form of scenario to the particular artistic expression—just as Richard Strauss outraged all the accepted laws of music, yet see what his influence has been on the music of his time!

It has happened on the stage. What is the accepted form of the play? There isn't any; there are all kinds of plays. There will be all kinds of pictures—many different schools, each subdivided until it

all comes down finally to individualism. This is the promise of the future—individualism. That which strongest in any given unit, is going to dominate. As the strong ones come to the top and learn the native language of the screen, you are going to see very interesting things happen. We are just beginning to break the chrysalis. It has taken us fifteen to twenty years to break through. We are just beginning to become an art.

Can art and commercialism be reconciled? Why, certainly! God help art if commercialism absolutely disappears from the theatre. You can take those people who are all for art and turn them loose and they will wreck the boat as surely as those who are all for money. The drama and the motion picture, which fundamentally is drama, can only function by reaching the masses. The business of the dramatist is to get his story to the people, and if he does not do that he fails as a dramatist, no matter what beautiful literature he might write. There never has been a great dramatist discovered after his death. Every great dramatist has been popular with the audience for which he wrote. That is part of the function of drama. You are going to say, how can you tell that you have reached the public? The box office is the only meter that registers how the dramatist is functioning as a dramatist. Therefore, that eternal pressure of the business office upon the artist is the one thing that insures the reaching of the public with the drama.

Goethe was recognized as a genius by the government and a

theatre was endowed for him. It was not successful and later he remarked that it was unfortunate for the future of his theater that it was not dependent upon "the takings at the door!" Nobody will question Goethe's art.

Many persons think that it is impossible to make the people accept the truth. The public as a public has accepted every play we recognize as a great play. Plays of Shakespeare have been tremendously popular. It is that pressure between the upper and the nether mill-stone, between art and commercialism, which keeps drama alive. Commercialism without art, or art without commercialism, would mean death to drama. It is between these two forces that we maintain the balance of power. I have thought for a great many years over that question, and my experience has been that if your play is fundamentally good drama, you can be just as artistic and literary as you like. The public will love it and will lap it up. They love good literature with good drama, but not instead of good drama.

In the selection of material for photoplays, the only restriction I know of is censorship. I do not think it matters what you talk about—rather what you say. That, of course, is an idea that has not dawned upon the censors. They insist upon censoring the subject-matter rather than the remarks you make. I used to define censors as a race of people who would accept the human people as a reality but not as a possibility. It is what you say that counts. There is no limit

to the subject matter; anything can be handled in drama if handled right.

The only person who should not write a play about a certain subject is an expert in that subject, because he has absolutely lost the viewpoint of the masses in regard to that subject, and things which seem to him thrilling make no appeal to the public. He is writing as an expert for people who are not experts. He misses out entirely. I started my career by writing a play about the American Indian; I did not know anything about him; I had only seen one or two. I evolved the American Indian out of my inner consciousness, and was very much more successful than if I had done a real study from life—and found myself being hailed as an authority on the American Indian! There is a big principal back of this. An ounce of imagination is worth a pound of fact. Imagination is the road to truth—in fact the road to anywhere! Most of the facts of life are not true anyhow. People say, "This is true because it happened to me myself." The most impossible things happen to people! But that does not make them the truth; it merely makes them facts.

I have often been asked: "Why is it necessary to mutilate a perfectly good novel upon which the public has already set its stamp of approval in order to turn it into a screen vehicle?"

It is necessary to change a novel because in the first place the dramatic form is entirely different fundamentally from the novel, and even the narrative form of drama

is different from the novel. It is different, also, in this, that in the play the audience knows everything and the characters have to find it out; and in the books the characters know everything and the readers have to find it out.

But there is a more important difference yet; which is that to succeed upon the screen, even if it is a narrative form of drama, there must be a certain condensation of form to make it dramatic and which is not inherent in the novel at all. If you put the whole story on the screen just as it is written, it would be the most boring thing you can imagine. It would make so many reels that it would put your audience to sleep—in fact your audience's children.

A novel like "Miss Lulu Bett" was so simple, and so succinctly in dramatic form, that I could cast practically everything in the novel on the screen. But this is the exception.

With Balzac you cannot do this; you would need a hundred reels and no audience would sit through such a long story. Really great stories are going to be filmed exactly as written when they are written direct for the screen.

"Why mutilate the novel?"—is this not also true of the stage? There never has been a really great play made from a novel. I think "Robin Hood" is greater than the "Four Horsemen" because it was original. Miss Mathis' scenario of "The Four Horsemen" was a tremendous achievement, but I do not think it was humanly possible to have put Ibanez's story on the screen as it was written. I am very leery

of novels. You can take a play, and with that as a basis, enlarge and expand rather than contract.

There are those who believe there is more than *one* public to be considered by the producers. Perhaps.

I know that I have to watch myself at every turn lest I neglect the people that I am paid to write for in order to include those few personal friends I would like to have come to the party.

If we have got to throw somebody overboard, throw over the highbrows; they can take care of themselves; they can produce everything out of their inner consciousness that would satisfy them perfectly. Do not throw the mass overboard.

Our usefulness in the world, the reason we are here, is that it has been given into our hands to be the means of helping to spread in the way of the people the art which takes the people up with it higher, ultimately, than any other art, for the reason that it is the only art which can reach them. But the thing that is interesting, and pleases me more than anything else, is the development of the audience. The audience of today is not that of five years ago. The audience of the motion picture has grown more in five years than that of the stage has grown in two hundred years. We have grown until we have reached the point where we have an audience of first nighters. The audiences of the motion picture do not live only in hurrying, scurrying New York; they get some fresh air in their lungs. They have a native sense of truth.

How far the author needs to know the technique of production is an open question. Personally I believe he should know. Right now I have associated with me a scenarist who thoroughly knows the screen and we work very closely together. It is because she knows my angle so well that she is so valuable. When we finish a script I never change it. I shoot it as it is written. It has been a long time since I have taken more than five weeks to shoot a picture—*because I shoot the script*. Of course there is a lot of work on that script before it is ready. We have many talks and discussions and often we disagree, but when we are through we both agree, no matter who was right at first. We have never left a single point until one agrees that the other was right.

The closer the author can work with the director, the better it is for everybody. That doesn't mean that I should take a green author and give him the right to butcher a scenario. But there should be absolutely close co-operation between director and author. Really, authors should be part directors and directors should be part authors. It is unfortunate that there are so many directors who think they are authors but who are not.

The manuscript of a photoplay is not nearly as complete as the manuscript of a stage play. It is like the stage play without the dialogue. The manuscript of a stage play is nearly a complete thing. Almost anybody could take the manuscript of a stage play and direct the production. Give it to four different directors and the results would be

quite similar. Give the manuscript of a photoplay to four different directors and it would be safe to show the four pictures at the same time; they would be so dissimilar nobody would be accused of plagiarism.

I am more enthusiastic about the motion picture now than I was eight years ago. The more earnest

people I see coming into this work, the more pleased I am; the better pleased I am with the whole industry and its component parts.

After all, whatever road we take to reach the ultimate goal, as long as we are working with a sincere desire to tell the truth, we are doing a great deal toward making this art great.



HOW I envy those who become prudent without thwackings of experience! Such men seem to be not uncommon. I don't mean cold-blooded calculators of profit and loss in life's possibilities; nor yet the plodding, dull, who never have imagination enough to quit the beaten track of security; but bright-witted and large-hearted fellows who seem always to be led by common sense, who go steadily from stage to stage of life, doing the right, the prudent things, guilty of no vagaries, winning respect by natural progress, seldom needing aid themselves, often helpful to others, and through all, good-tempered, deliberate, happy. How I envy them.

From "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft."

—George Gissing.



Good English AND ITS USE

A Department for Everyone who Writes

HOLDING TO AN IDEAL

BY HAZEL W. SPENCER

A YOUNG woman wrote to me not long ago in great discouragement. "What is the matter with my work?" she complained. "I have been assured by all my teachers and instructors that I had it in me to become a writer, yet nothing I have written attracts the interest of an editor and it is impossible to get my name before the public. Do you advise me to try writing the so-called 'slush' that seems to make such an appeal to the American people? I hate and despise it, but if it is what the public wants is there advantage to holding to an ideal?"

Is there any advantage in holding to an ideal? This is the question which presents itself sooner or later to all artists, and indeed to all craftsmen; and it is the individual's answer to this question which determines for all time his right to be regarded seriously.

Small wonder that in an age of materialism, when success is judged rather from the standpoint of money than of art, idealists are content to sell their birthright for a mess of pottage. The pressure is well nigh irresistible, the temptation almost beyond human endurance.

What will not money do for us? And art—what food, or warmth, or shelter does one find in art alone? If, "slush" will bring fame and comforts why not write it? At least until one has made a start. What the public wants—perhaps that really *is* art after all, who knows?

To the minds of many of us it seems a far cry from what the public wants to the ideal. But is it? Who indeed is the public? Only that part of it which is content with the pottage? Or that part which looks toward kingship? The leaders or the led? The thoroughbred or the herd? Or both? Is the public which loves a prize-fight of more consequence than that which weeps at grand opera? Or more numerous? If it *is* of more consequence and more numerous must we disregard the other altogether? And is there no hope of training *all* the public to love grand opera?

As truly as I believe that truth is better than falsehood I believe in the ultimate integrity and wholesomeness of the public as a whole; and to my mind all this talk about the public's preference for inferi-

ority is mere cheap sensationalism.

The public, being very much alive and eager not to overlook anything, is of course keenly interested in all sorts of entertainment, but other things being equal, it prefers entertainment of the best variety. Mind you, *other things being equal!* As a rule they are *not* equal and that is the crux of the whole situation.

Perhaps some of you remember, in the years before we had prohibition, the distress of many good persons over the attractiveness of the saloons. Yet it did not seem to occur to these same persons that other places might be made quite as attractive and prove vastly more wholesome. It is the same way with our entertainment in general. The really good things depend equally with the bad upon attractive settings. If they do not have these settings they must sacrifice their attraction. In either case it is the setting that first draws our attention, and afterwards, of the two extremes, good or bad, it is the good that has greater power to *hold* us.

We are not speaking now, nor shall we speak at any time, of the number, fortunately inconsiderable, whose tastes and instincts have been blunted or perverted into actual enjoyment of what is base. Neither in point of numbers nor in point of possessions has this class any right to consideration by the publishers of magazines or the producers of plays. For our purposes such a class does not even exist.

But of the large majority of the reading and theatre-going public the natural inclination is toward truth and beauty, and if these are

presented attractively they will have a greater appeal than unwholesomeness or exaggeration. As an example of what I mean witness the current production of "Robin Hood." Here is a picture of entire wholesomeness and beauty in conception, presented in so attractive a manner that even those who went to scoff remained to pray. It is impossible to imagine a picture of more varied and immediate appeal, yet it is intrinsically a picture of high moral significance. It has been presented attractively and that is the whole secret of its success. To my discouraged correspondent, questioning the advisability of holding to an ideal, and to all others of like nature, I point to the drama of "Robin Hood" as a most delightful refutation of the theory that no story can be both popular and artistically honest. "Robin Hood" is both. And so may all pictures and stories become if written from the right standpoint.

Your story that seems unable to win an editor's attention or arouse a producer's curiosity may be quite noble in conception and quite honest according to artistic standards, but—is it attractively presented? Are the opening lines such that they will immediately and inevitably arrest the glance, intrigue the fancy? Does the story progress rapidly, entertainingly, *surely*, to an amazing or delightful end?

This is not "slush;" it is simple story setting; and it is as vital to the story's success as the photography of "Robin Hood" is vital to the scenario. It is all a matter of your knowing how to *write*. This is not the same thing as saying that it de-

pends upon your power to create. Indeed it has nothing whatever to do with creation unless we call creative all work of any kind or degree. The knowing how to write means simply the knowing how to handle language; and, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, the possession of an ideal is absolutely indispensable to your success. Let me try to explain to you why this is true.

Have you ever heard of Tennyson's "nine-pipe lines"? If you have you will remember that these were lines over which the poet labored while smoking nine consecutive pipes; single lines that took him the best part of a day to compose. For you do not smoke nine pipes in a hurry. A freshly filled pipe will last the ordinary smoker about an hour; sometimes longer. Nine hours to a single line! Is it any wonder that Tennyson's poetry lives and will continue to live? I told you in a previous article that it took Gray seven years to write the *Elegy*. Seven years to write a single poem! Nine hours to write a line! Yet you wonder why your stories, dashed off madly in the heat of creative enthusiasm, written once, twice at the most, fail to attract attention.

Stories come under my personal observation, many dozens of them in the course of a week, several hundreds in the course of a month, to which, since I am an instructor of young writers, it is my duty to give close and patient consideration; but these same stories sent to the editor of a magazine would be accorded no more than a single glance.

They come to me sloppily written, many of them in pencil, bearing every evidence of haste and carelessness. The wonderful, beautiful, *sacred* instrument of the English language has been handled like a ditch-digger's shovel and the dirt still clings to it.

Some of these poorly written stories contain ideas of real value and originality and the proper setting would secure their immediate reception in an editorial sanctum; but set as they are, in slovenly, unpolished sentences, loose and erratic paragraphs, they make no impression whatever beyond one of momentary disgust which consoles itself by hurling them into the nearest waste-basket.

There are times when speed is very desirable, but it is never so in creative effort. Imitation is mere mechanics and may be accomplished after sufficient practice with almost unerring precision and rapidity, but creation is a matter of evolution and cannot be hurried without disaster. The question can never be with an author, "How much ground may I cover in a given time?" but, "How well may I cover it?" If a story is worth writing at all it is worth writing according to the highest ideal one is able to conceive. Your ideas may be hoary with age, but if your words are new, apt, original, no editor under the sun will refuse you a hearing.

It all comes back to what I have said so many times already, that the secret of the true literary artist lies in his use of *words*. Words tell his story and furnish also its setting; they give it color and life;

they make it real; they *attract*. And it is as necessary that a story *attract* as that it have a beginning and a conclusion. What lights and music are to the theatre right

words are to your story. The wrong words will repel, but the right ones will insure you an immediate audience.



IN AND OUT OF THE DICTIONARY

A column of authoritative solutions to problems concerning the use of English, submitted by readers of The Story World.

"R. A. H., BAR HARBOR, MAINE." . . I fail to grasp your statement in the November Photodramatist to the effect that, "It would have been well to have shown that he feared her," should have been written: "It would be well to show. . ." etc. Aren't the words, *would be*, used more in a future sense, such as, "It would be nice;" "She would be more comfortable," etc.? I do not understand how a future tense, such as, "It would be," can be joined with a past tense, such as, "to have shown."

Answer: "It would be well to have shown...etc.," is simply another way of saying: "You ought to have shown," or, "It would be a good idea if you had shown," or, "It would be well for you if you had shown;" all these variations merely involving the one fact that it *would be* very much better for you if you had shown, etc., etc. In this case the clause, "It would be well," is not indicative of a future tense but of a conditional situation.

"H. T. D., SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA." . . In your correct English section you use the expression, "*to the manner born*." You should have said: "*to the manor born*." . .

Answer: This expression "*to the manner born*" seems to be causing much disquiet among my readers. I am very glad to be able to assure you that my employment of the phrase is entirely correct, as you would have discovered for yourself

had you cared to look up the expression in a dictionary. For your information I quote from the latest edition of the Century:

"*To the manner born*," accustomed to some practice or mode from birth; having lifelong familiarity with the thing mentioned. 'But to my mind—though I am native here, And *to the manner born*—it is a custom More honour'd in the breach than in the observance.'

—*Shak., Hamlet, 1, 4, 15.*

"F. H. W., ERIE, PA." Is it correct to say: "Which is the most preferable?"

Answer: Emphatically not. It should be either: "Which is to be preferred?" or, "Which is preferable?"

"V. McA. T., ALBERTA, CANADA." Which is correct: "One of the young men who wants to marry her?" or "One of the young men who want to marry her?"

Answer: This depends upon what it is you are really asking. Whether you are referring to one of the young men who, himself, wishes to marry her, or whether you are considering the young men in a body because they *all* wish to marry her. Do you see the distinction?

In the first case it would be correct to say: "One of the young men who wishes to marry her." In the other case it would be: "One of the young men who wish to marry her."



FOR YOUR BOOKSHELF



The Latest Novels Reviewed

By HETTY GOLDRICK

"CAPTAIN BLOOD"

By Rafael Sabatini

WEARY reader, do you ever long to shake off the dust of dreary Main streets and set sail on the high seas with bold buccaneers in search of Spanish gold? Then open up the pages of *Captain Blood*. Here is an historical romance written with such colorful buoyancy that the dead past comes vividly alive under the author's skilled hand. I think that it is this lively imagination for detail and this feeling for swift, sure narrative which make Mr. Sabatini so successful in his field.

Peter Blood, an Irishman and a bachelor of medicine, but for long time a soldier of fortune, has only recently settled down to the practice of his profession when the Monmouth Rebellion of 1685 takes place. He was thrown in gaol though his offense was merely that he had attended professionally one of the wounded rebels. But this was as good a pretext as any and he is sentenced to execution. There is a wonderfully graphic court scene where the famous Judge Jeffreys on his "Bloody Circuit" sentences him. But execution is commuted to slavery and Doctor Blood, with fifty others, is exiled to Barbadoes and sold to Colonel Bishop, a sugar planter, for ten pounds. Because his knowledge of medicine is discovered his lot is easier than that of

the other slaves. He attends the Governor's gout and his Lady's megrims.

Colonel Bishop is as villainous as his niece, Arabella, is good and lovely. Peter Blood gains the Colonel's hatred and Arabella's interest. When the Colonel's persecution is vilest, Peter, by a clever stroke gains possession of a pirate ship which appears in the harbor one day to loot the island. He takes other slaves with him, turns pirate himself, names his ship *Arabella* and sails away into seas packed with thrilling adventures. This Irishman with the blazing blue eyes set in a copper-colored face swashbuckles through a thousand adventures but he always comes through clean like a regular pirate and with a code of honor all his own. As for me, I fell in love with him long before Arabella did. She is a difficult minx and winning her is harder than his pirate's job. But the story ends as a proper romance should. Peter Blood, soldier, doctor, pirate, lover, is made Governor of Jamaica when William of Orange comes to the English throne, but dearest honor of all, Arabella at last gives him her heart for his kingdom.

It is refreshing to read an honest-to-goodness romance once more. In *Captain Blood* there is enough material for several photoplays, it seems to me. Only but look at history with the romantic eye of Sabatini

and picture after picture of glamorous beauty spreads before you. If you like historical romance, watch out for him.

"ANNE SEVERN AND THE FIELDINGS"

By May Sinclair

"WOULD you?"

That is what the woman will ask herself who reads *Anne Severn and the Fieldings*. The man will half close his eyes over his pipe and muse. Like Jerrold, he would certainly want Anne, and yet Maisie's disarming goodness—"Hm-mm-mh."

Putting it baldly, if you had loved another woman's husband, long before even his wife knew him, and he still loved you, would you be able to give him up? On the other hand, if you were the wife, would you give up your husband to the other woman and in doing so make the reunification so fine and generous that the freedom you give them would not be your sacrificial gift but their undeniable right? Also, if you were the man in the case, is Jerrold, ever shutting his eyes to what he does not want to see, running away from pain and grief, finding his soul only through sin, sorrow and suffering, any weaker than you?

This is the story: Anne Severn's father brings her to Wyck Manor to leave her with his old friends, the Fieldings, before his return to service in India. Anne is a silent child, silent and in black because her mother has been buried the day before. It is thus that her life becomes bound up with the three Fielding boys, Eliot, Jerrold and Co-

lin. Eliot is sober, serious and a student. Jerrold is gay, lovable, born for happiness and supersensitive to any form of its opposite. Colin is a gentle, musical child, easily led, worshipful of Jerrold and dearest of all his family to Jerrold.

Anne has a fiercely faithful nature. She loves few, and those few forever. She is so faithful to her mother's memory that she resents Adeline Fielding's good-natured attempts to mother her. Through childhood she adores Jerrold and is faithful to him through his every fault. She is faithful to him when as a young man he goes away to India because he can not bear the desolation of Wyck Manor after his father's death. Eliot loves her but there can be no one for her but Jerrold.

Colin marries a loud, domineering Queenie, the war comes along, all three brothers go to the front and Anne and Queenie join a field ambulance corps. Colin is invalided home with shattered nerves and it is Anne, not the militant Queenie, who returns to relieve his terrified mother. Faithful to her promise to Jerrold that she would look after Colin, she nurses the invalid back to health and runs the estate. While Adeline rests her nerves in London and Queenie stays at the front, Anne lives alone with Colin at Wyck Manor, at first unsuspecting and then indifferent to slander. Jerrold returns on leave, believes that Anne and Colin are lovers and marries Maisie.

The war is over. Eliot, indifferent to the truth or untruth of the slander, wants to marry Anne but she refuses. She can love no other

but Jerrold. Jerrold comes home to Wyck Manor. Maisie is ill and with her family. Jerrold still loves Anne. Anne still loves Jerrold. Maisie returns, but too late. The inevitable has happened.

So far this is not an unusual situation. Anne and Jerrold continue to be lovers under Maisie's eyes, but then good women are easily deceived. It turns out that the unsuspecting goodness of Maisie which has given them all their opportunities is the weapon which breaks them. They are unable to longer return her simple trust with deception and yet their unrequited passion consumes them to the point of physical illness. They try to keep their secret hidden but at last her eyes are opened. It is here that the old-fashioned story would follow the time-honored pattern of repentant husband, forgiving wife and Anne carrying out her intention of going to Canada. But Miss Sinclair deals with an old problem in the modern manner. At this crisis, Maisie, who has been almost too good, faces the truth and deals with it with not only unequalled generosity but superb common sense, if I may be allowed to say that common sense can sometimes be superb. It is the modern way of straightening out a tangled triangle. If two faithless ones are honestly faithful to each other, is not freedom from their restraining bonds their right? Of course there may be left at the third angle a broken heart but even May Sinclair can not unsnarl every tangle in that strange puzzle called life.

Well, whether it be by new-fashioned or old-fashioned way of thinking, here is real food for thought.

Ordinarily Miss Sinclair's stories are not considered as having photodramatic value but has the time not come when there is a place on the screen for such distinguished treatment of vital problems as lies in *Anne Severn and the Fieldings*.

"THE YELLOW CRAYON"

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

MR. OPPENHEIM has created a fascinating character in Mr. Sabin and in this ingenious mystery story, *The Yellow Crayon*, he is as delightful as ever. Mr. Oppenheim writes with a finer hand than many others in his field. His mysteries are real mysteries and his characters are real people. If you like *The Yellow Crayon* as much as I did you will not want to put it down until you have finished it.

Mr. Sabin, after an idyllic three years' residence in Lenox, is stunned by a great blow. His wife, with whom he is very much in love, mysteriously disappears without a word. The order of *The Yellow Crayon* has need of her services in London.

The acute Mr. Sabin fastens together a few slender threads of clues and, despite all efforts of the order's agents to keep him in America, thwarts them all and follows her. The order of *The Yellow Crayon* is a league of the aristocracy of Europe against socialism. Mr. Sabin, who is really a French nobleman, the Duc de Souspennier, has lost his standing in the order on account of former political intrigues which were distasteful to the head of the order, Prince of Saxe Leinitzer. Lucille, Mr. Sabin's wife, is a former Hungarian countess. She

is a beautiful woman and is expected by the order to ruin with her charms her early admirer, Reginald Brott, Home Secretary of England, democrat of the democrats, and who has towering ambitions, among them the Prime Ministry itself.

The Prince himself, known as the Royal Libertine of Europe, and having almost unlimited power as head of The Yellow Crayon, is enamored with Lucille and never having been balked of any desire, determines to possess her for himself in the end. Lady Carey, a handsome, unscrupulous woman, is his willing aide, the more especially as she has a passion for the Duc de Souspennier. How Lucille, through all the wicked machinations of the Prince, accomplishes the mission laid upon her by the order without compromising herself with Brott or yielding to the Prince, how Mr. Sabin remains unmoved by Lady Carey's seductions, outwits the Prince at every turn and resumes his interrupted idyll with Lucille—this is the absorbing story.

Long life to the charming Mr. Sabin and may we meet him face to face on the screen.

"THE TIMBER PIRATE"

By Charles Christopher Jenkins

IN this out-of-doors story of the Great Northwest a long procession of stirring events and striking characters march before the reader.

First, in the prologue, an old man dying by a camp fire in the snow whispers his last wish to a youth. Then the story skips time and plunges into the war of two lumber

companies on the Nannabijou Limits in the farthest reaches of Lake Superior's wild north shore. Louis Hammond, a newspaper man, young and ready for adventure, finds himself on the Limits on a mysterious mission which was offered to him in a mysterious manner.

There are many things to mystify him, Acey Smith, for one, head of the North Star Company and commonly supposed to be in league with the Evil One. Then there is Smith's bitter enemy, Norman Gildersleeve, head of the Kam City Company and who disappears for a time from the face of the earth. There are plots within plots, there are spying eyes at every turn, swift feet padding silently through the forests, a devilish looking person, an uncanny medicine man, a mysterious abode of some mysterious being in a fastness of the mountains called the Cup of Nannabijou. There are reverberating gongs in tunnelled passes, wild cries in the night, the cry of a loon in the throat of a human, and most mysterious of all, the mysterious J.C.X., referred to on every page and whose identity is not disclosed until the last. And I must not forget a lovely heroine on an amethyst island with the love of two men offered her. In fact, Mr. Jenkins has forgotten not a single property belonging to a story of this kind. The will of the old man in the prologue is fulfilled by the one time youth and the heroine is in the arms of the right man.

Indeed, the story reads as if it had been written with the screen in view, so chock-full is it of action, well-sustained suspense, unusual characters and colorful atmosphere.



WITH THE *Producers*

BY GEORGE LANDY

ACTIVITIES IN AND AROUND THE STUDIOS

Lasky Studio Quiet

With several important productions finishing simultaneously, the Lasky stages are more or less quiet; the center of activity right now is in the cutting rooms.

Thomas Geraghty, one of the best known figures in the motion picture industry, is in Hollywood to take up the duties of Chief Supervising Director of all Paramount pictures. His first work will be the preparation of the scenario for "Hollywood," the James Cruze production. Sada Cowan has been added to the Paramount scenario staff on contract.

Herbert Brennon is working on his first picture for Lasky, "The Rustle of Silk," which Sada Cowan and Ouida Bergere have adapted from this Cosmo Hamilton story. Betty Compson and Conway Tearle will be featured and others in the cast are Anna Q. Nilsson and Cyril Chadwick. "Seventy-five Cents An Hour" is the title of the story which Frank Condon has written for Walter Hiers' second starring vehicle. It is interesting to note that the continuity of this photoplay was written by Grant Carpenter, one of the best short story writers in the profession, and who has since been signed by Warner Brothers. The "heavy" comedian will be supported by Jacqueline Logan, J. Farrell

Macdonald, Helen Dunbar, Robert Dudley, Guy Oliver, Clarence Burton and Cullen Tate. Joseph Henaberry will direct.

George Fitzmaurice has commenced shooting Paramount's reproduction of "The Cheat," starring Pola Negri, with Jack Holt featured and Charles de Roche in support. This successful picture was written by Hector Turnbull and the present adaptation is the work of Ouida Bergere. Agnes Ayres has started work on "Contraband" under the direction of Wesley Ruggles. Albert Shelby LeVino is adapting this magazine story by Clarence Budington Kelland.

Universal Busy

Other activities at Universal seem to pale into insignificance beside the gigantic production of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Tully Marshall, Cesare Gravini and Winifred Bryson have been recently added to the cast, and extensive preparations are under way for the mob scenes on the Place du Paradis, in which some seventeen hundred extras will be employed.

Edward "Hoot" Gibson has completed "Katy Did," in which he was supported by Laura La Plante, her first five-reeler, by the way. Edward Sedgwick wrote the story and continued and directed the picture.

(Continued on page 89.)

THE LATEST NEW YORK PLAYS

BY CARROL B. DOTSON

AMID an array of dramatic achievements so formidable as the present season's output on Broadway, the theatre-goer might easily enough share the bewilderment of that patent office clerk who, sixty years ago, cast about for new means of engaging his time. From his inventory of the patents, their wide range and general excellence, it appeared there was nothing left to invent; so, for him, there was nothing left to do.

For the stage has indisputably done itself proud this winter. It was not enough, apparently, for a single season to bring out *Seventh Heaven*, *Rain*, *R. U. R.*, *The Fool*, *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, *The World We Live In* (the insect comedy), *Loyalties* and *Merton of the Movies*, which are enjoying big runs in the magazines as well as on Broadway; the intrepid Morris Gest, whose Russian vaudeville *Chauve-Souris* has run steadily at the Century Roof since last February, provided the winter's chief novelty when he brought the Moscow Art Theatre to New York.

Equally notable has been the vogue of Shakespeare this season, no less than five stages having given the venerable Elizabethan drama preference while scores of new productions were clamoring for a roof tree. John Barrymore opened in *Hamlet* at the Sam H.

Harris theatre last November; David Warfield was introduced in a Belasco production of *The Merchant of Venice* in December; and at this writing both are running strong. Ethel Barrymore's *Juliet* did not quite satisfy her, nor her admirers, and the Longacre theatre production recently closed. But Jane Cowl opened on January 24th at the Henry Miller in a Selwyn production of the comedy, with every indication at this time of an interesting run.

Surpassing in general interest the plays of the Bard is the Clemence Dane play about Shakespeare himself. *Will Shakespeare* is the title of a superbly written sketch of the subject during his intellectual adolescence. The premier was on January 1st at the National theatre.

Up to the fourth week in January the Moscow players had presented four plays. As the entire repertory is played in the Russian tongue, the entertainment is pure pantomime to the majority of the audiences at the Al Jolson theatre. Even so, the occasion is satisfying to very many persons who have not troubled to read the English translation of the plays. One can enjoy well-sung opera in any language. Cannot one thrill equally to well acted drama, whatever its tongue? And there is better drama at the Al Jolson, after all, than

ever the Metropolitan saw, though it does sound less gratefully upon the non-Slavonic ear.

Nevertheless, the Russian importation is a mere exotic novelty which, once experienced—and one just has to see it once—is sufficiently explored.

The visit of the Moscow Art Theatre is constructively valuable from a domestic angle quite unforeseen by its promoters. It has provided renewed discussion of an American repertory theatre. Gest summoned from his native land a group of artists who have survived incredible discouragements, and on the whole this organization has contributed something of first magnitude to the New York stage. Cannot an American producer establish in, of and for America, an institution as useful?

New York, least of all places, is intolerant of alien art. Yet, when John Golden in a newspaper interview challenged Morris Gest to prove that Russian drama and Russian artists excel the American, sympathy inclined sharply in Golden's direction. Nor did Gest dispute the individual supremacy of the American artist. His point is that Russia does have a national theatre, which we have not; that its drama transcends the individual actor, which ours does not.

Golden, to a greater degree than any other of the active American producers, typifies the American theatre. It is a kind of passion of his, and it is reflected on his stages as well as by his press department. *Seventh Heaven* at the Booth theatre seems destined to approach the endurance of *Light-*

nin', *Three Wise Fools*, *The First Year* and other Golden productions of renowned memory.

And, speaking of repertory, how welcome plays of this kind, and their equals of forgotten seasons, would be for a week or so every year or two! Red Russia has something which we have not, and it stirs envy hereabouts.

But for the moment there is much of very great interest in the New York theatres, some of which will ultimately be carried inland to be shared with the other nine-tenths of America's inhabitants.

WILL SHAKESPEARE

National Theatre

Play by Clemence Dane

Produced by Winthrop Ames

Miss Dane's remarkable play is offered as an "Invention." Yet in only two instances has she taken any liberties with history, and then merely to effect a dramatic situation required by the action of the story. There is enough of recorded history in the plot, together with the temperamental attributes of the Poet gleaned from those of the Sonnets which relate to the Dark Lady, to build up a very realistic characterization. At least none can unequivocally deny that it is quite possible.

So far as we know, Kit Marlowe, son of the Canterbury cobbler, playwright and Shakespeare's boon companion, was slain in a tavern brawl. Miss Dane attributes the deed to Shakespeare himself, done in a fit of jealousy over the court strumpet, Mary Fitton; and in the presence of Mary. This episode

follows a month after the young Shakespeare's triumphant "Romeo and Juliet." The tragedy of it throws the young genius into the mood whence sprang his subsequent plays. As the curtain falls he sits dazedly in the throne room mumbling the titles of the great tragedies yet to come.

The play could have been named "Anne Hatheway's Curse." The young farmer is discovered in his cottage on the Avon striving vainly to create while his wife, Anne, prattles about supper and berates him for shutting himself up within his own mind. Comes Henslowe, the vagabond impresario, with his strolling players, to tempt Will Shakespeare to London. The selfish Anne, refused the privilege of accompanying her husband, upbraids him for the betrayal which preceded their marriage, and in an unguarded moment she gives him reason to suspect, and finally admits, that she lied to him while they were lovers, relying upon his honor to effect the marriage which she otherwise could not persuade him to enter.

A fearful quarrel ensues, and the beaten Anne hysterically warns the departing Poet that each pleasure and triumph of his new life will bring his thoughts miserably back to the wife and child he has abandoned. Lines spoken in this scene echo throughout the play.

To London with Henslowe and his players. To the Court and its mad dissipations. Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen, commands that Shakespeare make the English tongue immortal, as Aristo and Tasso were then distinguishing the

Italian, and Rabelais the French. The wanton maid of honor, Mary Fitton, inspires the young man to write his "Romeo and Juliet"; but Shakespeare, the man, kindles no spark in her. At the queen's command, Mary lures the Poet on, however, and abandons her pranks with Kit Marlowe. The play is written. Behind the scenes on the first night we see the author, triumphant. But his Juliet disappears. Mary, who knows the lines which she inspired, takes the role on as substitute. The audience goes mad with enthusiasm. The play is over, and Mary surrenders to Shakespeare. In the midst of the greatest moment of his life, word reaches the Poet that his child, the boy he had never seen, is dying and calls for him. Mary holds him to her side and he ignores the summons. He hears from the lips of Mary words shrieked at him as he tore himself away from Anne ten years before.

But after that night of ecstatic triumph, Anne cools. Shakespeare is repulsed upon every attempt to see her. He learns that she has ridden to a crossroads tavern at night in the clothes of a boy. It is a place frequented by Kit Marlowe. Shakespeare follows, discovers Mary and Kit unfaithful, and leaves Kit dead in the tavern. Mary denounces him, but all escape.

Queen Elizabeth has means of knowing all. She summons Mary to dismiss her in disgrace. Of Shakespeare, she requires execution of the plays he had been commanded to write. And broken hearted after one more attempt to regain Mary Fitton, the Bard begins.

Much of the charm of this very unusual play is in the lines. Could Shakespeare himself have done any better with the same love scenes, the same speeches in blank verse? One wonders.

As presented in England, the Dane play was in four acts. Winthrop Ames has arranged it in six.

JITTA'S ATONEMENT

Comedy Theatre

Adapted by George Bernard Shaw
from Siegfried Trebitsch

Produced by Lee Shubert

George Bernard Shaw having taken a hand as adapter of "Jitta's Atonement" from Siegfried Trebitsch's original German, its native heaviness has been relieved by a touch of sardonic humor in the lines. But the morbid action of the play has been left undisturbed. The program offers the piece as a "tragi-comedy," which does very well by way of definition.

The occasion for Jitta Lenkheim's penitential urge is the sudden death of her husband's best friend under annoying circumstances. Professor Haldenstadt inconveniently quits the world during a rendezvous with Jitta, his best friend's wife, in a house of unsavory address. Jitta flees the presence of the dead and leaves the world to its own conjectures as to the last scandalous moments of her lover.

Jitta had not reckoned with Agnes, daughter of the deceased professor, and a trying young woman with views of her own. While sorrowing friends deplored the unspeakable whereabouts of

Haldenstadt's demise, and the implications thereof, Agnes rejoiced in her father's amours on general principles. But the thought which consoled the daughter was accompanied by certain misgivings. Suppose it were a woman of the streets in whose company the professor died. That would make the distinction achieved by her father rather too common. The widow, on the other hand, prefers to remember her husband as having been discovered in a moment of temporary abandon by a professional temptress.

Into such a whirlpool of conflicting domestic views comes Jitta, guarding her own secret and bearing the late professor's idea of the posthumous atonement. It appears that not without pangs of conscience had Haldenstadt carried on with the wife of his friend Lenkheim; and in a moment of remorse he had once directed Jitta to publish a radical work of his own on psychology in the name of her husband, thus paying in the coin of vicarious fame for the embezzled devotions of a wife. Offered this atonement, and all unaware of the sentiment behind it, Lenkheim refuses the bequest on the ground that the book is too radical a document for him to sponsor with his influential name.

Thus defeated in her purpose to effect some kind of atonement in behalf of one of the aggrieved parties, Jitta courageously sacrifices herself to raise the spirits of the daughter Agnes. She confesses that it was not a woman of the streets who enjoyed the late professor's

favor on that fateful day. In short, the woman pays.

POLLY PREFEERED

Little Cort Theatre

By Guy Bolton and Winchell Smith

Produced by Comstock & Gest

With "Merton of the Movies" gently kidding the motion picture industry for the last three months at the Cort Theatre, with a prospect of goodness knows how many more profitable months to come, it was not strange that January brought a new cinema drama to the New York stage. "Polly Preferred," which is filling the Little theatre nightly, takes notice of the movie star and the mathematical progression of her ascendancy.

Polly Brown, unemployed chorus girl, virtuous, ambitious, and each day cutting her rations to a new irreducible minimum, feels that she will some day do something big if she can only hold out. Fortunately for her an advertising agency seems to have left a door unlocked long enough to permit a real Go-Getter to escape. Bob Cooley is a modern Visualizer, and he has only to discover the troubled Polly in the Automat when his Merchandizing and Advertising Functions begin instantly to co-operate and co-ordinate in the evolution of a plan.

That plan was, in brief, that Polly forsake the stage for the cinema studio; that arrayed in borrowed plumage, she promenade the Pershing Square hotel lobbies in full view of susceptible millionaires, to whom Bob would artfully sell stock shares in her destiny; that her charms be so vividly exploited

through the press that a public demand for Polly would be heard as far distant as Hollywood.

We are asked to believe that Bob and Polly get away with it. Anyhow, Polly does arrive on the lot in Hollywood and is marvelously discovered to possess talent. Fame finds Polly and fortune the pair of them. Love crowns the happiness of the conspirators. But Polly's contract with her producer, O tragic discovery! forbids marriage within five years. The case looks serious until Polly observes that her contract also requires that she behave for five years.

Jack Rutherford is conveniently on hand to be the dupe, so Polly sets in motion a scheme to compromise herself and undo the contract. Joe is a New York broker, stage door habitue, heavy stockholder in Polly's career, and has stalked her patiently all the way to Hollywood. Polly accepts Joe's invitation to his bungalow in the moonlit canyon at midnight, where she affects an abandon which delights her expectant host, but from which she escapes unscathed after accomplishing his complete undoing. With a heavy stockholder as accessory to, before or after a fact involving constructive but not actual violation of the clause pertaining to her conduct, Polly obtains the whip hand and wins the right to wed Bob.

The lines are rippingly funny in spots and the Hollywood atmosphere is quite convincingly transferred to snow-bound Broadway, though the Hollywood directors will dispute the accuracy of Mr. Bolton's characterization of their fra-

ternity. Polly's director could double as a gentleman milliner without the slightest strain.

GIVE AND TAKE

Forty-Ninth Street Theatre

By Aaron Hoffman

Produced by Max Marcin

This is a comedy of advanced industrial democracy. Dividing his brickbats and bouquets with fine impartiality between Capital and Labor, Mr. Hoffman avoids making troublesome enemies or embarrassing friends among the partisans of either. The play is concerned chiefly with amusing large audiences and incidentally projecting the thought that industrial conflict is better composed by calm discussion in the jargon of the shop. It does both very well.

Within the canning factory of John Bauer there is the usual unrest, to relieve which Albert Kruger, the foreman, abetted by his workmen, confiscates the plant and establishes a soviet within. Social,

recreational, and general welfare enterprises occupy so much of the brief working day that there is no time for canning. This situation excites the nerves of the skinflint banker who holds mortgages on the plant.

So menacing do the activities of the odious moneyed person become, indeed, that the deposed owner and his rebellious foreman are brought together in a defensive alliance against the sheriff. And in the nick of time a half-crazy millionaire is sent by Providence to advance his scheme to dispatch 10,000 flivver canned goods stores roaming over the countryside. This project starts the factory wheels humming once more. The foreman's daughter and the owner's son bring their own romance to a happy conclusion as their respective sires pledge eternal fidelity to the rejuvenated canning industry.

Mr. Hoffman's japes and wheezes and the manner of their delivery by Louis Mann and George Sidney save the play from collapse.



“THE habit of seeking constantly for the right word results in ability to find the right word.”

—Arlo Bates.



WHEN I was in high school there was a classmate whom austere parents had glorified with the formidable name of Ignatius Josephus Bates. Early in his teens young Bates was nicknamed "Rosebud" by his acquaintances in a spirit of derision. Bates had been helpless under the baptismal burden of Ignatius Josephus, but "Rosebud" was the straw that fractured the dromedary's spine. At the risk of some slight mixture of fauna and metaphor, it is pleasant to recall that the worm turned and Bates delivered several rebukes inclusive of every degree of assault and battery. The admiration and respect that resulted caused the "Rose" automatically to be dropped and as "Bud" Bates he has won success, wealth and the love of all who know him. He signs his checks Ignatius Josephus Bates and pays his ample income tax under the same name; otherwise he is invariably and consistently "Bud." Even his lorgnetted mother has become reconciled to the defilement.

It was a friend's mention of "the movies" that made me think of Bud. What to call this tremendous new twentieth century institution of ours has been a perturbing problem to many people. At first the world was so stricken with amazement at the realization that pictures could move that there was no thought of

any term other than "moving pictures." Words and phrases creep into our language and find a permanent home in the dictionary very quickly in this age of swift movement. Usage makes them authoritative before we have had time to analyze or discuss them. The term "moving pictures" has never been satisfactory to those who realize the dignity and importance of this new art. But when persons who were inclined to ridicule started to refer to "the movies," sensibilities were outraged and protest was loud. In retaliation stage plays were called "the speakies." In spite of everything, however, "movies" has become a fixed word in our everyday English. And after all the protest it has been generally accepted as being an expression of respect and admiration, just the same as "Bud" in the case of Bates. "Let's go to the movies," is on millions of lips every day. We may choose to write of the Cinema, Silent Drama or anything else that we may call it, but "the movies" has come to stay. Perhaps the element of affection that goes with a nickname is more desirable than otherwise. In any event we may as well accept it and devote our energies to making better "movies" rather than waste our time in renaming the "Bud" of the arts.

Producers are always in need of original material for screen production; many people have stories to tell and are possessed of real creative imagination. Of these a great percentage dash in where any thoughtful person should fear to tread, without study, preparation or acquired technique. Every art has its technique and to be a successful craftsman one must master the rules and learn their skillful and adroit use. But, even among those who faithfully study and strive, too many fail. Why?

I think one of the most frequent reasons is the lack of knowing just where to draw the line between inspiration and mechanics. There are two necessary, but separate and distinct, operations in the building of a screen drama. Each is of the utmost importance and each must be given its opportunity to help in achieving the successful termination of the combined effort.

It is easy to allow one's self to be hampered by too much technique. When the creative mind starts to work do not interrupt its functions with logic and rules. Humor the inspiration—let the mind soar and wander where it will. Get your thoughts down on paper, right or wrong. Capture them with your pen and preserve them. Creative thought is an elusive thing—flashes of inspiration flare up and are gone and forgotten if not immediately set down in black and white. The habit of carrying a note book and keeping it well filled is a good one. You may discard ten pages to one that you make real use of, but the one is worth all the effort spent on the ten.

When the flare has died down and the creative mind is passive—when the inspiration has fled, then is the time to check up on your thoughts and ask yourself, "Is this logical; is there sufficient motive; is there conflict and suspense; is the *technique* right?" Probably it is faulty in many respects. Then comes the task of arranging, building, tearing down and rebuilding, the while measuring your work according to the rules that you have learned. But while the creative flare is burning in the brain let the craftsman wait quietly in the background.

If the student of screen drama will lay a solid foundation—read, study and learn until the rules of technique are so completely absorbed that they become a "second nature," and then lay them aside until it is time to use them—he will find himself unhampered and free to give rein to his creative impulses. But the technique must be mastered first and used intelligently at the proper time. The musician may hum carelessly until he hits upon a motif or a catchy refrain—then he must know his technique before he perfects a symphony or ballad. This applies to every art.

I know of no profession the customs of which are so fluid and changeable as those governing the making of motion pictures. This is because the cinema is the youngest of the arts and its technique is still in a formative state. We lack the centuries of precedent that have had their gradual and lasting influence on the other arts. And when we pause to consider that we are living

in these early days of the Eighth Art and taking an active part in the pioneering, what a glorious thing it is. Of course we are making mistakes, but they are errors that, through correction, are setting standards for the coming generations of photodramatists that will study the technique that we are building long after we have answered the final call of the Great Director.

One of the radical changes that has taken place within the past few years has been the form of presentation in submitting manuscripts. Under the old order of things brevity was stressed to the extreme limit. Some studios asked for synopses of one thousand words or less. This resulted from the conviction that there was no hope of obtaining anything more than crude "ideas" from "outside" writers. There was an element of truth in this, for no more than a handful of people had trained themselves for the task of creating screenable photoplays, and wading through a mass of words to find an occasional fugitive fragment of acceptable material was as hopeless and discouraging as seeking the proverbial needle in the alfalfa bale.

Today the supply of trained freelance craftsmen is greater. Everything that is submitted is read carefully and given respectful attention. As a consequence there is no limit set as to the number of words or pages involved in a manuscript.

Another reason behind this change lies in the fact that a few years ago producers were looking for plot first and characterization was of secondary importance. Today accurate and interesting characterization

comes first among thoughtful producers. A clever and complicated plot may be set forth in a limited number of words; to express real human character delineation and development requires more detail and more words.

Repetition and rambling description are never desirable or acceptable, but a manuscript may be as lengthy as the author desires in order to include all the necessary description of characters and the incidents and details that really help to build the play into a complete photodramatic structure. The first consideration is to create a real photoplay; then get it on paper without counting the words. If the play lacks real value all the words in the most complete vocabulary will be unavailing.

Lack of perspective is the cause of much failure among aspirants for fame and fortune as screen writers, just as it is in much of the varied endeavor in this world. It is easy to crawl into one's shell and develop an ingrowing mind. That is the reason why so many beginners accompany their submitted manuscripts with letters containing the assurance that "I know this is a good story because it really happened to my sister, and everybody was much excited and thought it was awfully interesting and dramatic." Usually the story is weak. The nearness to the incident or event—the lack of perspective—causes exaggeration of importance. One must stand off on a mental hilltop and look down at one's thoughts and ideas in order to maintain a clear, broad view.



I FIND in talking with authors that they are willing to speak of love, ambition, hunger and even pride, but they seldom speak of the way they are affected when they receive a rejection slip. And yet this is the emotion that many experience the most. I cannot understand why they should be so reticent on this particular subject. Of course, this is a most nonsensical attitude on their part. I presume it is a severe attack on their vanity. I am confident that I have the largest collection of rejection slips in captivity. In my spare moments I ponder over them and can conscientiously say that I am rather proud of them. They represent an effort to get somewhere: they show that we have at least tried, and, if we don't try we cannot expect to make any progress. No doubt there are many authors who can truthfully say that they have sold everything they have ever written, but they sold it after an accumulation of rejection slips. Don't let them tell you anything to the contrary, and, if they do, don't believe them. Rejection slips are very unpleasant things to receive. We usually get a sickish feeling when we get one, and I imagine we feel something like a laborer would feel if somebody knocked the scaffolding from under him while he was up on the fourteenth story of a building. The same feeling is no

doubt experienced by a family when the sheriff arrives with a dispossession notice. I think Jess Willard must have felt the same way when Dempsey handed him a rejection slip at Toledo on a certain memorable occasion. I believe the blow is especially hard to take because of the anticipation we build up on the probable acceptance of the story when we mail it. Immediately we have something to build our hopes on. We start at once to plan just how we are going to spend the check when we get it. We get real delight in watching for the mail man. If he passes our door without stopping we are really pleased, for it gives us at least another day of hope: if he stops we tremble with nervous apprehension. We hope he will stop and we get frightened if he does. The suspense connected with it is tremendous, to say the least, and as for thrills, well, the ice scene in "Way Down East" is mild in comparison. There is no doubt but that these occasions hasten old age and make us prematurely gray. But, when all is said, it is a nice sensation, and, if we weren't doing this we would probably be doing something else. So, what difference does it make? It won't worry us a hundred years from now. Then, of course, there is the emotion experienced when we receive a check for a story. That is about the biggest

moment a writer can ever expect to experience: specially if it is "the first one" he has put over. He may sell a hundred stories later, but not one of the checks will have the "kick" that the first one did. The first one means so much to him. It means that he has at last reached the brow of the hill: that the ascent has been made. From there on his greatest difficulty will be in staying up there. It is much easier to lose a footing and slide down than it is to remain at the objective. He is in great danger for a considerable time after he arrives at the top, for editors will be clamoring for his material, and he will be heralded as a new discovery. He isn't new. He's been here all the time, but nobody seemed to know it but himself. They will beg him for more stories, and, if he is foolish enough to try and meet every demand, before long he will find he is turning out inferior stories.

Most European countries regard the United States as a nation whose key-note is "haste." However, Ward Neuir, in the London Nation, has something to say on this subject which might interest some of our motion picture producers.

"Only a leisured nation could have invented the five- or six-reel film," says Mr. Neuir. "The long, long film is infuriating, for often its theme could have been compressed into something authentically amusing or stirring. English producers

began imitating American faults, not American virtues, and one of prime faults they set up as a fetish was that the public likes length in its screen dramas. The English public merely endures because it must. It is not because the English film public literally can not spare time for a six-reel film. It wants the time filled, and filled very full. We are an impatient and busy people. Also we are poor, and therefore inclined to be thrifty. When we have committed the extravagance of shelling out cash for a light entertainment we asked our entertainer to entertain—and be quick about it. We are not buying his services (as apparently does the American public) to help us kill time, but to cram it so full of vividness that every minute is endowed with more than its normal life."

A correspondent sent me the above and requested me to tell him why it is that three- and four-reel films are not made today. They are not made because the American public doesn't want them. They were all right in the early days, when picture making was in its infancy. The producers were not certain about the future of films, and they experimented with the length of a subject. The subject usually consisted of about two reels, and we were treated to three subjects in an evening's program. But, the producers gradually learned that the public liked the motion picture and that it was here to stay. So the producers began doing bigger things.





The STORY WORLD'S SERVICE BUREAU.

NO department of the *Photodramatist* Magazine has proved more popular than has the Service Bureau, recently inaugurated. Accordingly, it will be continued in THE STORY WORLD, and we trust the readers of the magazine will continue to take advantage of this unequalled service for those who write or who desire to write.

The addition of G. Harrison Wiley to our staff, as research expert, has been of great assistance to those seeking technical knowledge regarding the films, as concerns the writer. Mr. Wiley has already answered a large number of questions having to do with the mechanics of the photoplay from the producer's viewpoint. Naturally, this has enabled many authors to avoid inserting in their stories scenes or situations that would be impossible or difficult of production, and the consequence has resulted in the saving of much time and many postage stamps.

The editors in charge of the Service Bureau, after making a careful survey of the photoplay field, are glad to state that there has seldom been an era in the history of motion pictures in which stories were in greater demand. Almost without exception the studios are in search of good story material, but we are informed by directors, producers and stars alike

that really good stories, constructed according to correct technique, are very difficult to obtain. This accounts for the many adaptations that have recently appeared. Indeed, as Wm. C. DeMille, the well known Lasky Director, stated in a recent address before the Advisory Bureau of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, directors much prefer an original story written directly for the screen to the book or stage play that must be adapted. This should be an opinion well worth consideration by those who write.

If you have a good story, look over the list of photoplay markets, decide upon the company to which you believe it best suited, and submit it forthwith. However, if your story is an unusual one, and there is doubt in your mind as to who might consider it, do not hesitate to write us directly and you will receive an answer by return mail.

There has been little change in the fiction market during the past few weeks. Magazines are still anxiously combing the country for good material, and the writer with a well-written story will have no trouble in finding a buyer. Also, it is worth noting that the prices being paid at present are considerably higher than were paid two or three years ago, and there is every indication that they will go even higher.

FICTION MARKETS

THE following list of fiction markets includes only magazines that pay for fiction upon acceptance at a rate of one cent per word, or better. Magazines which ordinarily pay over two cents are marked with an asterisk. A double asterisk indicates those paying highest rates. In submitting work to these markets, writers should, to insure the return of their manuscripts, enclose stamped, self-addressed envelopes:

- Ace-High—799 Broadway, New York.
 Action Stories—41 Union Square, New York.
 Adventure—Spring & Macdougall Sts., New York.
 *Ainslee's Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
 *American Magazine—381 Fourth Ave., New York.
 Argosy All-Story Magazine—280 Broadway, New York.
 Asia—627 Lexington Ave., New York.
 *Atlantic Monthly—8 Arlington St., Boston.
 Black Mask—25 W. 45th St., New York.
 Blue Book—36 S. State St., Chicago.
 Bookman—244 Madison Ave., New York.
 Breezy Stories—377 Fourth Ave., New York.
 Brief Stories—805 Drexel Bldg., Philadelphia.
 *Century Magazine—353 Fourth Ave., New York.
 *Collier's Weekly—416 W. 13th St., New York.
 **Cosmopolitan Magazine—119 W. 40th St., New York.
 *Country Gentleman—Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia.
 Country Life—Garden City, L. I., N. Y.
 *Delineator—Spring & Macdougall Sts., New York.
 *Designer—12 Vandam St., New York.
 Detective Stories Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
 *Dial, The—152 W. 13th St., New York.
 *Elks Magazine, The—50 E. 42nd St., New York.
 **Everybody's—Spring & Macdougall Sts., New York.
 Farm and Fireside—381 Fourth Ave., New York.
 **Good Housekeeping—119 W. 40th St., New York.
 *Harper's Bazaar—119 W. 40th St., New York.
 *Harper's Monthly—Franklin Square, New York.
 **Hearst's Magazine—119 W. 40th St., New York.
 Holland's Magazine—Dallas, Texas.
 **Ladies' Home Journal—Philadelphia.
 *Life—598 Madison Ave., New York.
 Live Stories—9 E. 40th St., New York.
 Love Story Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
 *McCall's Magazine—236 W. 37th St., New York.
 *McClure's—80 Lafayette St., New York.
 McLean's Magazine—143 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.
 *Metropolitan Magazine—432 Fourth Ave., New York.
 *Modern Priscilla—85 Broad St., Boston.
 *Munsey—280 Broadway, New York.
 National Pictorial Monthly—119 W. 40th St., New York.
 People's Story Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
 *People's Home Journal—78 Lafayette St., New York.
 *Peoples' Popular Monthly—Des Moines, Iowa.
 *Photoplay Magazine—25 W. 45th St., New York.
 **Pictorial Review—200 W. 39th St., New York.
 *Popular Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
 **Red Book—36 S. State St., Chicago.

****Saturday Evening Post**—Independence Square, Philadelphia.

Saucy Stories—25 W. 45th St., New York.

***Scribners' Magazine**—597 Fifth Ave., New York.

Sea Stories—79 Seventh Ave., New York.

Short Stories—Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.

Smart Set, The—25 W. 45th St., New York.

Snappy Stories—9 E. 40th St., New York.

***Success**—1133 Broadway, New York.

***Sunset Magazine**—San Francisco, Calif.

Telling Tales—80 E. 11th St., New York.

Top Notch—79 Seventh Ave., New York.

True Story Magazine—119 W. 40th St., New York.

Western Story Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.

***Woman's Home Companion**—381 Fourth Ave., New York.

Woman's World—107 So. Clinton St., Chicago.

Young's Magazine—377 Fourth Ave., New York.

PHOTOPLAY MARKETS

BELOW is list of studios which furnish a general and fairly steady market for various types of photoplays. In each case, please address your manuscript to the Scenario Editor and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for return. It is especially important in submitting photoplays to keep a copy of your work, since motion picture companies, although endeavoring to return all material, are not required to do so by law and your manuscript may be lost.

Fox Studios—1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.—Comedy dramas, melodramas and Western dramas for the fol-

lowing stars: Shirley Mason, Charles Jones, William Russell, William Farnum and Tom Mix.

Garson Studios—1845 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.—Feminine lead dramas for Clara Kimball Young.

Goldwyn Studios—Culver City, Calif.—Strong modern dramas and comedy dramas for male or female leads.

Ince Studios—Culver City, Calif.—Strong dramas or comedy dramas for male or female leads.

Lasky Studios—1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Calif.—Dramas with unusually big themes or comedy dramas for the following stars: Walter Hiers, Jack Holt, Betty Compson, Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Bebe Daniels, Thomas Meighan, Elsie Ferguson and Alice Brady; or for all-star casts.

Long Beach Studios—Long Beach, Calif.—Western dramas for male leads or for all-star casts.

Mayer-Schulberg Studios—3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.—Strong modern dramas for male or female leads, or for all-star casts.

Metro Studios—Romaine and Cahuenga Ave., Hollywood, Calif.—Comedy dramas for Viola Dana, or strong dramas for all-star casts.

R-C Studios—780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.—Dramas or comedy dramas for the following stars: Ethel Clayton, Harry Carey, Jane Novak and Carter de Haven.

Selznick Productions—Care of United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Calif.—Dramas or comedy dramas for male or female leads.

Vitagraph Studios—1708 Talmadge Ave., Hollywood, Calif.—Melodramas or romantic comedy dramas for Earl Williams or Alice Calhoun.

Graf Productions, Inc.—Care of Pacific Studios, San Mateo, Calif.—Strong dramas for male or female leads, or for all-star casts.

Fox Studios—55th and 10th St., New York City—Strong dramas or melodramas for male or female leads, or for all-star casts.



Across the Silver Screen

THE LATEST PHOTOPLAYS IN REVIEW

BY Elizabeth Niles, A.M.

PEG O' MY HEART

THE spectators laugh at frequent intervals in this picture—in fact, almost always when a subtitle is thrown on the screen. At other times they “just set.” As a stage play this was a rollicking good comedy drama with plenty of Irish lines, mostly in Laurette Taylor’s inimitable voice—a vivid expression of the irresistible spirit of Ireland. Transferred to the screen, even with innumerable subtitles from the play, much of the charm is lost. In the long shots Miss Taylor puts over her individual, romping comedy as no one else could; her eyes and smile are equally effective at closer range, but at times the intense lighting—perhaps to conceal the evidence of how long ago she first played the role—leaves her face a blank white expanse. This is especially true in the final scenes when her love should make her expression most appealing.

The story of the picture follows the well-known stage version quite closely, though there is more relief from the single reception-hall set. The first sequence, introducing the childhood of Peg and her mother’s pathetic death, opens the picture on a slightly more minor key than the comedic treatment of the remainder warrants, but the judicious cutting from the pathos just gaining headway to the more or less comedic incidents of Peg’s participation in her father’s dispensation of Irish propaganda relieves the tension. The spectators are also spared any lengthy leave-taking of her father when Peg goes

to her mother’s English relatives to be educated.

One fine bit of characterization is that of her cousin Alaric, the would-be man of the family, who nobly offers to take the responsibility of the ruined finances on his shoulders, but who is so palpably untrained for the position that his attempts create sympathy. While his is the quick eye to see an opportunity to preserve appearances for a year by accepting the responsibility and stipend for Peg’s education, he again wins my sympathy by his frank relief at Peg’s refusal to accept his proposal of marriage made, as he explains, at his mother’s demand. One can’t help liking him for his keen insight into his sister’s *affaire* with the married Brent.

This *sub rosa* love *affaire* affords about all the plot the picture possesses. Though on occasion making love to Peg, Brent smoothly persuades Peg’s cousin, Ethel, to promise to join him on a visit to Paris. On this evening Peg has been especially snubbed by her cousin and refused permission by her aunt to attend a circus with Jerry, a neighbor with a fancy for Peg’s sincerity and unconventional manners. She slips out, however, joins Jerry and on their return just escapes his proposal when Brent’s motor lamps flash across the garden. Hastily entering the house, Peg finds Ethel stealing down the stairs. Though at first fearful of a scolding for herself, she suddenly realizes the meaning of the motor lights and begs the girl not to go with a married man who makes love even to her. Peg is leading the disillusioned Ethel up the stairs, when she stumbles and rolls to the bottom, arousing the entire household. To protect her cousin, Peg pretends it is she who is slipping away, but only succeeds in increasing appearances against herself.

Taking matters into her own hands the next morning, Peg is about to depart when she learns she is an heiress. With her usual quickness of tongue, she frankly expresses her opinion of her relatives with the exception of Ethel and departs. Jerry detains her at the door, but when a too-quick remark hurts his pride, he allows her to go without an expression of his love. Very soon afterward, however, he follows her to Ireland and all ends happily. For some reason the screen version adds a presentation at court which assists the story little beyond one of Miss Taylor's engaging winks.

As is quite evident the subplot carries most of the dramatic action. Peg's own love affair meets no opposition except that offered by her own tongue. The only suspense arises from wondering what Peg will do next after extracting a flea from her beloved Michael and dropping it down the neck of her sedate aunt's gown. But this is one of those stories in which the chief interest lies in the characterization rather than in the dramatic situations of a plot. Only such a personality as Miss Taylor possesses could hold the average spectator through five reels of hoydenish resolve not "to be all cultured up." The strong human appeal of the irrepressible Irish spirit, personified in the vital, vibrant little Peg, would give anyone an evening's entertainment.

SALOME

THE name Alla Nazimova has become synonymous with all that is artistic in screen production. Her *Salome* is no exception. Always original even to daring, always exotic, always magnetic, she has given the screen a novel picture, impressions from which will cling to the subconscious mind of the beholder even after the events depicted have blurred with his former knowledge of the historical facts.

The picture is adapted from Oscar Wilde's dramatic poem of the same, but the interpretation of the title role is Nazimova's own. No one less adept in the role of a petulant, self-willed child, budding into womanhood, could have so interpreted it. Her idea may not be yours, nor is it mine, but she plays the part thus

so consistently and so convincingly that one is inclined to admit it is a possible interpretation. Slender almost to boyishness, and lithe as a young tree, she expresses extreme youth and unsophistication at every graceful or petulant turn. Yet her occasionally soul-weary countenance reveals her close association with the debauched court of Herod. Her infatuation for Jokanaan becomes rather a flirtation than a seductive appeal and is less convincing than the spiritual love aroused by his death. Otherwise Nazimova again triumphs as an actress.

If anyone attends the picture expecting to find revealed at last the mystery concealed by the seven veils, he will be sadly disappointed. The famous dance, or infamous, if you prefer, is cut to but a flash or two and adds but further mystery. The seven veils are speedily disposed of and the dancer appears in a white sheath and a most astonishing, soft white wig cut in a child's straight bob. Doubtless the whiteness is symbolic, perhaps of nudity, perhaps of the white heat of anger, but certainly it is effective artistically. As a profile on a coin, the wig and face stand out against the dark background in one close-up not soon to be forgotten.

The staging is somewhat suggestive of the Aubrey Beardsley's illustrations of the poem, though the costuming is considerably modified. The sets are but two, the banquet hall and the terrace outside where is the entrance into the well used as Jokanaan's prison. The lavishly decorated background of the banquet scene, further complicated by the movement of huge fans behind the elaborately costumed Herod and Herodias, contrasts sharply with the simplicity of the black sky and the gray garden walls against which Nazimova poses for the most part. Some of the artistic effect of the final scenes is lost through the star's wearing a robe of a design too similar to that of the background. All of the costumes burlesque those of the period and accentuate their oddities in a fantastic, though not displeasing manner.

From an educational point of view, other than artistic, the film serves no purpose whatever, being frankly a fantasy. At the same time it is heavy tragedy—so



Alla Nazimova in "Salome."

heavy and grewsome that I found it difficult to throw off the resultant depression or to remember the beauty hidden under the ugliness of the theme. The maudlin mouthings and drunken flounderings of Mitchel Lewis as Herod have not been equalled in any modern picture, they are disgusting, however realistic. The only entertainment possibilities lie solely in the novelty of the star's conception of the title role—if you like the extremely bizarre.

Hidden under these more impressive facts of staging and pretty posturings that amount to little more than a series of tableaux, lies a plot of slight entertainment value. In addition to its ugliness, the story moves very slowly and holds continuously to the same gloomy tone; the shifting back and forth between but the two scenes makes the picture yet more monotonous. Even the titles with Salome's repeated demands to kiss Jokanaan's mouth and to have his head brought on a charger grow wearisome. There is no truly dramatic plot though the purifying of Salome's love is an highly emotional process.

Following her escape from Herod's too ardent attentions at the banquet table, Salome scorns the adoration of the Syrian prince until her curiosity about Jokanaan, imprisoned in the well, forces her to use her blandishments on the prince to gain the key to Jokanaan's prison. Fascinated by the spiritual Jokanaan, she tries to win his attention through the instinctive use of her own charms and flattery of his person. Though tempted at times, Jokanaan reviles her, especially when the Syrian prince stabs himself at her feet and she steps over his body to approach Jokanaan. Her infatuation turns to anger when scorned; sullenly she refuses all Herod's inducements to gain her favor until he offers anything she wishes if she will but dance for him. Gaining his oath, she dances, and then demands Jokanaan's head on a silver charger. With her mother's help, despite Herod's reluctance, Salome's wish is carried out. The charger is presented to her by the executioner in the well—to the most gullible spectator, however, it is quite evidently empty, perhaps to appease the censors. Partially cover-

ing the charger with her robe, she stoops and supposedly kisses the dead lips of her beloved Jokanaan, not with the tremendous passion of the operatic version, but realistically enough to be disgusting. The court flee from the scene, Herod pausing only long enough to issue the command, "Kill that woman!" But Salome, thinking she has discovered ideal love, finds death less mysterious. A curious picture, but not a pleasing entertainment.

THE OUTCAST

WITH such a finished actress as Elsie Ferguson in the title role, the *Outcast* is bound to entertain all lovers of the best in histrionic art. From the tips of her thoroughbred toes to perfect poise of her aristocratic head, she is ever a delight to watch. She is charm and grace personified, and there is no one who wears gowns so satisfyingly.

For those who are content to watch this charming actress, as I confess I am, with David Powell in excellent support, the *Outcast* will prove a pleasing picture, but anyone demanding an entertaining story as well will be disappointed. The stage play of ten or fifteen years ago did not hesitate to portray actual facts, and hence gave us an entertainingly realistic slice of life. To please the censors of the films, the picture has been expurgated and revamped until I was decidedly confused as to the exact state of affairs intended. The spectator is left free to decide for himself to what extent convention has been defied, but according as he decides, is the story logical or muddled.

To further modernize the story and please the thrill-loving speedmaniac of today, a chase of a steamer by hydroplane has been interpolated in the final scenes. The real pith of the original story lay in the lines, but to escape the criticism of being an illustrated edition of the printed play, the subtitles have been reduced to the minimum and for long periods Miriam and Sherwood converse, reasoning and pleading, while the spectators impatiently wait for a clue as to the meaning. Again we are shown the difficulty of adapting a psychological stage play to the screen.



IN THE FOREGROUND

Brief Editorial Chats on Timely Topics

THIS department was inaugurated in the *Photodramatist* for the express purpose of recording events of real significance in the world of creative writing. During the months in which it has been conducted the editors have given to its readers pertinent comment upon all activities in the motion picture and the fiction fields that might be of interest to our subscribers. With due modesty, we believe that it is in order this month to comment upon the unusual changes that have been effected both mechanically and editorially in the *Photodramatist*. We heartily believe that the change of the name of this publication from *Photodramatist* to *THE STORY WORLD*, the improvement in typography, the enlargement in size to one hundred pages, and the expanding of its editorial scope is one of the significant, if not the most significant, occurrences in the history of creative writing during the past decade. Undoubtedly *Photodramatist* has been the leading magazine for those interested in creative art during the past four years. It has been repeatedly quoted by leading magazines and journals; articles by even unknown authors appearing in its columns have been reprinted or commented upon in such publications as *Review of Reviews*, the *Motion Picture Studio* (London),

The Christian Science Monitor, and others; and, needless to say, the many articles that *Photodramatist* has contained by men and women of international reputation have created much discussion. With a circulation twice that of any other writer's publication, *Photodramatist* might well have rested upon its laurels. However, it is not the intention of the publishers to stand upon past achievements. We realize, all too keenly, that nothing may stand still and succeed—that the swiftest stream becomes stagnant when becalmed—that the man, woman or organization that is content to depend upon what has been accomplished is doomed eventually to be surpassed by those who are more progressive. According, we decided to use the profits accruing from *Photodramatist* during its phenomenal progress in recent months, not for selfish purposes, but rather to invest them in the magazine itself—to enlarge its scope of activities, to increase its size and to place it so far in advance of any other magazine of its type that it will stand preëminent as the greatest publication ever known for those interested in creative writing.

In past issues we have made promises; we have outlined to you our purposes and our future schedules. We sincerely believe that

this issue, under the new title **THE STORY WORLD**, more than fulfills our promises.

We trust that before your attention has been centered upon this department you have already read the remainder of the magazine—the two fictionized scenarios by Sarah Waters and Bernadine King; Douglas Z. Doty's remarkable analysis of Charles Ray's latest photoplay and Edgar Lloyd Hampton's treatise on Majority Appeal. We know of course that you turned at once to the regular departments by Hazel W. Spencer, H. H. Van Loan, and the photoplay reviews by Elizabeth Niles; and in addition to these the new departments covering the world of books, the latest New York plays and the current picture world, which are, and will be, written respectively by Mrs. Hetty Goldrick, noted contributor to *Pictorial Review*, *Woman's Home Companion* and *Ladies' Home Journal*, Carrol B. Dotson, nationally known critic and editorial writer for the *New York Globe* and other big publications, and Frederick Palmer, world-famous authority on all phases of photoplay writing.

Without fear of contradiction the editors maintain that no writers' magazine has ever before offered a greater array of talent, or a more interesting table of contents than that contained in the current issue of **THE STORY WORLD**. Also, in passing, we call your attention to the very high standard of the illustrations accompanying these contributions. In fact no expense has been spared in making **THE STORY WORLD** just what we maintain that

it is—the biggest and best magazine for writers in the world.

We do not intend to stop here. As great a magazine as **THE STORY WORLD** undoubtedly is, it can be made even better. New departments will be added as they seem necessary. The standard of the fiction we intend to publish will be kept as high as is humanly possible. In fact, the editors have already negotiated with several nationally famous writers for some very unusual short stories. At least one of these stories will be printed each month in addition to the fictionized versions of unproduced scenarios, the synopses of which will be furnished to us through the courtesy of the Sales Department of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, by special arrangement. All of these stories will be unusual in at least one respect; namely, they will be interesting not only as narrative fiction but will also contain dramatic, screenable values. Undoubtedly most of these stories will find their way to the screen and the readers of **THE STORY WORLD** will have the pleasure of reading them first and of seeing them on the silver sheet afterward.

If you are a subscriber to **THE STORY WORLD** you are certain to agree with us that never before has so much value been offered to the public in one magazine. If you are not a subscriber it behooves you to join **THE STORY WORLD** "family" at once and to share in the benefits that others are obtaining and will obtain from its columns.

WITH THE PRODUCERS

(Continued from page 68.)

At this writing "The Merry Go-Round" has been reduced to eighteen reels. Now begins the real labor of cutting it to the final nine or ten. King Baggott is directing Gladys Walton in "The Town Scandal," a Cosmopolitan Magazine story written by Frederick Arnold Kummer; the adaptation is by Hugh Hoffman. Miss Walton is supported by Edward Hearn, Edward McWade, William Welsh and William Franey. Priscilla Dean is resting after completing "Drifting," while the scenario department is toiling over her next picture, to be announced later.

Paul Gerson Pictures of San Francisco is renting space at Universal where "The Cricket on the Hearth" is under production. Lorimer Johnson is directing Gerson and Virginia Brown Faire in the leading roles; others in the cast are Josef Swickard, Fritz Ridgway and Joan Standing. The beloved Dickens story was adapted for the screen by Carolyn Frances Cooke.

William Duncan and Edith Johnson are coming to the coast, having signed a contract to star in Universal serials.

Tom Forman is directing Kenneth Harlan and Colleen Moore in "April Showers" for B. P. Schulberg; Hope Loring and William Leighton wrote both story and continuity.

Edwin Carewe is well into production of "The Girl of the Golden West" with J. Warren Kerrigan, Sylvia Breamer and Russell Simpson in the leading roles. James

Young is assembling his cast for "Wandering Daughters," his first production in conjunction with Sam E. Rork, for First National.

First National Notes

At the Ince Studio, Madge Belamy has just completed the first of the series of six pictures which she will make for Regal Pictures. "The Tinsel Harvest" was written by Harold M. Shumate, and is not, by the way, his first photodrama as was erroneously announced in this department last month. Mr. Shumate has to his credit "Hitchin' Posts" in which Frank Mayo appeared, "Fighting Back" for William Desmond and many others.

Since the acquisition by Joseph M. Schenck of the controlling interest in the United Studios, the Talmadges are moving thither bag and baggage. Norma will soon commence work on "Ashes of Vengeance," a story by H. C. Summerville; Frank Lloyd will direct. Constance will make "Sonya," the famous New York stage success, under the direction of Sydney Franklin. This is another costume picture, with its locale placed in the Balkans. It is being adapted for the screen by Mary O'Hara.

The Goldwyn Lot

Since completing "Vanity Fair," Hugo Ballin has been considering six different stories. Four of these are placed in another period of history, while two are modern. And it is a safe bet that Ballin's next will be one of the four, if he allows himself to be swayed by the numerous

letters he has received from various parts of the country urging him to do something historical. Clarence Badger is directing Marie Prevost and Johnny Walker in "Red Lights," Carey Wilson's adaptation of the mystery-melodrama "The Rear Car." In the cast is Raymond Griffith, just recently added to the rapidly growing Goldwyn stock company. The cast of Von Stroheim's production of "McTeague" has been considerably augmented by the addition of Sylvia Ashton, Dale Fuller and Jean Hersholt. Marshall Neilan is directing Blanche Sweet in his own adaptation of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles"; atmospheric exteriors for this Thomas Hardy classic were shot in Dorsetshire.

Warner Brothers

The Warners are not letting any grass grow under their feet (nor on their front lawn any more, either) when it comes to buying up good stories for filming. Their production list for 1923-24 includes "Beau Brummel" and "Lover's Lane," both well known stage plays by Clyde Fitch; "Babbitt," the popular successor to "Main Street," both by Sinclair Lewis; "Being Respectable," from the book by Grace H. Flandra; "Irene," the popular stage success of a season ago; and two popular George M. Cohan plays in which William Beaudine will direct Wesley Barry, "Little Johnny Jones" and "George Washington, Jr.," both of which will be adapted for the screen by Julien Josephson.

The affiliation of David Belasco with the Warners marks one of the biggest achievements in motion pic-

ture history, in that the great producer for the first time becomes personally identified with the screen. The deal recently closed for the production of a number of Belasco stage successes, including "The Gold Diggers" by Avery Hopwood, "Deburau" by Sacha Guitry and "Daddies" by Lessing Hubble, provides that Belasco will aid in the preparation of the scenarios, cutting and titling, and will place his stamp of approval on the completed production. "The Gold Diggers" will be the first production, to be followed by "Deburau" in which Monte Blue will probably interpret the leading role.

Other Studios

Metro production has slowed up for the time being also. The Coogans are in New York, where young Jackie is making the acquaintance of his new "presenter," Marcus Loew. Mae Murray is nearly finished on "The French Doll," which Robert Leonard is directing. Clara Kimball Young is making "Cordelia, the Magnificent" for Harry Garson productions. Some additions to the cast of the Louis Burs-ton production, "Desire," are Noah Beery, Edward Connelly, Walter Long and Lucille Hatton. At the Sun Mateo Studios near San Francisco, Paul Powell is directing "The Fog," a Max Graf production for Metro release. This is a story by William Dudley Pelley which H. H. Van Loan adapted for the screen. The cast so far includes Cullen Landis and Ralph Lewis.

At Robertson-Cole, Harry Carey is in the midst of a convict story as yet untitled.

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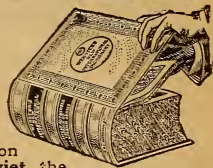
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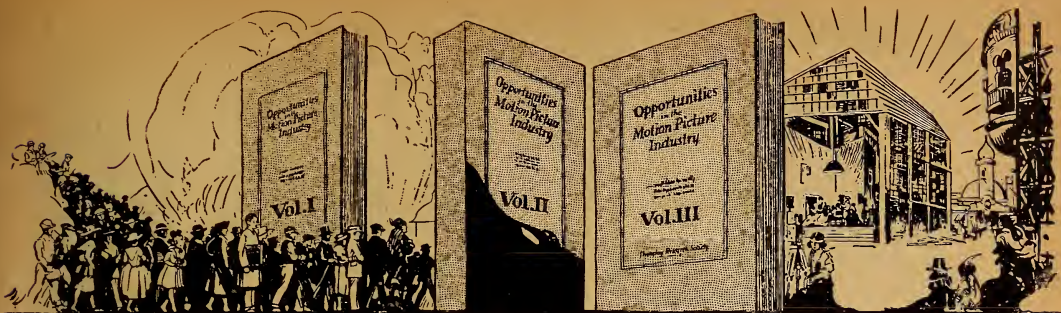
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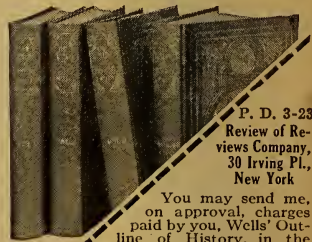
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THE STORY WORLD *AND PHOTODRAMATIST*

April



1923

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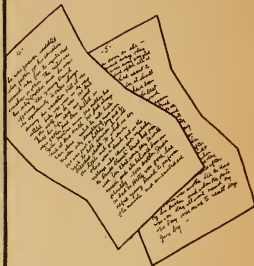
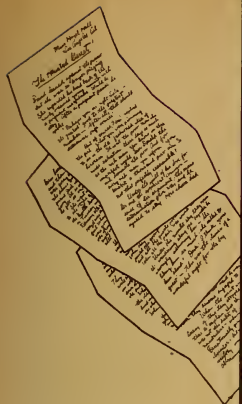
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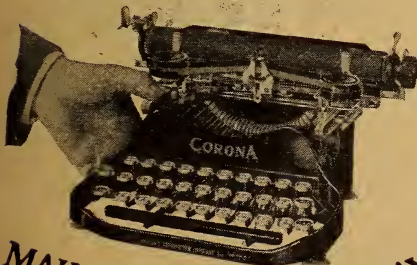
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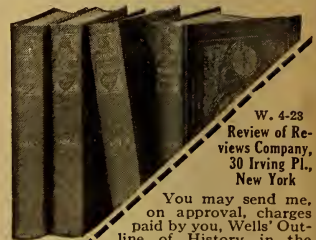
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Author of "Judgment of the Storm." See Page 16.

The STORY WORLD

AND PHOTODRAMATIST

APRIL, 1923

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HUMOR IN WRITING

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

THE *Youth's Companion* for February 1, 1923, heads its "Fact and Comment" column with this aphorism: "There is one attempt in which failure is unforgivable—the attempt to be funny."

It is now several weeks since I read that aphorism and, every night and every morning, I have studied it. I am not yet sure what it means, but I hope—in a year or two—to get at the heart of it and understand what its writer had in mind and what bitter experience induced him to write it.

When one considers that there are several million things a man can attempt in this world it is a terrible thought that there is but one of them in which failure is unforgivable. It is a terrible thought that if a man tries to make someone smile, and does not quite do it, the billions of inhabitants of this earth will turn with one accord and point their fingers and say: "Vile miscreant, you have tried to

be funny and you have failed. Trillions of ages from now the earth and the stars above and the planets and the universe itself will pass away; murderers and liars and thieves will be forgotten and forgiven. But you will not be forgiven. Eternity will follow eternity but you will remain and be unforgiven."

I should say that if any man, woman or child wants to be as unforgiven as all that it might be advisable for him or her or it to try to be funny. For it is quite certain that anyone who tries to write humor will fail in being funny at times. Certainly he will fail to seem funny to all readers.

The disastrous thing about humor is that it is never funny to all the people all the time. It is never funny to all the people at any one time. It may be funny to you today and to me tomorrow; or to me today and to you week after next; or to all of us today and to

none of us the third Sunday after Easter. To some people what you and I write will never seem funny. If those people happen to be editors that is rather bad.

The fact is, that whoever wrote that *Youth's Companion* aphorism knew what he was talking about. It sounds so true that I would bet a dollar he had tried to be funny and failed. Maybe he pulled his father's chair out from under him just as his father was going to sit down. My own father says that the family one day had roast pork for dinner. His father said, "Audley, will you have some pork?" My father said, "No." "No what?" "No, sir," or "No, hog?" demanded my grandfather. My grandfather was sarcastic at times. And there was the pork on the table. "No hog," said my father. And grandfather did not see the joke. He was in the pork-packing business, too, but he did not see the joke. Not, I gather from what my father says, in the least.

The writer of humor, with the most joyous intention in the world, is always saying blithely, "No hog!" and being serious-mindedly unforgiven in the woodshed with a shingle. From this he learned that there are some things it is never wise to be funny about. Religion is the first of these and, in my opinion, rightly so. The first rule of the humorist should be "Never try to be funny at the expense of any man's religion, no matter what it is." I need not go into a long explanation of why this prohibition is reasonable. It is not because a humorist should fear the disapprobation of any religion he may

chance to make fun of. A humorist should fear nothing; he should be so joyful that fear should not be in him. The fact is that to vast numbers of kind and lovable persons the religion they hold is the dearest thing in life, and the man who makes fun of it is not a gentleman and is a cad.

Religion does not mean the very earthly and human *attaches* of religions, however. Good natured fun may be made of curates and of bishops and so on, and you'll find priests and ministers telling very funny stories of priests and ministers. A curate is a meek type, and a bishop is a pompous type, but these are human qualities. Religion itself is something else again.

It is my opinion that humor should be kind. Let wit take care of stinging and satire of cutting and let humor's business be to bring a smile or force a chortle. That is a man's size job.

There are other lesser prohibitions. It is not kind to make sport of death and the dead. Certainly, it is not decent to make sport of them to one whose mother or son is at the moment lying dead in the next room. Even a fool would know that. And any magazine or book of large circulation must necessarily reach many homes where death is present or has been present lately. As one of the provinces of humor is to lighten the gloom of those who are unhappy it should be evident that it cuts its own throat when it makes use of a topic that is an unavoidable cause of just such distress.

To make use of such gruesome subjects as death and decay is a

temptation, because one of the bases of humor is incongruity. It is a cheap trick, however, and a good workman should avoid it. It may be legitimate enough for a preacher to drag in "those who have recently died in this congregation" in order to get cheap pathos into his sermon, but it is one thing to use cheap tricks to induce folk to lead better lives and quite another to use them to get a passing laugh.

I do not base my approval of the legitimate prohibitions on the theory that the use of certain subjects is in bad taste. "Taste," as I see the matter, is quite another thing. Whether a man jests about roses or limburger cheese is to be decided by the man who is jesting and, after eliminating certain topics that many feel are sacred, it is for the humorist to decide whether he will be a gentle humorist like Oliver Wendell Holmes, one a little less gentle, or one who rough-houses the world for fun. Coarse topics often yield the most laughs, and it is surprising to observe how greatly many of the ultra-refined love humor based on the grossest themes. But there must be a certain keeping-in-character on the part of those who venture into coarse humor. A writer whose general humor product has been delicate and refined should not plunge into a tale of a fat man laid out on a kitchen table to have his appendix carved out. Those who expect the delicate and refined from him are apt to be shocked out of all ability to see fun in the tale. On the other hand, a writer whose work has always shown a

jovial whole-souled freedom from restraint can write such a story and it is welcomed with loud laughs.

There are, I cheerfully admit, certain "tricks of the trade" in writing humor. There is the "whip" at the end. "What," says Mike Flannery in *Pigs Is Pigs* after all his troubles with the guinea-pigs, "if they had been elephants!" There is the repetition and increasing exaggeration of a phrase or situation until a laugh becomes hysterical. There is the sudden anti-climax, as when Eugene Field leads us to the verge of tears and then by a quick turn makes us laugh. In reading any humorist I can see these "tricks," see how they are led up to and exploded. I use them myself. They are as "sure fire" as poking a finger in a baby's ribs. They inevitably get the laugh from those who are in the mood for laughter. Anyone can learn these tricks.

But knowing these "tricks of the trade" does not make a man a humorist. I do not believe that "humorists are born," but I am inclined to believe at this moment that our real humorists are those who are born with a desire to be humorists — to "act funny," in other words. Or, if that is too sweeping, those who, soon after they are born, acquire a desire to be admired for acting funny. For practical working purposes it is enough to say that "real humorists are born and not made." This, however, is true of "real" anythings, from street-sweepers to emperors.

The life of your true humorist, then, becomes the most interesting

of any life. He is born with an unescapable desire to be funny, he has to be rather thin skinned in order to react to situations that do not seem funny to others, he often fails when trying to be funny, and if he fails he is unforgivable and is told so. His life resembles that of an angleworm in a pan of damp salt. The more it hurts the more he squirms, and the more he squirms the funnier he is.

And this brings me to the meat of the matter. Your true humorist gives the most pleasure by telling of his own squirmings under the illogic of Fate. Your circus clown falls over his own feet and hurts his nose and the audience laughs; your humorous cuss writes of how his left foot edged around in front of his right foot and tripped him up while the floor rose up and whacked him on the nose, and his reader laughs. In Penrod you see Booth Tarkington when he was a boy, or what Tarkington would have been when he was a boy if he had been Penrod. Cobb tells about his own operation. Mark Twain was Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer and the Yankee at the court of King Arthur. In writing character humor the author must put himself in the skin and creep into the brain of the character delineated and then tell how foolish he is. Oliver Wendell Holmes was always making gentle fun of himself and of his very genuine wisdom. Humor, in other words, must begin by being self-personal. It must have no false dignity. It must sit down on its own stovepipe hat. Your true humorist begins by being the butt of his own

jokes before he looks around for others to make fun of. He is always ready to say, with absolute honesty, "You have no kick coming, I've treated myself ten times worse than I've treated you," and then he says: "But if you want to kick me, do it; maybe we can get another laugh out of it."

Think of the humorists for a minute: Bill Nye joking about his bald head; Cobb joking about his size and homeliness; Mark Twain joking about his sins and foibles. The humorist says, with Puck, "What fools these mortals be!" and adds, "And ain't I the biggest fool of the lot!" I could take the humorists one by one and show this quality in each—Alphonse Daudet laughing at himself as Tartarin, my dearly loved Montague Glass laughing at himself as Potash and the no less admirable Perlmutter, F. P. Dunne chuckling at himself as Mr. Dooley—but it should be self-evident to everyone. The real humorist says "I'm like that" or "We're like that." Ade writes Ade, and Ring Lardner laughs at Ring Lardner.

When an editor spoke to me of a series of pieces a few days ago he said, "Will you write them in the first person, or will you write them as Mike Flannery?" Not much difference—I'm myself and I'm also Mike Flannery. It is the same whether I make myself laughably ridiculous or create a Mike Flannery and make him laughably ridiculous. But suppose I am to write a humorous story, with a plot and everything. Let us say it is *Pigs Is Pigs*. It is immaterial whether I write it in the first per-

son as myself—"One day I went to the Westcote Express Office to get a box of guinea-pigs" — or whether I write it in the first person as Mike Flannery—"Wan day Misther Morehouse was afther comin' to th'—"—or whether I write it in another person—"Mike Flannery, the Westcote agent of the—" To get real humor into the story I have to put myself into the skins of the characters and then tell how foolish I am.

You may say: "But how about such writers as Roy Octavus Cohen and his stories of the Bummingham negroes? Cohen is not a negro, is he?" The answer is that you don't know Cohen. He is not a negro, but he is an extremely delicately tuned instrument. When Cohen writes he becomes the negro he is writing about. He thinks like that negro, and he celebrates like that negro. He makes fun of Cohen-alias-Negro. I have heard people say there are not and never were negroes like those Cohen has created; that may be or may not

be—if there are such negroes, Cohen is able to creep into their brains, if there are no such negroes Cohen is writing Cohen.

In conclusion I say these things:

(1) Nothing is more hopeless than for the writer who has no natural inclination for humor to try to write humor. (2) It is useless to try to find an audience for humor that fractures the prohibitions I have mentioned. (3) Unless a man is willing to make as much fun of himself as of others, he lacks the prime requisite of the real humorist. (4) Nothing is ever in greater demand than humor that can bring a smile or a laugh. (5) Humor is such a personal faculty that no two editors ever entirely agree on the humorousness of any given writing. (6) A new and great humorist would be worth more to America than a League of Nations, \$5,000 a year bonus to every man, woman and child and universal peace. (7) I hope he is on the way.



“THERE is no more common thought among young people than that foolish one, that by and by something will turn up by which they will suddenly achieve fame and fortune. Things do not turn up in this world unless somebody turns them up.”

—James A. Garfield.

JUDGMENT OF THE STORM

BY ETHEL STYLES MIDDLETON

"Judgment of the Storm," as printed herewith, is the fictionized version of an original photoplay written by Ethel Styles Middleton, a hitherto unknown writer, who learned the technique of photoplay writing under the guidance of the Educational Department of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation. This photoplay, which was purchased by the Palmer Photoplay Corporation for their initial offering under their recently announced schedule, and for which they paid the author \$1,000 and a royalty, is now being produced at the Thos. H. Ince studios. It will shortly be released as a "Palmerplay," and undoubtedly should be one of the most significant productions of the current year. Readers should bear in mind, however, that certain structural changes and the omission of much of the screen "business" which appeared in the author's detailed synopsis were necessary in rewriting "Judgment of the Storm" in short story style. Some of the dramatic qualities found in Mrs. Middleton's original screen story were purposely sacrificed in order that the literary charm required to make the story more interesting as a magazine offering might be added. Also for the sake of screen clarity the names of several of the characters have been changed in the photoplay version.

EVAN TREVOR awoke in the carefully darkened room of his luxurious apartments, with the jangling of the door-bell pounding on his eardrums. He stretched himself lazily, and called to his man.

"Collins, see who's at the door. Whoever it is, tell him I'm not to be disturbed before noon."

Collins glided into the room and tiptoed through to the hallway. A moment later came the sound of argument—Collins' horrified protests, mingled with the insistent demands of a good-natured, masculine voice—and a young man swept breezily into Trevor's bedroom. He stopped at sight of the recumbent figure.

"Well, of all the lazy loafers!" he ejaculated. "Do you know it's ten o'clock? How about that game of tennis?"

"Tomorrow, Hallam," yawned Evan. "I've got a luncheon engagement for today. Go 'way."

Hallam snorted and moved across the room to the bathroom door. Collins was drawing his master's bath.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Hallam. "He's making it warm, Trevor!"

"Sure," replied that young man

easily. "That's the way I like 'em."

Hallam came back without speaking, and passed into the sitting room. His face had grown serious. He swept an appraising eye over the expensive, tasteful furnishings and at the many books. From a table he selected a small volume and opened it to the title page.

"Lyrics of Love," he read, "by Evan Trevor. Published by the Author."

Abruptly he returned to his bedroom, sat down on the edge of the bed, and regarded his friend intently.

"Evan," he began, "you need a legal guardian instead of that man-nurse you've got. Too much money. You'll never learn to write until you buck up against something besides the pleasant things of life.—Do you know that Martin Freeland is in town?"

Evan Trevor came up suddenly, frowning.

"Hm-m," commented Hallam. "Thought that would make you sit up. Martin came to New York with Anne's brother, Carleton—going to show him the sights, I understand. Carleton's a good, clean lad and I hate to see him

traveling with Martin. But that's none of my business. Here's the point old man. You've got to get up earlier than ten A. M., if you want to win Anne Heath!"

For a moment longer the frown persisted on Evan Trevor's face; then he smiled and waved his hand airily. "Martin?" he exclaimed, "I'm not afraid of Martin. His country estate is right next to the Heath farm; naturally he's a friend of the family."

"Friend of the family," repeated Hallam sententiously. "Yes, and it's the dream of Mrs. Heath that Anne shall marry Martin Freeland. And don't forget Carleton! Anne would give her life for the brother who has slaved on the farm since their father died, and who has given up his chance at college to send Anne to school! You've got the whole family but Anne lined up against you!"

Evan nodded carelessly. "All right, Hally, old top. I'll remember." Again he waved his hand, this time toward the sitting room.

Hallam rose with a sigh of resignation. "Life's going to hand you an awful wallop one of these days, Trevor. Then you'll wake up. No, I can't stay. Your nurse has to shave and manicure you yet, I suppose—and you'll just about have time to keep that date. So long."

Evan Trevor dressed with painstaking care, for this luncheon engagement was an important one. An hour or so later, as he sat across from Anne Heath in a sheltered corner of a quiet restaurant, the confident, easy-going manner that was his habit had disappeared. In its place was an earnestness,

touched with gravity, that somehow seemed a foreshadowing of the great awakening predicted by Hallam.

The girl lifted her clear gray eyes to meet the caress in his, and smiled.

"It's homelike here, isn't it?" he remarked.

She cast an appraising glance about the big dining room and shook her head with a little gesture of distaste.

"It's not my idea of home."

"I suppose not," he replied, a shade wistfully. "You see I don't know. Schools and travel and more schools and more travel—that's all I can remember."

Anne leaned forward with quick sympathy. "Haven't you any one at all?"

"Oh, yes, I have a mother." His eyes lighted with a great tenderness. "A wonderful, beautiful mother. But I don't see her very often. Just now she's traveling in the Far East."

Anne opened her mouth to question further, but checked herself. Her forehead wrinkled into a little pucker of wonderment. Evan, however, ran on enthusiastically. When his mother returned, Anne must meet her. They would love each other, he knew. And they would have great times together.

Anne was silent as they left the restaurant and returned to her boarding house. In the stuffy parlor, Evan held out his hand to say goodbye, but as her hand met his, he suddenly gripped it tight and slowly drew her to him. With their eyes holding each other, their lips met.

For an instant she lay in his arms, then drew back, holding him away with her hands against his breast.

"But I love you, Anne," he protested. "I love you with all my soul."

"Please don't," she begged, raising her fingers to his lips. "You are spoiling everything."

"It—it isn't Martin, is it, Anne?" he pleaded.

Anne looked away for a moment, then met his troubled eyes frankly. "No, Evan, I don't love Martin Freeland."

"But I can't think of love yet," she hurried on as he made a move to take her again in his arms. "I have my work—and Carleton has made such sacrifices for me—I just can't let myself think of love, Evan. Promise me you won't speak of it again."

Evan pressed her two hands gently within his own, and smiled. "That's a rash promise, Anne, but I'll make it, if you'll give me one. If the day comes when you truly love me, promise to tell me so. Just say, 'Evan, I love you,' and I will hear you wherever I may be."

Anne lifted her eyes with a little start. The smile had disappeared from his face, leaving it grave and terribly in earnest. Gravely she nodded her promise in return for his.

When Evan arrived at his apartment, he found a letter from his mother. Eagerly he broke the seal and read:

"My Own Darling Boy:

"You will be surprised that I have

returned so much sooner than I had planned. My stay in New York will be short, however, because I have promised to accompany the Chilterns on their trip to the Mediterranean. You may expect me——"

Evan broke off to call his man. "Get things ready, Collins!" he ordered with boyish enthusiasm. "Flowers!—Eats!—Big dinner tomorrow night!—Get everything ready!" While Collins hurried off, Evan sank happily into a big easy chair to finish his letter.

Evan Trevor had reason to be contented. Life had treated him gently. As a boy he had played as all boys play, with a happy-go-lucky, light-hearted joyousness. But after his playmates had laid aside their childhood to battle with reality, Evan had gone on playing, sheltered by money and good fortune from everything that was sordid, everything that was harsh. Until his meeting with Anne Heath, his love for his mother had been the one deep note in his existence—despite the fact that he scarcely knew his mother. She had sent him unlimited funds and she came to visit him at long intervals. That she should come now to add to his happiness meant that the very stars in their career were fighting to throw their light upon him as one favored of mortals.

At the Larimer Station, Evan eagerly scanned the alighting passengers. At sight of his mother he rushed forward, gathered her into a close embrace, then held her off at arm's length to feast his eyes on her. Madelein Trevor was a tall woman, beautiful, almost re-

gal in bearing, with little tired lines about her eyes and mouth.

"Mother," he explained, "you get dearer to me every day. When are you going to stop running around and settle down? How long can you stay?" Without giving her time to answer, he handed her into his waiting car, keeping up a running fire of comment and questions.

At his apartment he showed her his book of poems, his art treasures, his curious untranslated manuscripts, his unpublished poems. Boyishly happy, he hurried her from one thing to another.

Madelein Trevor watched her son with adoring eyes. To her nothing about him or his life was trivial, or insignificant. After dinner, he settled her in a big arm-chair before the hearth, and sank down at her feet.

"I've dreamed this so often," he said. "And now I'm pretending you're going to stay."

The mother shifted her position, leaving her features in the shadow of the chair back. Evan missed the sudden flash of pain that swept across her face.

"Mother, aren't you tired of wandering? Can't we build a real home somewhere together?"

"Yes," came her answer softly. "I am growing tired of it all, Evan. I shall give it up very soon." There was more than wistfulness in her voice; there was something of weariness, of hopelessness.

Evan read a double meaning in her words. "Mother, are you ill?" he demanded.

She laughed lightly. "What nonsense! I'm perfectly well, Evan."

She leaned forward smilingly and placed an arm about his shoulders.

So Evan went on planning the future, painting rosily with the reckless abandon of childhood; while Madelein Trevor again shifted her face to the shadows.

The following day Evan drove with his mother to Anne's. All three were then to return to his apartment for lunch. When he entered the boarding house parlor he found Anne, already dressed to go, talking with a stranger. Evan had never met Martin Freeland, but he knew the man the moment their glances met. Stocky and powerful of body, with cold, steady eyes and a hard mouth, an air of self-confidence and domineering authority in the carriage—these were the fleeting impressions Evan caught of his rival in the brief instant before Anne rose to introduce them.

Evan acknowledged the introduction quietly; Martin, with a surly aloofness.

Martin accompanied them to the sidewalk, where he took Anne's hand and bade her good-by. As Evan opened the car door for Anne, Madelein Trevor in the back seat leaned forward and met the gaze of Martin Freeland full upon her. The man smiled sardonically; the woman's eyes grew wide for an instant—then with an apparent effort she broke the spell and leaned back out of sight. Martin watched the machine drive away, eyes narrowed, lips curled into a grim smile of satisfaction.

Towards evening, Madelein Trevor came to her son and told him she had received a long distance call

from the Chilterns. She must leave immediately. Once more Evan Trevor's mother went out of his life.

The next morning Evan, after inviting Anne over the telephone to go riding with him, sent a groom with a horse to the boarding house, and a message to the effect that he would follow soon.

As he rode gaily across a little wooded park he turned a bend to confront Martin Freeland standing in the bridle path. Martin's face was glowering with hate.

"Trevor," he snapped, "you're no fit company for Anne Heath. I forbid your going to see her or having anything to do with her!"

"Forbid me!" laughed Evan, who was at peace with all the world. "Go to it, old scout!" He turned his horse out to pass.

Martin sprang for the bridle and received a stinging lash from Evan's riding crop. Enraged, Martin seized Evan's arm and threw all his weight backward. Evan landed on his feet and struck out with right and left. But Evan Trevor, writer of poems, was no match for Martin Freeland, trained to outdoor sports and the life of a country gentleman.

As Evan closed in with futile swings, Martin ducked and sent a wicked uppercut to the jaw that all but lifted Trevor from his feet. And as Evan began to crumple back from the blow, a smashing right from the shoulder caught him full in the face, sending him spinning backward to the ground.

Martin, without a glance at his fallen foe, made his way to his horse, mounted, and rode off.

An hour later Anne and the groom found Evan leaning weakly against a tree trying to make his way from the park.

"Martin did this?" she queried, as she wiped his face with her handkerchief and helped him mount.

Evan evaded the question and made light of his bruises.

"Martin called this morning," she explained, "and when I told him I was going riding with you, he flew into a rage. I should have suspected something like this."

At his apartment, Anne left him. Come to see me when you are rested, Evan," she called. "Tonight."

He smiled back at her through his bruises. "Not tonight, Anne. I have business."

He found Martin at his hotel ready to go out. Martin sneered as his eyes dwelt on the swollen, discolored face of his rival.

"I want an explanation," demanded Evan tensely. "I suppose I could attribute your attack on me this morning to the simple fact that you're a rough neck, if it were not for one remark you made. What did you mean by saying that I am not fit company for Anne Heath?"

Martin studied him for a moment. Gradually the sneer on his face gave way to a look of puzzlement. "Is it possible you don't know?" he asked sharply.

"I do not. But I'm going to know."

"All right, my lad, you shall. We'll start right now for the city." There was a cruel, gloating note in Martin's voice.

When they alighted from the taxi, Evan found himself in a part of New York unfamiliar to him. Martin led him up the steps of what appeared a splendid mansion. A Japanese servant admitted them to a large room filled with men and women of ultra Bohemian type. But it was the strange, bizarre effect of color and sound that smote Evan's senses with an intensity almost nauseating. From a hidden orchestra came a weird, pulsing melody. Through an arched doorway he caught glimpses of scantily clad dancers performing. Martin led the way across the room, down a long passage, into a room where the predominant sounds were the clicking of balls and the shuffling of cards.

The frown of impatience on Evan's face deepened. "What's the meaning of this, Martin?" he demanded. "What is it you're going to show me?"

"I wanted to show you the whole establishment," said Martin, with a leer, "but if you're in a hurry, all right."

They retraced their steps to the large room, where Martin directed the way to a curtained alcove. He pushed a bell button, and gave an order for drinks to the oriental servant.

"This," said Martin, fixing his malicious eyes on Evan and waving his hand in a sweeping gesture, "is a place where a man can lose everything he's got—money, honor, ideals—soul and body. I brought Carleton here the other night—showed him the sights. And now before we go, I want you to meet

the head and brains of the house—Madame Lenore Langford."

Evan got to his feet with blazing eyes. "I've had enough of this joke, Martin," he said tensely. "I'm going."

"Two minutes more," purred Martin, "and you'll get the surprise and the information I promised you."

He stepped to the curtain as the servant appeared, took the tray from his hands and whispered a few words. The girl nodded.

Evan caught glimpses of her through the curtain as she crossed the room to where a woman in a daring costume talked with two men. Martin closed the curtains and stood holding them together.

Evan waited grimly. Despite his anger and his disgust at the meaningless actions of Martin, he felt every nerve in his body bracing itself as if in expectation of some terrific blow.

Martin with a sweeping bow parted the curtains. "Madame Lenore Langford," he announced glibly.

On the threshold stood the woman in the daring costume—painted, horrible in her beauty, almost regal in her bearing. Evan Trevor was gazing full into the face of Madeleine Trevor, his mother.

A choking cry started from him and ended in a gasp as his throat contracted with dumb agony. He clutched the table for support, swaying on his feet. Martin Free-land, smiling gloatingly, slipped behind the woman and through the curtains, which he closed behind him.

For a tense moment Madelein Trevor gazed into the tragic eyes of her son; then she came toward him, and spoke in a voice that quivered with pleading:

"Evan—Evan, look at me.—Don't turn away like that! I have done this only for you. Beside your father's grave I vowed to save you the misery of poverty! Don't turn away from me!"

And still Evan, fighting for sanity under the blow he had received, kept his eyes averted. Evan Trevor was facing the first big problem life had given him.

She placed her hands on his shoulders. There was mute appeal in the clutching of her fingers. "You have been happy, Evan? Tell me at least you have been happy until now! I have tried to give you everything—everything! Oh, Evan—look at me!"

Suddenly her head dropped and she lay against his breast, sobbing.

And with that, Evan's body relaxed. The set look in his eyes softened. His arms crept around her. But for a moment longer his voice refused to come.

At last he began speaking disjointed, halting sentences. "Mother—come with me. Let me work and care for you. Let us build a home—a home—just you and I. In time we shall forget—all this. I will come for you in the morning."

Madelein Trevor lifted her head, took his face in her two hands, and gazed at him with hungry eyes. For a long moment she held him, her painted face transfigured by the light of motherlove. She kissed

him almost fiercely, and pushed him from the room.

But when Evan returned to the stone mansion the next morning, Madame Lenore Langford had disappeared. A servant thrust a letter into his hands. He read the lines that danced before his eyes:

"I want to come to you, Evan. God knows how much I want it. But I love you too much to handicap you. The only thing left that I can do for you is to leave——"

The page slipped from his hands. Stumblingly he descended the steps, his throat throbbing painfully at the realization of the remorse and heartache behind that brief, poignant message.—His mother.

II.

Evan stepped off the train at Larimer and crossed the station platform mechanically. Anne Heath, evidently bidding good-by to a group of friends near the waiting room door, caught sight of his haggard face as he made to pass them. She crossed quickly to his side.

"What is it, Evan?" she asked gently.

For a moment he seemed scarcely to know her. Then his lips quivered, but he made no reply.

Anne hailed a taxi; and helped him in. To her anxious questioning, he answered incoherently.

"I want to help you, Evan," she pleaded, as they arrived at his apartment. "You are in trouble. I am going home tomorrow. Come with me, and take time to think things out."

Evan nodded dully.

The Heath farm, adjoining the magnificent country estate of Mar-

tin Freeland, consisted of a hundred and sixty acres of fairly good soil. The house was old and rambling, hinting shabbily of a past grandeur. Anne and Evan arrived in the evening and were greeted warmly by Mrs. Heath and the four boys.

Mrs. Heath took Evan's hand and bade him welcome with a quiet motherliness that brought the tears to his eyes. Carlton, the oldest of the boys, and the mainstay of the family, greeted him almost with the handshake of a chum. Herbert, a reserved lad of sixteen, after a brief glance of appraisal, acknowledged the introduction cordially. Frank and Paul, aged ten and six, invited Evan to the hearth by the blazing fire. Even the collie wagged his tail and rubbed affectionately against the newcomer.

Here was a real home, something Evan had often dreamed of, but had never known. The books, the old-fashioned stairs, the spacious couch—all wore a friendly, intimate air as if inviting strangers to use them. Into Evan's lonely heart stole a glimmer of warmth.

Early the next morning Evan took a walk and came upon a log hut at the edge of the wooded hills that bordered the farm on the far side. He stood looking at it wistfully; it seemed a haven from turmoil put there for his use. Impulsively he crossed the field to where Carleton was working.

"Can I rent that little hut, Carleton? It's so quiet there and beautiful—perhaps I could find myself there."

Carleton seemed surprised, but

replied heartily, "Sure thing. Dad built the thing years ago—used to go there to study."

Evan hurriedly returned to Larimer and brought back with him only a few of his most treasured possessions; a few books, some photographs, his violin.

That first night Evan had supper with the Heaths. It was a happy meal, with much good-natured teasing on the part of the younger folks and frequent laughter on the part of all. Anne spoke enthusiastically of the improvements she meant to make in the house when her pictures began to sell. And each member of the family added suggestions and advice.

After the meal, Evan managed to have a word alone with Anne.

"I've cut loose from everything," he told her. "I found I had no right to the money I was using, so I'm starting out alone. I'm penniless, but I'll find something to do."

"I'm proud of you, Evan," replied the girl. Her eyes were misty as she looked up into his.

Carleton took down his lantern to accompany Evan to the hut. As they left the house, Martin Freeland drove into the yard. Martin greeted Carleton, stared insolently at Evan, and moved on to the doorway where Anne stood.

Carleton did all the talking as they made their way across the fields and as they began to unpack Evan's things.

"I had to leave school when dad died," he explained, as he eagerly scanned the titles of Evan's books. "But I'm determined the others shan't have to. I'm not a born

farmer, that's sure, but I can make the place pay if I work hard enough."

He reached over to pick up a photograph of Madelein Trevor. Evan made a quick movement to stop him, but too late.

"Why, look who's here!" exclaimed Carleton.

Evan sprang to his feet, tense and wild-eyed. "Put that down, Carleton," he commanded. "You don't know what you're doing!" He struggled for possession of the photograph, but the other held him off easily.

"You city boys aren't so smart," laughed Carleton. "I know some things about this old dame!"

Evan leaped at him, striking with both fists. In his surprise Carleton swung back his arm and felled Evan with a quick, powerful blow. Half-angry and stubborn, he went on with his remarks about the woman of the photograph.

Evan, striving vainly to get to his feet, felt his groping hand close over a heavy paperweight that had been knocked to the floor. He must do something—anything—to stop that flow of horrible words from this man's mouth. Wildly he swung the weight backward and, scarcely knowing what he did, hurled it at Carleton's head.

The big frame of Carleton Heath swayed and sagged heavily to the floor.

Thoroughly alarmed, Evan tried to revive him, chafing his hands and calling to him.

Carleton roused feebly and muttered: "Guess you got me, Trevor."

"No, no! Forgive me! I didn't

mean to hurt you so, but you were talking of my mother!"

Carleton's eyes opened wide. "Your mother!" he whispered. "Awfully sorry—never dreamed—"

With a strength born of desperation, Evan managed to get Carleton back to the farmhouse.

On the couch, Carleton looked up at the anxious face of his mother bending over him, and made a final effort to speak. "Fell on the rocks—" he whispered, and that was all. Before the physician arrived, Carleton Heath was dead. Evan slipped away unnoticed, and returned to his hut.

During the next two days Evan Trevor remained at his hut, suffering the tortures of the damned. To clear him, Carleton Heath had lied with his last breath. But nothing could wipe out the black guilt in his soul. Again Evan Trevor stood face to face with the problem life presented to him.

From his doorway he looked down upon the farmhouse, the morning of the funeral—saw the simple procession crawling down the rutted road, saw the family return from the funeral in their shabby little car. He could neither weep nor pray; the very agony that gripped him seemed to be dulling its edge with intensity. He had killed a man in the prime of his youth, brought suffering on helpless women and children. There must be some way that he could atone! He must somehow right this horrible thing he had done!

With sudden resolution he strode across the fields toward the farmhouse.

Mrs. Heath, Anne and Herbert were sitting together, a silent, hopeless little group. Mrs. Heath sat listless, her eyes gazing vacantly out across the fields of grain her boy had sown but would never reap. Herbert sat slumped over as if with realization that his young shoulders must adjust themselves to the heavy burden his brother had dropped.

Evan stood on the threshold for a moment, wild-eyed, disheveled, choking on the words he had come to say. Finally they came: "I killed him."

The surprise on the faces of the three people changed swiftly to horror. Mrs. Heath rose slowly, repeating the words incredulously. "Killed him? You killed him? Why, oh, why?"

Anne and her brother crossed quickly to their mother's side. Evan looked out the window, hands clenched. Wasn't his agony great enough without having to meet the sorrowful eyes of this mother robbed of her son?

Mrs. Heath repeated her question and Evan forced himself to answer: "I tried to stop him—he was saying such terrible things to me—I *had* to stop him."

"Liar!" broke in Herbert fiercely. He advanced with clenched fists toward Evan, then turned to face his mother. "Do you expect him to tell the truth—a cowardly murderer?"

Gently Mrs. Heath laid her hand on Herbert's arm to silence him, and again questioned Evan.

"I killed him," repeated Evan dully. "And I am ready to face the penalty."

"You'll get the penalty, all right!" exclaimed Herbert. "I'll take you to the sheriff mighty quick."

But Mrs. Heath again interfered. "Will his punishment bring back my boy to me?"

It was Evan who answered her question. "I wish to go. It is all I can do to atone."

Anne, who had been listening in shocked horror, broke into passionate speech: "Atone?" she demanded. "How? Would all your life in prison give us so much as the sound of Carleton's voice? Would it harvest the grain, or feed the baby, or educate the boys?"

Evan Trevor bowed his head. "No," he answered. And then abruptly he straightened his shoulders. "But I can do some of these things," he pleaded. "I will harvest your grain, I will sentence myself—to hard labor, right on this farm. I will strive to do all that Carleton would have done. Let me try to atone! Give me a chance!"

His hearers were silent, gazing at him with varied emotions—Anne, with something of pity in her eyes, Mrs. Heath hopelessly, Herbert with a face suddenly alight with grim approval. Anne turned to her mother, who slowly shook her head. Herbert took the decision out of their hands.

"We'll not only let you try," he declared tensely, "but I'm right here to see that you make good!" He seized Evan by the arm, as if fearing the others might interfere, and hurried him outside. "We'll begin right now. The hay is turning black. Go hook up the team while I change my clothes."

When Herbert returned to the barnyard he found Evan struggling hopelessly with two horses and a tangled mass of harness. Herbert, disgusted at Evan's ignorance, straightened out the tangle and hitched the team to the hayrack.

Arrived at the hay field, Herbert gave curt orders for Evan to pitch on the hay cocks. Jumping to the ground, he demonstrated how the pitchfork was to be inserted near the top of the cock, shoved down until the center was caught and the whole could be lifted at once.

Evan tried faithfully to follow instructions. But with his fork inserted he found that the hay seemed rooted to the ground. He could not lift it without first tearing the hay apart. Herbert stood on the hayrack waiting, and expressed himself in scathing terms.

Doggedly Evan toiled on, making no reply to the taunts and jeers flung down at him.

It was an exhausting day for Evan Trevor, who had never done a day's work in his life. As he staggered into his hut that evening, every muscle and bone in his body cried out in agony. He threw himself on the bunk and tossed far into the night, unable to sleep.

But there were other days to come—days of slaving toil, of aching muscles, of blistering sun, and of Herbert's lashing sarcasm. Evan hailed the first Sunday with relief, comforted by the thought that on this one day in the week there would be no work except the chores. It was a vain hope. He learned that on Sunday the three horses must be specially groomed and washed,

that the stables must be scrubbed and sprayed, that the cow stables must be whitewashed, that the poultry houses must be cleaned. He found himself driven by the relentless Herbert from one task to another until the sun sank in the west and the evening chores were done as usual by lantern light. Weary and hopeless, he returned to his hut and set about cooking his supper.

Hard as the way was, Evan Trevor held on grimly. Mystically, from unguessed depths of his soul, arose new courage for each new day. Fall found him, strong-armed and expert, holding the plow in the furrow, with many acres of plowed ground to his credit. His muscles had hardened, his skin had become bronzed. But there were lines of inexpressible sadness in his face. Since the day he had walked down to the farmhouse to give himself in bondage for his crime, he had spoken no word to any one but Herbert. And Herbert, with the egotism and harshness of youth, had been consistently cruel.

On the morning school opened Evan was hitching the light road horse to the buggy near the stable. Herbert and the two boys were to drive to and from the village each day. Evan paused for a moment as he saw the boys and Anne coming from the house, and repressed an impulse to flee. He wanted to see her—God! how he longed for a glance of kindness from some one!

He caught snatches of their conversation as they approached. Paul was babbling excitedly and proudly; this was to be his first day at

school. Herbert was sympathizing with Anne because she was not to return to art school. The girl replied that perhaps she might go next year—Evan was doing so well.

Herbert smiled grimly and raised his voice that Evan might hear: "He *should* do well, I've given him intensive training."

"It isn't necessary to be unkind to him, Herbert."

"I'm no girl," retorted the boy brusquely. "I've taken it out of him good and plenty this summer and, believe me, I'm going to keep it up!" He hurried ahead to place the lunch pails in the buggy.

Anne stopped and gazed into the troubled, suffering face of Evan. Her lips were tremulous with tenderness. A glad light leaped to her eyes to flicker out almost immediately; in its place grew that same strained look of horror—the barrier that was between them. Silently Evan turned away.

That night he sat in his doorway and gazed wistfully at the lighted windows of the farmhouse. The early autumn dusk deepened and blurred out everything except the lights of the houses below and those in the village beyond. Each light was the symbol of a home—a sacred, wonderful something that he had never known. As he sat, conscious of nothing but the unutterable loneliness and hopelessness of life, the boys' collie came through the woods to lay a friendly nose on Evan's knee. This was the first hint of friendliness, of sympathy, he had received, and somehow the weight in his breast seemed lifted a trifle.

Presently he went inside and began to write. The title of his verses was: "The Lights of Home."

With the coming of winter, Evan's hut grew almost unbearably cold. He realized also that the first heavy snow would make the hut inaccessible, and wondered what he would do. Herbert accosted him at the barn one evening.

"Mother and Anne say that we can't allow you to freeze," he said curtly. "For my part, I can't forget that Carl's lying out there in the cold. But I suppose they're right. Bring your belongings down to the house."

Despite the callousness of Herbert's words, Evan felt his heart leap. He felt that a discussion concerning him had taken place in the house, sensed that Anne and Mrs. Heath did not irrevocably hate him. They had felt pity for him, had spoken in his behalf.

With something almost of gladness in his heart he followed Herbert into the house and up the stairs leading from the kitchen to the attic. The large, bare room with sloping ceiling was hardly warmer than the hut, but to Evan it seemed glowing with comfort. The terrible loneliness of the hut was at an end. He could hear the shouts and laughter of Paul and Frank, hear the clatter of dishes and the sound of light steps. He was to live in this house, eat at the table, see Anne! Hurriedly he made his toilet and descended into the kitchen.

Through the doorway he could see Mrs. Heath and Anne setting the table in the dining room. Paul

playing with Frank and Herbert, ran to show Evan some little treasure. Evan sat down unobtrusively in the corner and met the boy's advances hungrily.

A moment later, Mrs. Heath called from the dining room that supper was ready. Evan got to his feet eagerly, a bit embarrassed at what he feared would be a trying time for all of them, and followed the boys. Herbert turned in the doorway, glanced coldly at Evan, and pointed brusquely back into the room. Evan looked, and saw that supper for one had been set on the kitchen table.

He sat down, but he could not eat. Presently he rose softly and went back to his room.

Halfway through the meal, Anne left the dining room for some drinking water. She stopped at sight of the empty chair by the kitchen table and the untasted supper. She was a long time getting the drinking water, and when she again sat down at the table she made only a pretense at eating for the ache that was in her throat.

Evan's alarm clock rang at 4:30 a. m. He jumped from bed, shivering as his body struck the cold air. With shaking fingers he lighted the little oil stove. Along the inside of the window sill the wind had formed a miniature snow drift. The water in the pitcher was locked in by a layer of ice. He washed and dressed in acute discomfort, while the first light of dawn stretched along the horizon. A little twisted smile twitched at the corners of his mouth at the sudden memory of those other days when

he arose any time before noon—and preferred his bath warm.

He hurried down to the woodshed, for Herbert had explained to him the evening before that it would be part of his new duties to build the fires in the morning. He found the shed literally crammed with wood, neatly piled according to size. There were small, slender branches for kindling, larger sticks for the kitchen ranges, longer logs for the fireplaces, and great, irregular chunks for the round heating stoves. He knew that this wood had been cut and stored by Carleton. It spoke eloquently of Carleton's forethought and ceaseless toil for his loved ones. Evan felt that there were times when he needed mute reminders like this to bolster up his determination to "see it through."

After he had lighted the fires and done the morning chores, he huddled by the stove for a moment's warmth before going out for more wood. Mrs. Heath entered the kitchen and saw him shivering. Quickly she went upstairs to the room that had been Carleton's, took down a warm coat, held it briefly against her cheek, and started to descend the stairs. In the hallway she met Herbert. Horror dawned in his eyes as he divined her intentions.

"For *him*?" he asked incredulously.

She nodded, apologetic before her son's accusing eyes.

Firmly he took the coat from her. "I'll give him my old sweater," he stated.

When Evan left the house after breakfast in Herbert's old sweater,

Mrs. Heath watched him make his way against the wind toward the barn. The sweater was old, indeed, out at the elbows and small. Her glances rested on her three boys, warmly clad, who were drawing on their mittens before the fire.

She turned to Herbert, drawing her purse from her pocket. "Buy some clothes for Evan," she said.

Herbert opened his mouth to protest, then smiled and pocketed the bill she handed him.

That evening Herbert handed a package to Evan. Evan unwrapped it anxiously and stared at the hideously checked shirt, the shapeless trousers, the coarse, ugly shoes. Quietly he handed the package back and spoke to Mrs. Heath, whose face was flushed with humiliation at her son's act.

"Your neighbor has asked me to work for him at odd times when I am not busy on your place," he said. "If you will permit me to do that, I can buy my own clothes."

Mrs. Heath assented quickly as if fearful lest Herbert intervene. Evan thanked her and went out.

The winter days came and went, and Evan grew accustomed to eating alone in the kitchen, to living in this home without having a share in it. Never for an instant did Herbert relax his merciless, driving persecution. Mrs. Heath spoke to Evan occasionally, mildly and with an infinite gentleness, that would cheer him for days. Anne rarely spoke directly to him, but when she did it was with an apparent effort, a straining for self-control, as if she feared the strength of her own emotions. Evan's only real com-

panionship was with the two boys, Frank and Paul, who had grown to love him. He played snowball with them, repaired their sleds, and showed them how to make traps for rabbits.

Martin Freeland came often to the Heath farm, and after each visit Evan Trevor noted that the girl seemed somehow to droop in spirit. He sensed the pressure that was being brought to bear upon her—Martin's persistent wooing, Herbert's open arguments that she marry Martin, Mrs. Heath's quiet expressions of her desire to see the two families united. Again Evan felt a great loneliness and bitterness creeping upon him.

In an effort to rouse himself from this despondency, he turned his thoughts to Christmas which was fast approaching. He knew that the three boys wanted skis. Paul and Frank talked of nothing else, and he had seen Herbert studying the cuts and prices of skis in the mail order catalog. On the rafters in the stable Evan found some hard wood that had been seasoning for years. He selected six long strips and began working on them with painstaking care.

The day before Christmas Evan went to the city. But instead of going to the clothier's he entered a florist's shop, from which he presently emerged carrying two large boxes. He worked that night by lantern light on the six strips of wood—cutting, polishing, attaching straps, until he had produced three pairs of skis of three different sizes.

Very early Christmas morning, Paul and Frank, followed by the

older members of the family, went down to see what Santa Claus had left. Early as it was, Evan had lighted a blazing log fire and was out doing the morning chores. There were exclamations of delight as the family gathered close to find the little surprises lovingly arranged for each other. Paul and Frank hurried out, whooping, to experiment with their skis. Herbert had been admiring his own pair, almost fondling them in his pleasure. A sudden shadow of suspicion swept over his face. He looked questioningly at his mother. She read his thoughts and nodded. Herbert's face hardened; he thrust the skis into the fireplace and stalked out.

Mrs. Heath sighed and picked up a long box marked with her name. Within she found a great mass of white carnations. She raised her eyes wonderingly to Anne. The girl was sitting in a dark corner, on her lap a similar box filled with great American Beauties. The eyes of the two women met and filled with tears. They knew who the giver was, and in the heart of each was pity and tenderness for the one who had brought them sorrow, and who was trying his best to atone.

Anne spoke in a low voice: "Mother, when we were knitting the boys' presents, I made an extra sweater." From beside her she produced a package neatly wrapped in holly paper.

Mrs. Heath nodded understandingly. "It is strange, Anne, but I too knitted an extra helmet." Then she crossed to the girl's side and leaned to kiss her.

Evan entered with an armful of

logs for the fire. As he dropped the wood he saw the ends of the burning skis. His lips straightened in a hard, bitter line. He turned abruptly to leave. Mrs. Heath moved from the shadows and held out two packages. He unwrapped them wonderingly. With realization that these presents were for him, his new bitterness of soul left him like a dissolving mist. He tried to speak, to thank Mrs. Heath, but the sudden revulsion of emotion choked him. He dropped to his knees, seized her hand and kissed it.

"Won't you tell me about it, Evan," she said gently. "About my boy."

From an inner pocket Evan took a small picture of his mother. Haltingly, chokingly, he told of the scenes in the hut. As he finished, he kissed her hand again and whispered brokenly: "I want to pay for what I did—you know I did not mean to kill him."

Mrs. Heath withdrew her hand and gently laid it upon his head. Behind them, Anne was weeping silently.

Martin Freeland came for Christmas dinner, and to take Anne for a sleigh ride. Anne, knowing that Evan would refuse to come down as long as Martin remained, sent the boys up with two trays loaded with food. Paul and Frank were delighted, and Evan, when he saw them coming, felt his heart warm. These two boys were the one bright spot in his life.

The next morning Evan brought the mail from the road. As he handed it to Anne his eyes caught the gleam of a diamond ring on her

left hand. "Anne," he faltered, "do—do you love him?"

At the pain in his eyes, Anne looked away. He saw that her eyes were red and that dark hollows had formed below them.

"One does not always marry for love," she replied.

Evan held out his arms to her as if by the very force of his love he could make her revoke her decision. For a fleeting instant her eyes grew radiant. The lids drooped wearily and with a little shake of the head she turned away. The barrier between them still stood.

Somehow Evan dragged through the next few days. He used all his energy in physical labor, in an effort to keep from thinking of the future—for the future stretched before him, gray, flat, and dead. The day before New Year's he received a letter from his publisher enclosing a small check for his verses, "The Lights of Home," and a forwarded letter from his mother.

With shaking fingers he unsealed the second letter and read:

"Come to me, Evan. It will not be for long, for I am dying. I am miserable and alone. Come to me."

Without a backward glance, Evan started across the fields toward the city.

At Larimer he found his mother in bed, with a copy of his book under her pillow, pathetic in her illness and helplessness. She died in his arms, repenting her sins and babbling of atonement.

Afterwards Evan walked the streets, a rich man by the terms of his mother's will, but sick and re-

bellious in spirit—why should he go back to the torture of Herbert's lashing cruelty? Why go back to see the girl he loved married to Martin Freeland? He was rich—he could buy excitement, if not happiness—why go back to a dog's life?

But into the pain-filled, bitter memory of the farm romped the vision of Paul and Frank—the boys who loved and trusted him. Behind them he almost fancied he could see the form of Carleton pleading. For these boys Carleton had labored and sacrificed. There was still work for Evan Trevor to do at the Heath farm; and he knew suddenly that he was bound to it by ties of love and honor. There was no alternative. He must give this fortune to charity, must go back to the farm.

Evan arrived at the Heath farm in a taxi. He entered the kitchen where Mrs. Heath and Anne were getting breakfast, and started for the stairs. Mrs. Heath stopped him with a gesture.

"Evan," she said, "you are free to go if you wish."

"I must serve out my time," he replied gently.

Anne faced him with misty eyes. "No, Evan," she begged. "The sentence was unfair. Carleton forgave you—with his last breath he tried to free you from blame."

"Yes, I believe Carleton forgave me, but it is against the rest of you I have sinned. Only when all of you feel that I have atoned, will I be acquitted." He turned resolutely toward the stairs.

Herbert, who had entered while they were talking, spoke up sneeringly. "Well," he grated, "the vote

will never be unanimous while I am alive."

III.

The work of the farm went on, thanks to Evan's unceasing efforts. Planting time came with its endless work and hurry, and was followed by the equally toil-filled days of summer. Fall found the Heath farm prosperous—the barns overflowing with hay and grain. Evan was pleased with his work—Anne would now be able to return to art school.

Anne bade her family an affectionate good-by. Turning to Evan, who stood wistfully looking on, she held out her hand with a gentle: "Good-by, Evan." Evan returned to his fall plowing with renewed strength.

But life was flowing too smoothly for Evan Trevor. He returned with Herbert one day from the city, where they had been to bargain for the selling of their hay, to find their well filled barns blazing to the sky. The horses and cows were saved, but the year's crop of hay and grain was utterly destroyed.

Evan ate no supper that night, but sat in his bare room, thinking. Anne would now have to come home from school, unless he earned money. He knew that the city wanted men and teams. He could get ten dollars a day for himself and the big team.

So Evan went to the city, rented a cubby hole of a hall bedroom, skimped on his meals—and drove a dump cart. Of the sixty dollars he earned, he sent fifty to Mrs. Heath. It was miserable work for him, with nothing to cheer him but the knowledge that he was serving Anne. Occasionally he saw former

acquaintances who passed him in limousines or sport models, and twice old friends stared at him in wondering recognition and turned away. But even a dump cart cannot blot out dreams. In the long, lonely evenings, he returned to his poetry and poured out his heart in verses.

Two weeks before Christmas Evan received a curt note from Herbert telling him to come back to the farm for the holidays. Terse and ungracious though the letter was, Evan went with something almost like joy in his heart. He knew that Anne would be home for the Christmas vacation. He would see her again—receive a word and a smile for the long, lonely weeks of work and waiting.

He was mending the garden fence near the house when she arrived in the automobile. Martin Freeland on horseback had met the machine and was galloping alongside to welcome Anne home.

Evan rose from his knees, but did not turn at once, waiting a moment for self-control. Then he heard his name called—heard her say, as he turned eagerly:

"Evan, take Mr. Freeland's horse."

He led the horse to the stables, all the light gone from his world.

Winter set in in real earnest. The last week of school the three boys were compelled to stay in the village because of the impassable roads; but great plans were made for the Christmas vacation. On the last day of school a new storm loomed up on the horizon. The wind began to swirl in ominous gusts and the sky darkened rapidly.

Mrs. Heath worried. "I hope the boys won't start while the weather is so threatening."

Anne telephoned to warn the boys, and learned that they had started an hour since.

They waited anxiously but the boys did not come. The thermometer dropped rapidly below zero. Mrs. Heath stood motionless by the window, staring out into the gathering blackness.

With a furious blast of wind-driven snow, the storm broke; a dense, white wave swept over the land, blotting everything from sight. Mrs. Heath stood rigidly by the window, eyes straining out into the seething vortex. Anne paced the floor in agony, stopping at intervals to telephone to the neighbors along the road to town, in a vain effort to locate the boys.

Evan, who had been at the stables attending the stock, fought his way to the house through the snow and sleet, and closed the kitchen door behind him with difficulty. He heard Anne's voice, speaking into the telephone, asking for news of the boys.

She came to his side, seized his coat in both hands, and began to sob. Until now, Evan had thought the boys safe in the village. Over Anne's head, he met the agonized eyes of Mrs. Heath. Her boys were out there in the storm.

Slowly he loosened Anne's hold, opened the door quickly, and went out.

The wind caught him as he rounded the corner of the house, whipping him about like a broken thing, sweeping him off his course despite his struggles. He reached

the road and floundered on, blinded, almost suffocated by the driving snow.

He was groping along on hands and knees, waiting for a lull in the storm to get to his feet, when he saw a dark object to his left. He made his way toward it, and saw that it was the overturned sleigh of the boys, half buried in a large drift. From under the shelter of its body came a faint hail. The faces of Frank and Paul appeared, frightened and blue with the cold.

"Where's Herbert?" shouted Evan.

"He's gone back to Martin's for help," replied Frank.

Evan barely caught the words through the tumult of the storm. He rested for a moment against the sleigh, peering in the direction Herbert had taken. He realized that he must get the boys home if possible. Herbert would probably make Martin's place or could be reached by telephone from the Heaths.

He took Paul in both arms, and with Frank holding tight to his Mackinaw belt, stepped out into the teeth of the wind.

It was almost impossible to advance, but he did advance, foot by foot, inch by inch, fighting stubbornly every step of the way, catching his breath in gasping sobs between the blasts of the terrible wind.

He staggered around the corner of the house. He saw Anne open the door, saw it flung from her grasp by the wind. With an effort Evan flung himself toward the door and was pulled inside by the two women.

While Mrs. Heath and Anne ad-

ministered to the boys—bringing back life to the frost-bitten little hands and feet—Evan sat on the couch, recovering his wind, and plunging his chilled hands into a bowl of snow. There was a worried look on Evan's face as he listened to Frank explaining how Herbert went back to Freeland's for help. He called to Anne.

"Hadn't you better telephone to Martin's," he asked, "to see if he got there all right?"

Anne ran to the instrument.

Evan saw a look of growing horror in Mrs. Heath's eyes as they heard Anne speaking and realized that Herbert had not reached Martin's.

"But, Martin," pleaded Anne wildly, "can't you do something *now*? It will be too late when the storm has gone down!"

With a look of unbelief on her face, she turned from the telephone. "Martin says the storm is at its height," she sobbed brokenly, "and that he can't do anything!"

Evan was already getting back into his coat. Anne ran swiftly to his side, seizing his arm. "But, Evan," she protested, "you're almost exhausted now—and how will you find him?"

Again Evan stared over her head into the face of Mrs. Heath. In her eyes was the stricken look of a mother gazing upon her dead. Evan's eyes softened. A complete look of understanding flashed between them. He would bring back her boy.

Gently he loosened Anne's hand. "Herbert would follow the line fence

back to Freeland's," he said. "I'll find him."

He turned quickly to the door, and was gone.

He met the first blow of the wind a bit unsteadily, but with grim determination in his heart. Staggering, falling, struggling to his feet after each fall, he battled his way to the road and to the line fence.

He found Herbert lying by a post. Already the drifting snow was piling up to cover the body. He gathered the boy in his arms, and attempted to rise. He got as far as his knees; then the wind struck him squarely, hurling him backward to the snow. Again he tried—and again. Bending himself double to fight the fury of the wind, he gathered every ounce of strength in his body, and won to his feet.

The shrieking demons that rode the storm mocked and laughed at him as they tore at his body—but he was on his feet, fighting. He had stopped sweating, despite his terrible exertions. A numbing coldness was beginning to creep over him. The bitter wind had lost its sting. He felt only the growing ache of his laboring lungs and the vague heaviness of the strange numbness. He fell more frequently now, and each time it took him longer to rise. He was scarcely conscious of the shock of falling. He climbed doggedly to his feet each time, driven on by some nameless reserve of power within. Blood and bone and sinew were failing him, but there was left the indomitable courage of his purpose. He would do his best to pay the debt he owed.

At the Heath farm the two hag-

gard women sat and waited in tense silence, watching the moments drag by. The howling of the storm without, and the ticking of the clock within—and there was nothing to do but wait!

Into Anne's face dawned a sudden joy and relief, immediately replaced by an overwhelming fear. She ran to the door and flung it wide.

In the doorway, framed by the background of the storm, stood Evan, in his arms the unconscious form of Herbert. Evan's face was ghastly. He staggered forward, past Anne, to where Mrs. Heath stood with outstretched arms. He spoke through his lips stiff with cold.

"I brought you three—for the one I took——" he whispered, and sank to the floor.

With the passing of the night, the demons of the storm rode on, laughing. Herbert had recovered, but Evan Trevor lay on the bed in Carleton's room, apparently lifeless. The two women did all that was humanly possible to revive him. Mrs. Heath finally dropped on the couch in a heavy sleep of exhaustion. Anne continued her efforts, but in her heart a great fear was growing.

She was in the kitchen for a kettle of hot water, when a knock sounded on the door. At her call, Martin Freeland entered. There was something of shame in his face, mingled with the old self-assurance.

"Well," he began with attempted lightness, "everything turned out all right, after all."

"Yes," said Anne with a quiet

scorn. "Herbert was saved by the same *man* that saved Frank and Paul." She stripped his ring from her finger, handed it to him, and left the room.

In the end, Anne sat beside Evan's bed, dry-eyed and silent, holding his hand in hers. It was all she could do now. All that was left was her hopes and her prayers. She knew now that she loved him—utterly and completely—and she knew he was slipping from her.

Herbert tiptoed in, knelt beside the bed for a moment with his head buried in his hands, and tiptoed out.

Anne sat on, still hoping, praying, holding his hand fast. Dimly she sensed that the hovering spirit of Evan Trevor had snapped thread after thread that bound it to the racked and tortured body, until it was held only by one slender strand—the clasp of her hand on his. Love would hold him for a moment, perhaps. Then he would leave her forever.

From the dim past she seemed to hear the echo of words—a promise given and taken—"Say 'I love you'—and I will hear you wherever I may be."

She bent close and called to him brokenly: "Evan don't leave me. I love you. I have always loved you. Evan—oh, Evan, come back to me."

And the soul of Evan Trevor, poised and ready for its flight to unknown realms, heard, and answered the voice of love. A faint smile fluttered to his lips. He drew a quivering breath.

Anne's taut nerves relaxed. She bowed her head upon his breast, and wept.

NEW COUNTRY

BY SHELDON KRAG JOHNSON

THE mighty army of Man comes up over the far horizon of Time and presses forward across the dust-enshrouded, immediate hills of the Present into the New Country ahead.

The march is being made across the world of Consciousness. The countries traversed are lands of consciousness. The moving column is made up of divisions which vary according to their states of consciousness.

At the head of this column are the scientific thinkers, behind them the sensationalists and the other grades. Out in front are the thinly scattered, swiftly moving scouts of the army. These scouts are highly individualized and defy group classification. Theirs is the all-inclusive perspective, theirs the synthetic viewpoint.

They are the visionaries, the poets, the dreamers, the creative artists from out the hosts of men. These are they who catch the breath of inspiration and pass it back softly, down the shuffling, quivering, stumbling, eddying ranks of men.

These pioneers breathe in the air of the country that is always new, theirs the breathing in of the Spirit, theirs the inspiration. A few of these who have gone deepest into the Far Country are well-nigh speechless with ineffable joy at what they have seen.

For they have seen that this country is primordial substance, which Man draws toward him as he advances and which he gathers up into the matrix of his being and sends forth again as a mighty carpet, making, weaving and unrolling it before him as he goes.

These few, away out on the edge of the Unformed, are well-nigh blinded with the vision of the incalculable possibilities that lie before a Being who walks forward into lands of his own making. These few, seated on some mighty eminence, casting backward their glance over the undulations of the toiling column, see clearly how the land changes with the thought of those passing through. In the virgin mirror of the Infinite Life, each sees that which he presents before it.

When the few now ahead are no longer few but many, when man comes to realize the true magic of the marvelous carpet upon which he treads, then will the inspiring of the Spirit pass in pure and untainted breath down the long column, until even the weary stragglers in the night of a distant age are freshened and quickened that they may catch up and also enter into that country, new indeed, in the real and creative meaning of the word.

"UNKNOWN" WOMEN OF THE FILMS

Number One of a Series

BY ALICE EYTON

TO gain a place in the sun seems to be the normal desire of every twentieth-century human being. Yet, deep in our hearts, we know that the shady wayside, and the hidden places, yield us more of the realities of life. Only, man loves to strut a little, and to feel himself the cynosure of more or less envious eyes—which is just a childish game, and need not prove his undoing, if he realizes that, back of most famous men and women, are their less famous, but not necessarily less talented, fellows. It is not given to all of us to be exploited by an eager press, or by the far-flung efforts of the Motion Picture Publicity Expert. That is largely a matter of creating Name Values; and it is, perhaps, a serious reflection on our economic system that many have to be sacrificed to the glory of the few—and to the profits accruing from that glory. That there are compensations to the sacrifice is very evident when one meets some of the quiet, forceful women, whose unobtrusive careers form the basis of this present series of articles.

These women belong to various departments of the moving picture industry, and their work therein is just as important, just as creative, and, sometimes, more self-developing than the work of the stars, writers, supervisors, and directors (though I may have to

dodge the brickbats of the famous, and near famous, in making such a statement).

In comparison with the outside market, and not with the inflated values given mere physical beauty and domineering egotism, women in the unadvertised departments of the studios are fairly adequately paid; which, in a commercial age, is ample testimony to the importance of their work.

To start with, one of the most essential activities in any studio is cutting. Mildred Bell, head of the cutting department in the Lasky Studio, comes easily to mind as typical of our responsible, understanding women. In charge of a little army of girls—cutters, script clerks and so forth, Miss Bell, still in her own girlhood, exercises daily both executive ability and technical knowledge. One readily realizes this, when one looks at a master-cutter running reels of film through deft fingers, every faculty intent on keeping the story continuity intact, while eliminating surplus footage, and shifting a sequence from one place to another because so often after the play has been shot the relative values have changed since the script left the hands of the continuity writer. There is also the important matter of shortening close-ups when an emotion has been sustained too long, bringing the whole into the number of feet necessitated

by the market classification of the picture without destroying the unity of the story, and a number of other technical achievements proper to the cutting, and proving that the construction of any photoplay is by no means finished when it reaches the cutting-room.

To make the work of the cutter constructive and never destructive (except of errors) is the business of people like Miss Bell, who know perfectly well that their efforts are, again and again, to come before the keen eyes of other experts in the projection room. And I know of no better training in the game of give and take than to have to submit one's work, either continuity writing or cutting, to the writing and supervising hounds of the projection room. It often seems to me that both the writer and the cutter do all the taking; but it must appear differently when one is a director or supervisor—a difference that might be likened to one's change of emotions in graduating from the pedestrian into the car-driving class.

Miss Bell was qualified as a High School teacher when she decided that teaching was not her forte, and that she did want to learn how pictures were made, and what went on in the forbidden grounds of the motion picture studios. The only way she could begin to unravel these fascinating mysteries was by becoming one of those wistful seekers called "extra ladies." For months she pursued this lead, finding the remuneration insufficient to relieve her from the necessity of accepting financial aid from her family; and the constant waiting was irksome

to her ambitious spirit. So, taking the bull by the horns, she went to the general manager and asked for steady work. She got it—at a wage that made her family hoot at her. Nevertheless that was the beginning of success. Seven years ago she graduated into a semi-secretarial position with William DeMille, whom she describes as a born teacher of his chosen art.

At that time there were not any such workers as script clerks. The assistant director was responsible for the thousand and one details to be verified on the set; and, as he was necessarily *off* the set a good deal, said details were frequently overlooked. Miss Bell has many funny stories to tell of what happened under this system. One day they were shooting immigrants at Ellis Island. Each immigrant was supposed to wear a tag, but, at the end of the day, one of them, featured in the shots, was discovered to be tagless—a thing that would cause any conscientious director to tear his hair. After this Miss Bell began to take hold of the scripts and attend to details, making sure that, if the hero wore an orchid in his buttonhole when he was shot in any continuous sequence, that the orchid did not transform itself into a carnation before the very eyes of the audience, as it were—a feat that might be good legerdermain, but is bad picture business. From such precaution gradually evolved the charming race of beings we know as "script clerks," of whom more anon.

Cutting became a fine art with Miss Bell after she was permitted to watch William DeMille cut his

own pictures, and to tell him why she thought he made such and such cuts. Then, when schedules were drawn so close that directors seldom had time to cut their own pictures, cutters assumed greater importance in the eyes of those who guide the destiny of pictures, and the ignorant worker began to be replaced by literate persons like Miss Bell, and others of her calibre.

THAT there is yet room for improvement is evidenced by the fact that occasionally one still hears the snobbish remark, "Oh, he's only a cutter." "Only a cutter"—when the unity of a photoplay depends as much on the cutter as on the writer, as much on the writer as on the director, as much on the director as on the writer and cutter. Anyone of these three who derides either of his fellows, absolutely proves his unfitness for his task—when he derides them, that is, on the ground that their work is not as important as his own. Of course they may fail in their work, or they may work so much under orders that they never can assume full responsibility for what is turned out from their respective departments.

The fight for mental integrity centres round the latter condition, and will so centre until the blatant fighting spirit in our studios gives way to a finer understanding and appreciation of the work of others, and until social distinctions, based on salaries that are more or less justified, are absolutely ignored within the studios, however silly people may judge worth from the outside.

BUT to return to the pleasant subject of Miss Bell: It will interest our own sex to know that, not only has she found her life-work in film-land, but she has also found her life-partner therein; which same life-partner is the well-liked "Dick" Johnston, assistant director to Joseph Henabery. That Mrs. Richard Johnston is just as efficient a home-maker as Mildred Bell is a cutter goes without saying. May they and their kind live long to disprove the contention that a career for both husband and wife is incompatible with the home-making faculty; which, after all, is just a faculty, and not a geographical placement.



“FINISH everything you start regardless of the cost to yourself. I had rather live but forty years and accomplish my task, than eighty and fail.”

—Frank G. Weaver.

"THE Highbrow Kid"*

BY KATHARINE COOK BRIGGS

WITH characteristic briskness and directness, Stanford Willis, the corporation lawyer, summoned his two lieutenants to his private office. After a curt nod to Gelder and a smile for Baxter, who followed a moment later, Willis plunged into the subject of the conference.

"I'm giving the Hagadorn case to you, Gelder. It involves a certain amount of research work that—"

"Hang the research work," cut in Gelder impatiently. "Can't I ever be given other stuff to handle? It seems you think my chief value to this office is doing the sort of work any dub can do? Why can't Baxter do some of the darned stuff?"

"You've given an example of the reason just now," answered Willis, adjusting his waistcoat over his expansive stomach. "Under stress—you can't control yourself. You're good on details and getting material together, but you're not worth a damn in court. Have I made myself clear?"

Gelder's thin, nervous face had paled at the rebuff. With the return of color came dawning of hate. Hate for Willis; hate for Baxter, of whose success he had been envious.

"Does that mean I'm to stay at

the same salary—indefinitely?" he found voice to ask.

"No!" was the surprising answer. "When you came in a year ago, I told you I'd raise you a thousand or make you a partner at the end of the year. I'm raising your salary."

"And the partnership—" he faltered. "Is that clean off?"

Before Willis answered, he extracted three cigars from his breast pocket, handed one to Baxter, one to Gelder and clipped the end of the third with his teeth. Striking a match, he lit his cigar and sat ponderously in his swivel chair.

"That depends upon the junior partner—Mr. Baxter," said the big man, swinging both hands, palms outward, toward the astounded Baxter. "I'm taking him in if he makes a success of the Green case."

"The Green case!" repeated Baxter in surprise. "Why, Mr. Willis. Do you realize that's the biggest thing that's come to us the past year?"

Willis nodded as he smiled confidently. His eyes twinkled with pride. "Billings, the Mayor, has entrusted me with the prosecution of Green for his attempt to bribe Holden, in the recent franchise graft—and I trust you, Baxter. You've earned it, and—I want your name on the door beside mine."

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Baxter grasped the big man's hand in mute thanks.

Gelder's mobile lips were twitching. His eyes were fixed on the floor to conceal the fury that blazed in them. It was plain to him that Willis was through with him. Win the Green case, eh? Well, he'd have something to say about that—in spite of both Willis and favor-currying Baxter. Partnership, eh? Well, it would be simple to arrange matters so Baxter wouldn't meet the conditions—he knew things Green would pay to learn. With an effort he masked his hate with a winning smile.

"Durned lucky—I'll say—Baxter," he said, extending his moist hand. "Let's hope I can convince you—"

A tap at the door interrupted and Miss Watson's hed head bobbed through the aperture as she opened the door.

"There's a Mrs. Craig waiting to see you, Mr. Willis, about a will. She won't see anyone else, and she looks tuckered out."

Willis turned to the window and opened it. "Show her in, Miss Watson." He brushed the ashes from the top of his desk. "Show her in as soon as the boys go out."

Fifteen minutes later, Stanford Willis was experiencing curious and unusual emotions. He reached again for the penciled memorandum Mrs. Craig had first handed him and re-read:

"All my property, consisting of fifty thousand dollars in bonds, shall be given to the Glenwood Orphan Asylum, if, and when, Helen Burton, its matron, arranges the adoption of my son, Duffy, into a Christian home of educated people."

Never had he encountered a case that paralleled the one now before him. Never had he been called upon to draft a will that purposely barred a natural child from inheritance. Hard as he had tried to gain the poor woman's viewpoint, he could not quite conceive of a mother deliberately planning to leave her entire estate to an orphan asylum and nothing to her own child. To the bachelor heart that had so often longed for parenthood, it seemed sacrilegious.

His brow furrowed; he cleared his throat. "Are you sure, Mrs. Craig? Are you sure you wish to leave—*nothing*—to your son?"

The little woman nodded silently.

It was more than Stanford Willis could comprehend. His glance shifted from the mother to her son in the big chair in the outer room. The boy looked up and his eyes caught those of Willis, and held. Never had the wistful glance of a child affected him so. Never had Willis seen such infinite trust, such depth of understanding. It was as if the child saw through Willis—and accused.

Somewhat shamed, Willis colored slightly and shifted his glance.

"It must seem strange to you," came the little woman's low voice, "but Duffy will need *so much more than money can buy*," she explained, with imploring earnestness. "He's a very unusual child. He has learned to read almost as soon as he began to talk and he's been a real companion to me—he's more than a child, he has the understanding of an adult in many things and he needs a home where he will be *loved for himself*—not for his money.

If Miss Burton will get such a home for him, she can have everything—and I am making you executor.”

Tremendously moved, Stanford Willis began to realize the soundness of her plan and he gave assurance that he would execute it. She looked searchingly into his face and he could see that she was wondering if she dared trust him.

“I’m not what you would call a religious man, Mrs. Craig,” he said, looking into her eyes and reverently lifting his right hand, “but—*I know exactly what you want—and not one cent of your money shall be touched until the requirements are met.*”

He turned abruptly to reach for pen and paper and began to write rapidly.

In the outer room Duffy was cheerfully skipping pages of a theological dialogue and reading other passages from “*Pilgrim’s Progress*,” his favorite book, how Christian came to the deep river that had to be crossed before he could enter the Celestial Gate—and how, after a terrible struggle, he finally got over.

Attracted by the rapid fingers of the typist, Duffy slipped down from the big chair, drew near and began to read the sheet that rolled from the machine. He reached for his ever-present pencil and used it as a pointer.

“The legal phraseology is funny, isn’t it?” he commented soberly, and the girl’s jaw dropped in astonishment. “That’s me,” he volunteered, pointing to his own name.

Duffy’s face grew graver and more troubled. “My father’s gone across—to the Celestial City, you

know,” he began confidently, while the astonished girl listened, tongue-tied. “When they send for mother—I’ll be an orphan—and have some new parents.” The worried, wistful little face looked as if it might cry—but it didn’t. It even made an attempt to smile, as he added, “Mother wants me to be a good sport about it.”

After taking the copied will to Stanford Willis, the girl returned with tears in her eyes, and Duffy, thinking her in trouble, did his sympathetic best to comfort her. “Mother says ‘there isn’t any trouble you can’t handle—if you’re a good sport,’” he quoted.

A stranger in this little city to which she had come to die, Constance Craig, the mother, felt her strength ebbing. It would not be long before she would be called from Duffy and she feared for the boy’s future. From her chair near the window, she watched him playing with the babies in the apartment house sand pile; saw what looked like a conflict between her boy and another youngster, and the next moment Duffy was at her side. She tried to brace up for the benefit of the little son.

“That boy said if I didn’t go to school I’d be a big *ignoramus*, mother. When can I go to school?”

The effort to brace up was too much. She felt herself going, but with a desperate effort, she managed to say:

“You’d better go—right now!”

She gave a little gasp as Duffy kissed her heartily and dashed off.

Her arms stretched out to the dis-

appearing little figure she would never see again. Her last atom of strength enabled her to lean on the window frame in time for one last look as he ran gaily down the street. Then her maid, who was doing the breakfast dishes in the kitchen, heard her fall—and found her unconscious.

Duffy Craig located the school by following other children. Assigned to a little desk, he watched the activities of the first grade—his interest not unmixed with awe as he began to make shocking discoveries. *His companions didn't know how to read!* It didn't seem possible! One stupid little boy, whose face was very blank and who kept his mouth ajar and his mind far off, especially fascinated Duffy.

Puzzled and incredulous, Duffy finally slipped from his seat to ask the teacher—who looked kindly down into his concerned little face and inquired what he wanted. Duffy was embarrassed. Not for worlds would he hurt anybody's feelings—he must whisper! The accommodating teacher bent her ear.

"Can't they read?"

"No. Do you?" inquired the teacher, interestedly.

Duffy nodded—more bewildered than ever.

She picked up a copy of Longfellow, opened to "Hiawatha," and asked him to read. Duffy began:

"Should you ask me, whence these stories?
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows."

On and on read Duffy. Smoothly, easily, his face lighting appreciatively as the rhythmic words

painted for him the alluring picture. Some of the more sophisticated children whispered scornfully, "Teacher's pet." Others were frankly indifferent or mildly interested. But little Blossom, a lovely girl who sat in front of Duffy, was enthralled — infatuated — and devoured Duffy with her admiring eyes, while he read on, oblivious of everything but the charm of the poem.

In the eighth grade room, meanwhile, the teacher was having a distressing time with her class, many of whom read badly. So when the first grade teacher stepped out to tell about the little "wonder child" who could read like any grown-up, the principal asked her to "produce him!" Then she informed the eighth graders that she had sent for a 'baby from the first grade' to show them how to read.

Not in the least understanding what it was all about, Duffy came. He read from books—newspaper—the Bible—with equal ease and unabated puzzlement. So, unconsciously, and through no fault of his own, he implanted the bitterness of humiliation in the hearts of children twice his age. One girl in particular, who should have been in high school, masked her shame and despair behind an attitude of insolent bravado.

At recess, Duffy was taunted by the more sophisticated first graders with being "the teacher's pet," until along came the shamed big girl from the eighth grade and brazenly dubbed him "The Highbrow Kid." Instantly diminutive tormentors

danced about him, yelling: "Highbrow! Highbrow!"

Finally, a little chap declared war by snatching Duffy's cap. Bewildered no longer, Duffy realized he had an enemy! A real live Apollyon from the pages of "*Pilgrim's Progress*." He knew exactly what to do. So once more Christy'n fought the "foul fiend" and was sent sprawling.

Duffy jumped up—determined—invincible. "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy," he declaimed, with joyous and warlike enthusiasm. "When I fall I shall arise!" And he launched a counter attack that was completely victorious. At once, the others became respectful.

Blossom, who had rescued Duffy's cap, returned it with congratulations.

"What is a Highbrow?" Duffy asked with concern, but Blossom didn't know. They went to the school janitor, who was amused and explained good-naturedly: "A Highbrow's a guy what's nutty about books and such junk."

Later Duffy broke from the line that was forming back into the schoolhouse, and returned to the janitor. "Is it *bad* to be a highbrow?" he asked anxiously.

"Well," was the chuckling answer, "if I was a highbrow, you bet *I'd keep it dark!*"

Duffy then allowed Blossom to drag him back to his place in line, depressed with the certainty that in some way he didn't understand he had publicly disgraced himself. It was a queer world. He would consult his mother at lunch time and learn what it was all about.

At noon, Stanford Willis and Helen Burton, founder and manager of the Glenwood Asylum, were waiting for Duffy, with a suitcase just packed with little sailor suits.

"Mother," began the child breathlessly, as he entered, "Should a highbrow keep it dark?"

Then, seeing the strangers, he took off the cap he had forgotten, and speaking politely, he asked for his mother. Helen found it hard to explain. Tears filled her eyes. Duffy looked at her with genuine masculine distress. He started toward her in sympathy—but something in her face made him suspect the truth.

He looked questioningly about the apartment, and then back into her face—his own becoming tense with fear.

"She's—gone!" he gasped, in a barely audible whisper. Helen bowed assent.

Duffy turned to the door through which he had just entered. On the hat-rack was his mother's hat. Of course, she wouldn't have worn that. She would have been dressed like the people in "*Pilgrim's Progress*." She would have gone out—maybe through the door without opening it. And they would have taken her away in a hearse.

Duffy's little body stood motionless while imagination took the soul of him in pursuit of the hearse—which left the city street and entered the "country of Beulah," where the air is "very sweet and pleasant," and the birds sing and flowers bloom, and the Shining Ones walk, because it is "upon the borders of Heaven."

And now the hearse drew up at the edge of the deep river that Christian had to struggle through with so much difficulty in order to reach the Celestial Gate on the other side. Now his mother was standing at the water's edge—she was going across! She was not frightened as Christian was—nor did she struggle. With serene courage she went through—as if buoyed up by the sight of the glories upon which her eyes were fixed.

On the other side, she turned and Duffy could see that she was already one of the Shining Ones. She was looking straight at him. She called back to him, "Be a good sport, Duffy boy!" Then as the other Shining Ones bore her through the Celestial Gate Duffy waved his hand in mute farewell and promise.

Helen, who saw him wave his tense farewell in the direction of the apartment door, was awed and a little worried as she watched him come out of the vision and look dazedly about him.

While Willis turned away and looked out of the window, Helen dropped to her knees in front of Duffy and explained that she had come to take him to the new home his mother had planned for him. "Will you come with me?" she invited gently.

Dumbly he assented, and left with these two strangers. But he woke up suddenly as he found himself being put in an automobile and asked them to wait—he had forgotten something!

He was allowed to go back to the apartment, where his precious book lay waiting on the table. Hugging it, he started for the door, then he

hesitated. The taunts of "High-brow!" rang once more in his ears. The janitor's emphatic opinion came back to him. Could he face an alien world that hated books and highbrows, with "*Pilgrim's Progress*" in his hands? Hardly! But how could he leave behind the one possession he loved! Suddenly inspired, he placed the book in his mother's hand-bag which he wired shut with one of his mother's invisible hairpins. "Please excuse me, but I have to keep you dark," he explained lovingly to his treasure as he left the apartment.

Duffy's arrival at the Asylum was watched with curiosity, interest and excitement by every inmate. Teachers—servants—orphans—all knew about the unusual legacy that was to mean "back pay," to purses long empty, and feasting for greedy young appetites.

They understood perfectly why Duffy wore his best white sailor suits instead of the little khaki uniforms of the institution. They also understood why he was given the coveted duty of answering the door bell.

One afternoon, the most suitable of prospective mothers was charmed with the little boy who opened the door and had eyes for no other child as she engaged Duffy in conversation. The outcome seemed inevitable and everybody was excited—Duffy most of all.

"I suppose his school work is satisfactory?" inquired the would-be mother in an aside which Duffy couldn't hear. Helen was very confident about it. "I understand he is unusually bright. We haven't ex-

amed him yet." She called Duffy, and in the presence of the visitor undertook to test him.

As they put a second grade reader in his hands, Duffy's small brow furrowed with concentration. He must be very careful not to do anything to spoil his chances. The advice of the janitor rang in his ear: "If I was a highbrow, I'd keep it dark." He did. His little mouth was set grimly as he opened the book. He emulated to perfection the stupid adenoidic boy. And played the role with just enough exaggeration to make himself appear positively defective.

Helen was appalled. The would-be mother tactfully got away from Duffy and finally left the Asylum with a girl.

The Asylum was in despair, and Duffy was utterly mystified. He had done his uttermost, and failed. Of course, nobody told him why. Helen had particularly cautioned her staff about discouraging the child.

She herself was much depressed. She felt sorry for Duffy, took him to the kindergartner, adding downheartedly, "No intelligent person is going to adopt such a child." She started to leave, but returned with a suggestion: "If you could teach him a few parlor tricks it might help."

So the kindergartner taught Duffy some cute little dances, and he was not a bit stupid about that.

William Green, defendant in the franchise graft case, sat in his expensive living room worrying about the outcome of the lawsuit which would probably wipe out all of his luxury. His wife was in her bou-

doir carefully selecting a bow harmonizing exactly with the dress for her King Charles spaniel. When her maid had adjusted it on Fifi's collar, Mrs. Green arranged the little dog upon her arm, and when the effect entirely satisfied her desperately artistic temperament, she went down to her husband.

Green looked haggardly at the general effect. "I wish you'd scrap that dog, and adopt a child," he told her with feverish earnestness. "Oh, it isn't charity—it's policy," he explained, reading both amusement and surprise in her expression. "You'll have to testify in that damned lawsuit and *you've got to be appealing—you've got to make the jury fall for you*. See? You can't get the effect with a dog."

He became instantly excited by the receipt of a missive containing mention of the letter he had written to Holden in the franchise graft attempt, which he would have sold his soul to possess—and *suppress*. He re-read the offer made by Gelder, then tearing the letter, he threw it in the scrap basket and left hurriedly to meet Gelder without telling his wife where he was going.

* * *

Duffy had just concluded a marvelously successful dance. "His brains are all in his heels," sighed Helen, and coached Duffy to come to a certain spot on the floor and begin to dance whenever the kindergartner struck the chords selected as the signal, on the kindergarten piano. He agreed to obey, no matter what he was doing.

Just then, Mrs. Green rang the Asylum doorbell in search of a substitute for Fifi. Duffy left the kin-

dergarten mat he was weaving, opened the door and did his modest best to be noticed by this gorgeous lady.

"It is a little girl I want. Girl's clothes are so much more artistic!" Duffy looked regretfully at his offending sailor suit.

Disheartened, he went back to his mat, and the black looks he got from the other children for not being a *girl* made him still sadder.

Just as Mrs. Green was deciding to take the winsome little girl whose face, viewed close beside her own in the mirror over the reception fireplace, seemed to her quite artistically effective, Helen signalled the kindergartner for Duffy's chords. He instantly responded, and his dancing, in full view from the reception room, made a tremendous hit with Mrs. Green.

Forgetting all about the disappointed little girl, she tried Duffy out before the mirror; decided that his dark beauty set her off better than the blonde little girl, and insisted upon taking him. But she scornfully refused to take any luggage for him. "I'll dress him myself," she explained, looking disapprovingly at his clothes. "I want something *picturesque*!"

In the midst of general jubilation by everybody but the disappointed little girl, Helen telephoned Willis that a home had been found for Duffy with the *William Greens*. "Impossible!" exploded the lawyer. "You get that boy back immediately."

She flatly refused and hung up. Angry consternation reigned at the Asylum, as she told of Willis' orders.

Shopping in a department store with Duffy, Mrs. Green found boys clothing hopelessly inartistic. Dragging the salesman to the picture department, she pointed out a large copy of Van Dyke's "Children of Charles I," whose little son, with his wide pointed lace collar and numerous rosettes, illustrated her desire for Duffy. She looked hopelessly at the salesman, who hid his amusement as he told her that he did not carry that line, but that she might find it at a professional costumers.

The lawyer, meanwhile, had driven to the Asylum to see if his instructions had been carried out and Duffy brought back. Finding Helen still in revolt, he said grimly, "Very well, then, I'll go after him myself," and off he started, deaf to her plea that he was throwing away Duffy's one chance in a thousand.

Alone in the Greens' living room, Duffy stood before a long mirror, studying the effect of his new Van Dyke costume with a normal boy's disgust at being girlishly dolled up. In spite of an attractive box of candy at which he nibbled appreciatively, he was unhappy and self-conscious and afraid somebody would look at him.

As Green returned home with Gelder—who had agreed to supply Green with letters that would make Baxter lose his case—they entered via the porte-cochere at the side, it being closest to the cabinet in which Green kept his refreshments under lock and key. Gelder, waiting in the parlor just off the living room—both of which opened into the reception room—was horrified by

a glimpse of Willis at the front door.

Through the archway, Duffy saw Gelder hide behind a window drape and watched Fifi sniff curiously at his feet. Fearful of discovery by his chief, Gelder gave the dog a heartless kick which sent him to Duffy for comfort and candy. To Duffy a man who kicked nice little dogs looked like Apollyon. He made fists and felt like launching an offensive, until he remembered his humiliating costume. "Let's get out of this," he whispered resentfully, caressing the silky ears.

Trying not to be observed, Duffy took several pieces of candy; wrapped them in scraps from the waste basket on account of their stickiness, and quite impatient of the scarcity of pockets in Van Dyck costumes, stowed them away in his sleeves or wherever he could make them stay. He then escaped to the front door with the dog without even giving Gelder a glimpse at the hated costume.

Willis, who stood just inside the door, stopped Duffy as he was about to go out. The Van Dyck costume made him stare in astonishment and he asked about it.

"It's blue—to match her dress," apologized the embarrassed child. "She's ordered them of different colors to match her other dresses."

"The deuce she has!" exclaimed the disgruntled lawyer.

"They're effective—and artistic," further explained Duffy.

"The devil they are!" exploded the lawyer. Then, seeing Mrs. Green coming down the stairs, he took Duffy firmly by the hand.

The furiously indignant Mrs. Green called her husband, who nearly fainted at sight of Willis and kept an uneasy eye in the direction of the parlor throughout an angry interview that terminated with Willis leaving with Duffy.

Green shook his fist after the departing lawyer, but remarked craftily to his wife:

"Never mind. We'll not need the brat, after all."

He went back to Gelder and Mrs. Green went back to Fifi.

Finding himself on the way back to the Asylum, Duffy decided to make the best of it and offered Willis some candy. Willis accepted with grave courtesy and decided heroically to eat it.

As he unwrapped the candy, the typed phrase "*The Holden letter is in Baxter's*—" literally jumped at him and brought him to attention.

"Where did you get this?" asked Willis, reaching for other bits and trying to piece them together. Accommodatingly, Duffy ate as expeditiously as possible to hand over the wrappings to which Willis seemed to attach such importance.

At the Asylum, Willis presented the little Van Dycked Duffy to Helen in grim silence. Not willing to argue before Duffy, she sent him from the room and he was promptly ridiculed because of his "fluffy-ruffles" and his failure to "stay adopted." When, in desperation, he tried to fight his way out, he found himself caught, paddled and rolled into a mud puddle.

Helep and Willis remained at deadlock. To his statement of the requirements that *must* be met to

satisfy the conditions of the will, she asserted that it was an impossibility.

"That sort of home is *never* open to so backward a child," she insisted, with further amplifications to show how hopeless Duffy was.

Willis refused to yield.

"You'll let him stay here and starve with the rest of us, while you hold up that fifty thousand?" she demanded with indignant incredulity.

Willis was not blind to the forcefulness of her logic, but his conscience reminded him of the frail little mother to whom he had given his sacred promise. That promise must be kept in the spirit in which it was given.

"I'll turn over that fifty thousand—*when you meet the requirements*," he urged positively. "*They've got to be met.*"

"Your generosity will cost you nothing," she retorted with cruel sarcasm.

When Willis reached his office a short time later, he motioned to Baxter to follow him. Carefully locking the door after them, Willis handed the bits of paper retrieved by Duffy.

Baxter assembled and pieced them together.

"Information must be leaking from Billing's office," commented Baxter. "He's at his mountain camp—I'll wire him to that effect."

"Sure it isn't from here?"

Baxter looked up indignantly.

Willis tilted his head to one side—toward Gelder's office.

"He's been graciousness itself," scoffed Baxter. "He's changed an

awful lot since that interview a few weeks ago. Why, he's actually grown chummy. I'm inclined to believe we were both hasty in judging him."

Willis smiled. His eyes half closed and he studied Baxter.

"Don't get soft, Baxter. Be decent to him, but keep the wall up between. By the way, Baxter—ever change your mind about adopting that kid I was telling you about?"

Baxter scowled. He stared at Willis and the muscles of his face hardened. "Mr. Willis, I've been working like a dog in an effort to forget—I've grieved so that the sight of other people's children is all but intolerable to me. I value your friendship, but please never mention children to me."

Willis' pudgy hand reached for the younger man's shoulder and closed over it affectionately.

"Sorry—old man. Damned sorry!"

* * *

The following morning, Mrs. Baxter was getting ready for the Sunday School picnic and it was very hard, for little Robert's last picnic was at Sandy Point too, and the spirit of the child was with her more than ever as she packed the very same basket with goodies.

She tried to hide her feelings when a flock of children called for her and she went with them to the decks of the *Myra Hart*.

Soon, a pathetic army of little uniformed waifs from the Glenwood Orphan Asylum filed along the wharf. The sight of these waifs aroused in Mrs. Baxter an emo-

tional state that amounted almost to illness. She considered turning back. She began studying each face, seeing her own child in every one of the motherless boys. Every now and then a happy, smiling mother passed, leading her daintily dressed and carefully cherished darling by the hand. The contrast, so cruelly sharp, hurt the very soul of this childless mother. Suddenly she heard a pleading little voice at her elbow.

"If you please! I will hold your umbrella."

She looked down into the big suffering eyes of Duffy Craig, who had also been watching the happy mothers.

For a long and poignant moment the two looked deeply into each other's quivering souls.

"I'll hold your umbrella," repeated Duffy.

Handing it to him with a breathless "Thank you," Mrs. Baxter placed an arm about the child and drew him close.

"I like you. Your hat is beautiful, isn't it?"

He did not seem like the same child at all, so transfigured was he by the few minutes of mothering. She drew him still closer, his hair brushing her cheek.

The *Myra Hart* steamed heavily on its way; mothers with their little darlings came and went; children shouted merrily to one another. But the motherless child and the childless mother, oblivious of it all, did not move—except that the umbrella, precious badge of private ownership, was hugged tighter and tighter to a little bosom

that swelled with joy and was clutched by the certainty that this unexpected bliss would be brief.

On the steamer going home, Mrs. Baxter, making Duffy happy with stories, realized how difficult it would be to part with the little boy, as she knew she must. She looked at the child, but it was her husband's face she saw, and she heard his words, "I'd hate him!"

Then, as the city loomed before them, she saw the same look of strain and suffering come back into the childish face, as Duffy obliviously realized the day was over.

"I've been playing," he told her with suppressed emotion, "that you were my mother."

Again the two looked deep, deep into each other's souls. It was one of those silent moments, big with destiny, which can not be resisted. Mrs. Baxter knew that, come what may, she must have this child!

"Shall we keep on playing it? Would you like to be my little boy?" she asked him.

The transfiguration of hope that glowed in his face almost terrified her. She realized there was no retreat. Taking him by the hand, she sought Helen and told her she wished to adopt Duffy Craig.

The glow of delight in Helen's face died almost before it was born. "I'm sorry," she explained conscientiously, "but his school work is seriously defective." As she went on with more details, she tried not to have Duffy hear, but his alert ears caught every word. He was amazed—panic-stricken. He didn't hear Mrs. Baxter answering Helen that Duffy was bright enough for her,

and he reached to a chair for a newspaper to prove he was not the imbecile Helen thought he was.

"Mrs. Baxter," he asked breathlessly, "would you like me to be a h-h-highbrow?"

His concern was so touching that she hastened to assure him. "No, indeed!" she exclaimed, with exaggerated emphasis. "We don't want highbrows around our house."

Duffy dropped the newspaper behind him as if it were hot. The narrowness of his escape appalled him.

As soon as the city was reached, Mrs. Baxter went for Duffy Craig's things and Helen hastily telephoned Stanford Willis about Duffy's adoption.

"What! Mrs. Robert Baxter?" came Willis' voice over the wire. "Impossible! Unbelievable!"

Helen hung up. Her mind was fully made up that Mrs. Craig's legacy was ill-fortune, rather than good fortune. At least, as far as Helen was concerned.

"Well," said Baxter, who had returned home late, bringing a weekend guest—Gelder!—"was the picnic a success?"

She assented with an air of hesitation and fear that made him scrutinize her closely.

"What's happened?" he asked, with tender concern.

As she told him, his face grew hard and set. "You mean to tell me you've put a strange child, who means nothing to us, in *his* room?"

Gelder, opening his door, heard the murmur of voices. He had watched Baxter stow the important Green letter into his desk in the library and lock it.

He fingered his keys and smiled knowingly. Soon that letter would be in his hands. Soon Baxter would lose the franchise case and Mayor Billings would never let the matter end.

Noiselessly, Gelder tiptoed down the carpeted stairs.

Meanwhile, Duffy, somewhat overwrought by the events of the day, heard the rumbling voices in the room Mrs. Baxter had told him was her own. He slipped from the bed and stepped to the door which he noiselessly opened and closed again as he saw the expression on his new father's face. He slipped back to bed.

"You can choose between that child and me," Baxter was saying. "You can't have us both!"

Baxter sank into a chair, his face in his hands. And she, wretched but determined, threw herself sobbing on the bed. It appeared to be an absolute deadlock.

Remembering the beautiful book in the library and being unable to sleep, Duffy decided to go down and see if he could not find his *Pilgrim's Progress*. Hadn't Mrs. Baxter told him that her library was the Celestial City to which all dead books came? Hadn't he consigned his own *Pilgrim's Progress* to an ignominious death in the asylum kitchen stove rather than have Mrs. Baxter believe him to be a highbrow?

He slipped from his bed and wandered down the stairway by the aid of the street light. Soon, he was scanning the titles, and, sure enough, there was his very own *Pilgrim's Progress* — with brand-new Celestial garments done

in gold with colored illustrations and marginal decorations. Death had surely transformed his dog-eared book—it was now one of the Shining Ones.

"It didn't do you any harm—not any harm *at all*," he whispered between a smile and a sob, and he smoothed the pages caressingly.

Suddenly he was attracted by something moving in the far corner of the room. He sank to the floor behind a davenport. The moving, invading thing knocked over a chair, and instantly Baxter was coming down, switching on lights as he came.

"Dying for a smoke," explained Gelder, "must have knocked over a chair."

Baxter handed Gelder some cigarettes and not long after the two men had gone up, Duffy followed, hugging his precious book under his arm.

For a moment he was impelled to rush in and tell his new parents about having found his book in the Celestial City, but he stifled the impulse—they might discover that he was a highbrow! He must keep it dark!

Groping in the bewildering darkness of the strange house, Duffy was not sure which door was his. Softly opening the one leading into the Baxters' room, he overheard a scrap of conversation that almost stunned him.

"You have your work, Dick: outside things to interest you, but I have nothing."

She had slipped to her knees and was clinging to him as she pleaded:

"Let me have the boy. Let me keep him!"

And Baxter yielded, raising her up, kissing her. "Keep him to yourself as much as you can—until I get used to it," he begged. "I don't see how I can bear the sight of him in Robert's place."

Big-eyed and shocked, Duffy closed the door as softly as he had opened it and found his own room. On the dresser stood the photograph of the new father who didn't want him. With a strange deference for Baxter's wishes, he turned it so that it faced the wall, slowly backed away to his bed and pulled the covers over his head.

Early the following morning, Gelder had dressed expeditiously, expecting to have the library to himself, only to find Baxter who led his guest to the garden to see the flowers.

Mrs. Baxter, full of anxiety about the first meeting of Baxter and Duffy, watched the men from her window as she finished dressing, then she stepped softly to arouse Duffy.

Duffy, sitting up in bed, had also been watching the men, admiring his new father wistfully and worshipfully, but he flopped and pretended to be asleep the moment Mrs. Baxter's hand touched the door knob.

Hearing sounds of the family at breakfast and shortly afterwards seeing his new parents and their guest depart for church in the Baxter automobile, he ventured to explore this new home in which he did not have to be "artistic and effective."

Willis, arriving before the return of the Baxters, told the maid he

would wait. The sound of his voice struck terror to the heart of Duffy who ran to the big man and pleaded not to be taken away.

"So you like it here," said Willis, with relief. He glowed with hope until the Baxters—with Gelder—returned and he saw Duffy look startled, and try to slink away as if afraid. Willis caught the child.

"You're hiding! Why?" he demanded.

"Let me go!" cried Duffy, struggling desperately. "Mr. Baxter—he can't bear the sight of me!"

With a frantic jerk, he escaped. The stairs being too conspicuous, he made for the library.

Willis' jaw snapped with indignation as he turned to face the arriving Baxters.

The interview with the Baxters, in the living room, gave Gelder his chance, and he was quick to take advantage of it. But from behind the overstuffed davenport, Duffy resentfully watched this Apollyon add *theft* to his list of offenses.

Furtively Gelder removed the coveted letter from its envelope, and deftly slipped it into his pocket. With a sigh of relief, he closed and locked the drawer.

He looked hastily for a place to hide the letter, afraid to have it on his person, and in one sweep his eyes took in the letterbox on the corner lamp-post—a package of stamped envelopes on Baxter's desk—and a very small boy standing in the middle of the room.

Duffy, his little hands tightening into fists, had forgotten he was hiding and, drawn by an inner impulse, he was boldly facing an enemy. Never having encountered

such a large Apollyon, the boy didn't quite know how to attack him.

Hastily sealing the letter in one of the stamped envelopes, Gelder quickly penciled his own address on it and handing it to the astonished boy, lifted him through the window.

"I'll bet you can't run like greased lightning," he flattered nervously.

Duffy backed out of reach—defiantly scowling at Gelder.

"If you don't put that letter in the box—*pronto*—I'll skin you alive," he threatened savagely, pointing to the box just visible over the hedge.

For a moment, Duffy stood still, then he sauntered toward the box, wondering what to do with the letter.

In the living room, Baxter had grown troubled, for Willis, looking him squarely in the eye, had demanded as man to man:

"Do you want that boy?"

Baxter's face was strained and tense as he replied: "My wife wants him—very much."

"That isn't the point," insisted Willis. "Do *you* want him?"

Baxter glanced to his wife's pleading face. Sorry, miserable, he shook his head in negation. "But you can trust me, Willis. I'm not a brute."

Willis shook his head negatively, refusing to consider allowing Mr. Baxter to keep Duffy—though she continued to plead after Baxter had gone to the door to greet Billings who had come from his mountain camp directly upon his receipt of

the telegram telling him that there was a leak in his office.

Still wondering what to do with the letter, Duffy wanted to go to Baxter—it had been stolen and it should be returned to him. But that would involve showing himself to his new father. It would never do.

Answering Gelder's threatening gesture with a hostile glare, Duffy shrank behind the shrub, took out his stubby pencil, erased Gelder's name and address and *wrote down Baxter's instead*. The next moment, to Gelder's evident intense relief, Duffy had dropped the letter in the box.

Returning toward the house Duffy was startled to hear his new father's voice rise in protest. He stepped to the window and listened.

"I tell you, Mr. Billings—there has been no leak in our office. I've had that letter ever since you placed it in my hands. It is in my desk now."

"Then produce it!"

Duffy ran up the steps and peered in the library in time to observe Gelder's smile of satisfaction, Baxter's bewilderment at finding an empty envelope and Billings' raging contempt.

"Baxter, you're a damn crook!" raved the infuriated man. "I'll make you pay for this."

Every bit of the child's latent combativeness was aroused to boiling point. It was more than he could endure. He must go and straighten this thing out. Perhaps Mr. Baxter wouldn't mind the sight of his back so much. Staunch and resolute, Duffy sidled between Baxter and his accuser. Presenting a

sturdy back to his new father, he faced Billings with all the stern dignity of his six years.

"Stop talking too much. Stop it!" he demanded.

He got the attention of all present. Gelder nearly fainted, but the sight of the carrier collecting and driving away with the contents of the letterbox, helped him to regain his composure, which he sorely needed as Duffy pointed out the man who had stolen the contents of the envelope.

With one accord, Billings, Baxter and Willis turned with questioning grimness to Gelder, who protested with an air of hurt astonishment.

"It was a letter to my mother that that child mailed for me!"

"It was not!" retorted Duffy, only temporarily staggered by Gelder's lie. "Anyway, she'll never get it. I forwarded it to my father."

He indicated Baxter with a backward wave of the hand, but kept his face averted, his eyes on the stricken Gelder, as he told briefly what he had done to the letter while hidden behind the hedge.

The immense relief of the revelation, however, was instantly dispelled by Willis.

"Duffy! You're lying. I happen to know you can't read, or write, a single word."

In the breathless silence that followed, hope gleamed anew in the face of Gelder, faded in the faces of the other adults, and absolutely died in the heart of Duffy as he realized what he had gotten himself into.

As he recalled with crushing clearness that Mr. Baxter would

have no highbrow around her house he had every appearance of guilt. As he lifted his bowed head, he read disapproval in every face. Every face except Baxter's, at whom he had not yet looked.

In his moment of perplexity, the memory of his mother came back to comfort him—to inspire him. He could see her moving from across the river: "Be a good sport, Duffy Boy."

Well, he would!

"Please excuse me for getting in your sight," he apologized, turning around and looking squarely into Baxter's eyes for the first time.

"I'm not going to keep it dark any longer. . . . I pretended I

couldn't read. I'm—I'm a, h-h-*highbrow*," he confessed, swallowing a sob. "But I'm not a *liar*."

Mrs. Baxter, in the act of entering the room, paused in the doorway, held by a picture she would never forget. Gelder was nervously high-stepping toward the den, as if in an effort to leave without being observed—Billings edging toward him. Stanford Willis was facing the wall, as if ashamed, digging his toe in the carpet. Robert Baxter, her husband, who hated other people's children, was kneeling on the floor, holding tightly to his breast a tiny weeping boy.

The Highbrow Kid had come into his own.

"YOUR MAGAZINE" FOR MAY

THE STORY WORLD for May will be brimming over with inspiration for everyone interested in creative writing. We confidently expect that once you have picked it up, you will read it from cover to cover.

The primary complaint of most writers is "How can I get plots?" Carl Clausen in a fascinating article will tell you.

All of you have heard of J. Allan Dunn, veteran writer of adventure stories. Perhaps you have read his "Turquoise Canyon," "Dead Man's Gold," "The Petals of Lao Tsze" or have seen the picture versions. In an instructive, interesting manner he will inform you as to what constitutes a real adventure story.

The controversy between the conservative school of authors and the Young Intellectuals, which starts in this issue, proceeds quite merrily in the May number. Jim Tully, author of the unusual book, "Emmett Lawlor," has written his views on the matter only as this vigorous young Modernist can write. What he has to say may arouse your ire, it may make you laugh, it may win your hearty commendation. In any event, it is certain to interest you. Don't miss it.

The other departments will, of course, be found as usual in the May issue. Last, but not least, we will print two or three exceptional fiction stories. If you like the April number, we know that the one to come will appeal to you even more.



Good English AND ITS USE

A Department for Everyone who Writes

SLANG: ITS ORIGIN AND PURPOSE

BY HAZEL W. SPENCER

I HAVE been asked a number of times to express an opinion regarding the use of slang and I shall take this opportunity to go into the subject rather deeply since it is one which concerns us all whether we be students of language or its masters.

Slang, like language in general, has been the outgrowth of a particular need. It began as the jargon of thieves and beggars, owing its origin to the necessity for a secret code; it has developed until it embraces all trades and professions, every walk of life, and graces (I use the word advisedly) even the pages of distinguished literature.

To be sure there is slang and slang. It may be a mere vulgar distortion of accepted phraseology, or it may be a piquant commingling of originality and audacity. It may be disgustingly coarse or unexceptionably humorous; purposeful or purely decorative. It is something more than dialect and something less than finished speech; it may betoken a very limited vocabulary or a rare perception of the elasticity of language. At all events it has come to stay, and whether

we approve of it or not we shall be obliged to take it into account.

With its incipient stages we have little or no concern for it has long since ascended from the humble companionship of beggars and fishwives to the society of the rich and cultivated. In its present highly developed form it is no longer the restricted code of the underworld but the efficient tool of gentlemen and scholars. In fact it is a definite auxiliary to language of the better class.

The term *slang* is capable of a very broad interpretation, covering as it does the vernacular of business, art, crime, education, life itself, but for the purposes of this article the class of slang which we are considering is that in common use among well educated people.

Much of this sort of slang is, of course, a matter of geography. Phrases and constructions permissible to certain communities and localities are not tolerated elsewhere, if, indeed, they are even understood. This, however, applies less to distinct communities in America than to countries like America and England, England and France, etc.

There is probably more slang in use in the United States than in any other country in the world and this is for two reasons; the Americans are conspicuous humorists, and they like short cuts. Within the last decade words and phrases have been coined between the boundaries of New York and California, Canada and Mexico, that are likely to remain a permanent contribution both to our daily speech and to our literature, and this because they are manifestly practical as well as original.

Such phrases are: Up against it; Double-cross; put over; get across; nothing doing, as well as many others. These phrases are characteristically American, to-the-point, interesting and worth while.

Of the many phrases and single words coined during the war, not by America alone but England as well, certain of the briefest deserve honorable mention. Among these are: zero hour; carry on; no man's land; over the top; over there. These are but a few but they and many like them will henceforth remain permanent possessions of all lovers of expressive English.

Slang, like nicknames among friends, is associated in the mind with informality, intimacy, repudiation of the conventional. It is not necessarily lacking in dignity but as a rule dignity is not considered to be one of its attributes. It is, on the other hand, invariably original, epigrammatic, simple, friendly, in a word, democratic. You will not find its use sanctioned by pedants but you will see it in the writings of all those who are truly representative of our time.

To be effective slang, like spice, must be used sparingly. You should sprinkle it over your manuscript as you sprinkle the cinnamon over your buttered toast, lightly, daintily, a grain here and a grain there, careful, should you overdo it in spots, to scrape away the offending surplus and give to the whole a uniformly delicate coloring. Too much, either of the cinnamon or the slang, is disastrous to one's digestion, but the right amount imparts to your toast and to your story the fine flavor of an artistic triumph.

The clever insertion of slang in your dialogue relieves it from artificiality, and the employment of an occasional slang phrase in a bit of scholarly criticism rescues the latter from the reproach of bombast. Added to this slang has the conspicuous advantage of brevity often covering in a single phrase matter which would otherwise consume an entire paragraph. Such brevity may not be a desideratum among scholars but it is heartily approved by the great reading public and the latter is the storyteller's chief concern. It is this public we are all trying to reach and to do so we must employ a common medium of communication.

Some of the cleverest and most entertaining writers keep abreast of modern slang as they would keep abreast of the discoveries of science. No newly coined word or phrase escapes them and they include the coinage in their stories with the same fidelity as that of the artist who is reproducing current styles in dress. Slang is, indeed, a current style in language and as such

will prove even more interesting to later generation than to ourselves. I scarcely need reiterate that I am speaking of the slang in use among well-bred people and not the vulgar speech of the streets.

Undoubtedly there is much that is colorful and picturesque among the latter, but there is also much that is coarse and shocking. If it finds its way into literature it is only in response to the call of certain characters therein described who would not be truthfully described without it. But the fact that it is permissible to describe a murder does not make the murder itself attractive, and the use of certain phraseology by the character in a novel is not an excuse for the same language in the mouth of the novelist.

Because slang is picturesque and often amusing it is very easy to fall into the habit of using it on all occasions and to grow careless in the use of more elegant and dignified English. This seems to me a great mistake. Slang is picturesque, colorful, amusing, apt, but it is never musical, never sublime, never lovely, and where should we be without these qualities in our literature? Language as a whole is capable of all graduations, all colors, all harmonies, all grandeur, but slang is a very limited phase of language, a trivial segment, erratic, lawless, and we do ill to give it undue prominence.

Really good slang is not, however, to be considered valueless. It is interesting as an experiment and it has, as I have already said, many qualities to recommend it. Chief among these must be listed its

democracy. It makes no claims to superiority, it does not pose, it offers no excuses; it is what it is without affection and without subterfuge, and it has the distinction of having sprung, in probably every case, from a truly creative brain for a particular and definite purpose. This cannot be said of purely intellectual language. Such language is the result of centuries of polish, not of moments of creative impulse. Polish has its place but it is never the symbol of originality.

There are certain slang expressions which are frankly slang and make no pretensions to aristocracy that seem to me preferable to definitely ungrammatical and un-English short-cuts. To my mind "aint" which is not a corruption but a coinage is superior to "aren't I," which is a positive contradiction in terms and can never be made correct by all the usage in the world.

"Aint" is not good English but it does not pretend to be. It is a frank and honest colloquialism of no family and without respectability. As such it has never fallen because it had nowhere to fall from! It is simply a good-natured and useful servant, making no claims whatever to authority or deference.

"Aren't I," on the other hand, is of patrician origin and betrays a deplorable descent from its proper station. It is unnatural, dishonest and debased. If it has fallen into the plebeian class it will never make a good servant for its own sense of deterioration will rob it of efficiency.

(Continued on page 90)

ARE AMERICANS PEOPLE?

A SYMPOSIUM

EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES has stirred up a hornet's nest. In the September issue we published an article by him, "The West That Was," that has aroused more comment than anything of its kind for a considerable period. Mr. Rhodes' good natured, but biting, remarks anent the new school of authors—which he styled "Young Intellectuals," have been both heartily condemned by one group and as heartily commended by another.

From an editor's point of view, the mass of correspondence that reached our offices during the weeks that followed the publication of this article was of unusual interest. The editor of a literary magazine must of necessity be neutral. He may play no favorites. It is his duty to consider literature as a whole, and not to attempt a classification of it into various schools, groups, or other units. It cannot be denied, however, that there are at the present time in America two distinct schools of literature. Mr. Rhodes is undoubtedly representative of one of them and Mr. Stanley K. Booth is well known in the ranks of the other. Consequently, when Mr. Booth's brilliantly written communication, attacking Mr. Rhodes' stand, was received, we forwarded it to the latter, not a little curious as to what his reply would be; and when, in due time, he favored the editor with a copy of same, with the suggestion

that the two letters be used as the basis for a symposium, to which the authors of both schools would be invited to contribute, we agreed with him that such a symposium would be of distinct value to those interested in the literature of America. Accordingly, we are printing this month the correspondence in the case, and will follow it during several issues to come with articles by other noted writers, under the general heading, "Are Americans People?"

Editor of PHOTODRAMATIST:

In reading Eugene Manlove Rhodes' "The West That Was," all went well with me, with no apparent ill effects, until I came upon the following:

"Since a certain date . . . the literary affairs of America, have been taken over by 'a group of Syria's thinkers'—Menckens and supermenckens. They announce themselves as The Young Intellectuals. This group has decreed that a good American story must be about a Hungarian with adenoids."

He continues anent the motif of their works and accuses them of shampooing their formulæ with brilliant dullness.

"They (The Y. I.) declared war upon: (1) The Puritan and (2) The Pioneer. Their hatred of America was due—aside from Germany and the liquor business—to what they sneered at as our 'Pioneer Culture.' Western novels were 'romantic,' you see. A 'Romancer' is a man who loves something; a 'realist' is a man who hates something. The Y. I. hates everything American."

Mr. Rhodes is trying to tickle his readers with the feathered end of his pen, while jabbing with the point, dipped in

vitriol, at a group of moderns whose crime seems to be that of being interesting and showing a distaste for the bushels of literature (*sic*) that burdens our news-stands.

If I understand the trend of the modern movement in Literature, Drama, Music, Art and Life, it is toward Art and away from Hokum. Some of the strivings, I admit fall far short of Beethoven's Ninth; Rodin's Hand of God; Lincoln's Gettysburg; Maeterlinck's Pelleas and Melisande; Poe's The Bells.

Where did Mr. Rhodes get the hunch that American art must draw its subject matter from native material. Must one use American-made pens, paints, pallets, typewriters, pianos, in order to produce American art or its strivings? The American temperament can manifest itself in other material things than a Dakota sunset or a flight of gulls over a Long Island sand-bar. One may write of winter wolves from beyond the Urals, or a Hottentot death-dance and still have American art. A Japanese etching of Will Hays descending the Capitol steps, would be Japanese art, not American. An American monotype of a scene in Tokio would not be Japanese art, but American. A bowl of gold-fish in a florist shop in Asheville, N. C., is no more delectable material for American art than the return from the fields of a group of Flemish peasants. It is the temperament behind the craftsmanship.

As to H. L. Mencken (and his "Prejudices," which Rhodes may have read) he has written that Thomas Huxley was his first real teacher. Huxley is English and not German and Huxley's advice was always moral—"Be honest, especially with yourself, think before you speak and when you have something to say, say it as simply and as tersely as you can."

Mencken states that Mark Twain was a greater artist than Emerson, Poe or Whitman. He asserts that "Huckleberry Finn" is a masterpiece. There you are. Mencken praising an American story. Finn is a good Irish name and Huck might have had adenoids. Anyway, Huck sits in the Hall of Fame.

Mencken writes, "I acknowledge many men to be my superiors and always defer

to them. In such a country as the United States, of course, few of that sort are encountered. Hence my apparent foreignness; most men I respect are foreigners. But that is not my fault. I'd be glad to respect Americans if they were respectable. George Washington was. I admire him greatly."

As to "indecent," the whole case of the lewd lies with the Puritan's attempts to hide it. Burlesque is legal. The chaste nude is not. We have had a few books that were "indecent." Drieser's "The Hand of the Potter," "The Genius." I see no reason why erotomaniacs are less interesting than ghosts, gamblers, businessmen or grass-widows . . . or less sanitary, as Charley Wood would say.

It isn't that the Young Intellectuals believe that American literature, drama, etc., is anaemic. No. They praise good work when it is to be found, unless I am mistaken in who the Y. I. are. The trouble lies with the average American who does not know art from hokum and when he does likes the hokum best, as the Spaniard likes garlic.

Very truly yours,

STANLEY K. BOOTH.

MR. RHODES' REPLY

My dear Mr. Booth:

Your letter to the editor of the PHOTO-DRAMATIST has just reached me. It has been long since anything has given me such deep and abiding joy.

You take me to task for hasty generalizations about the Young Intellectuals. There are less than a hundred of the Young I. people; they are like-minded almost to the point of interchangeable minds. If any generalization about them must certainly be inaccurate as to some of their number—as I admit—how much truth can there be in loose talk of the Young I. about the American people—as if there were no differentiation among a hundred million men, separated by blood, race, creed, history, environment, tradition and hopes? If you will bring yourself to examine closely their scornful and reckless generalizations, such as daily denounce the common people of America as yokels, louts, peasants, morons, fools, idiots, "the booboise"—hicks, barbarians, boors—other

terms which you will remember—my fiendish purpose will have been served.

Here I might close. But as my objection to the Young I. is that it is his life-work to stir up hatreds, it may be well to consider a few of your statements and a few of mine, to see if we have not, after all, much ground in common. Be you the judge. If I say that Mr. Mencken's ballyhoo methods remind me of Billy Sunday, and the observation does not impress you as just, there will be no argument. I am not seeking strife; I am setting forth my views, to see if there are not some with which you can agree.

My dear sir, nothing was further from my thought than to attack "the trend of the modern movement in Literature, Drama, Music, Art and Life." I was not speaking of the intellectual and young, but of those who "*announce themselves* as The Young Intellectuals"—with capitals; a small and easily-recognized group of supercilious extremists, who set themselves up to be critics of letters and of life. I mentioned Mencken, because there can be no misunderstanding as to what he stands for; and because he is by far the most interesting, the most able and the most adroit of the group, expressing with sprightly malice what some of his colleagues put forth with stupid solemnity. It was clearly stipulated that the people I spoke of hated America and Americans. I will now be more explicit still. They not only dislike, and malign, American people, American institutions, American ideals—but they also hate and fear democracy, in America or elsewhere. It is not only "Pioneer culture," "faded moralism" and "the Puritan tradition" which they hate; it is the English tradition as well. It is the American of English, Scotch, Welsh and Irish descent on whom their insults fall. Mr. Mencken says "The United States is essentially a commonwealth of third-rate men," settled by the "blotched and unfit." And day by day, in every way, we are getting worse and worse.

These young people are frankly advocates of Aristocracy and they proclaim themselves aristocrats; they are saturated with the egocentric teaching of Nietzsche, and daubed over with the sticky doctrine of Sigmund Freud; and they thank God they are not as other men.

Is that explicit enough? If not, here are names: Mencken, Nathan, Harold Stearns, Waldo Frank, Sherwood Anderson, Ben Hecht, with their diminutives; and sometimes, like "w and y," Van Wyck Brooks. In short, such men as would not writhe to hear themselves described as "The Young Intellectuals." Harold Stearns bestowed the name—adding that he, for one, would leave America flat,—I wonder if he has gone! Waldo Frank obligingly gave us a list of them: "The only minds worth considering in America." He made something like thirty-nine of them, I believe. At that, he enumerated several who do not belong in that galley, like Clarence Day and Robert Frost—who must have expressed surprise and emotion at finding their names in such company.

Such names as Cabell, Niehardt, Hergesheimer, Willa Cather, Dorothy Canfield, Robert Frost, Clarence Day, Simeon Strunsky, Frank Moore Colby, Carl Van Doren and their peers do not belong in this category. They do not speak with scorn of "sanity or morality or patriotism or any of the old-fashioned ideas that grow rather well in our northern air;" they do not hold the current opinion that a carpenter must necessarily be a cad; they do not heap slur and slight and taunt upon any man of whom nothing is known except that he is an American and a worker; and they do not go about with megaphones proclaiming their own superiority. Hear Willa Cather:

"What good fellows they were, how much they knew, and how many things they kept faith with!"

"She had only to stand in the orchard, to put her hand on a little crab tree and look up at the apples, to make you feel the goodness of planting and tending and harvesting at last."

Turn now to the Young I., and observe the contrast. Mr. Mencken says:

"Like a solitary civilized European in Iowa."

"I can't imagine any man going into North Dakota, Alabama or Iowa voluntarily."

"Americanizing immigrants: i. e., degrading them to the level of the native peasantry."

"The greatest benefit enjoyed by Southern letters since the death of O. Henry."

"Emerson, the great Boston mullah."

"The Gettysburg address, full of logical fallacies and empty words."

"Democracy, or some such nonsense."

Judge, Mr. Booth. Is this wit, humor, satin satire, wisdom? Or is it pure Billingsgate?

"Dr. Wilson himself, in the conduct of his policy, differed only legally from such colonial premiers as Hughes and Smuts."

Do you believe that statement?

Do you not know it to be untrue?

Do you think that when Mr. Mencken penned that statement, he knew it to be untrue?

Have you ever seen any word from Mr. Mencken in disapproval of Germany's war aims or methods?

Mr. Waldo Frank will take the stand.

"Mormonism . . . was sexual revolt from the surrounding repression."

"The rebels from the West met Europe in New York and made it theirs. They took Europe to their studio-altars in Greenwich Village and fell on their knees before it. One great Hate they brought—one Hate from Vermont and from Ohio and Arizona: the Hate of Puritan Ideals. And here were the minds of Europe coming to teach them how to love . . . The Old Guard—martyrs like Eugene Debs, William Haywood, Emma Goldman, find at last the brains and culture of a younger generation to fertilize their martyrdom . . . And then came the War. Failure became a fact. Germany was crushed."—Such language holds the solemn ass to the reeds along the shore.

I will make you a present of this admission, Mr. Booth: Any mention of the Young I. was out of place in my discussion of the West. It was "dragged in" with questionable taste. I had less than no interest in the Young I. opinions of Western letters, and but little in their opinions of American letters as a whole. But I was "fed up" with their sneers at the vast body of American people, whose only offense was sweating at the world's work; I marvelled to see their arrogance go unchallenged. So I thought it might be well to toss a spear across the border, just to see what would happen.

But, since you mention it, is the trend of the Young Ineffectual always "toward Art and away from hokum," as you insist? Let us make a test. Here are two poems:

Shirt

My shirt is a token and a symbol.
my shirt is a cover from sun and rain
my shirt is a signal
and a teller of souls.

I can take my shirt off and tear it
and so make a ripping razzly noise
and the people will say,
"Look at him tear his shirt!!"

I can keep my shirt on
I can stick around and sing like a little
bird
and look 'em all in the eye and never be
fazed
I can keep my shirt on.

The Last of the Cowboys

They have gone down like the sunset, who,
like the sun,
Were mighty and high and scornful; their
hour is done.
Slowly into the night they ride, each one.

They have gone down like the sunset;
sharp on the hill
A moment against the sky they stood, until
The dark came down and they met it,
stoic and still.

Which is hokum and which is art? One of these writers has been praised to the skies by the Young I., hailed as "the authentic voice of America!" Which one?

Let me help you a little. The theme of one poem is "They." The theme of the other is, "I." Now can you guess?

Do Mencken & Co. really "praise good work where they find it," or merely such books as set forth their own propaganda of Letting Themselves Go. Judge. These quaint little people habitually decry and belittle Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Stevenson, DeMorgan, George Eliot, Voltaire, Tom Paine, Tennyson, Byron, Browning, Shelley—as you know. They scoff at Franklin, Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, Howells, O. Henry, Stockton, Riley, Jack London; with mock and sneer they seek to turn our young folk from that glowing fellowship: they hold up for their admiration—*Winesburg, Ohio*—*The Dark, Mother*—*The Narrow House*—*Eric Dorn*!

To read critics of the Smart Set School, one would suppose that the alphabet dated from 1906, and the art of printing from

about 1918. They seem to regard literature as a single shelf, so that when they praise a modern they must needs crowd off some old favorite to make room. They belaud Carl Sandburg and take down 'Gene Field: Sherwood Anderson's work has "a haunting and significant beauty"—and R. L. S. topples to the floor. They keep James and Hardy and Meredith and keep silent about them. They keep Joseph Conrad—and they do not understand him.

Read Mencken's elaborate analysis of Conrad. Then read Conrad's own deliberate and measured announcement of his aim, and his literary philosophy, twice stated, at length: in the Preface to "The Nigger of the Narcissus" and in "Notes on Life and Letters." You will find Mr. Mencken's interpretation of Conrad varies from Conrad's interpretation of himself by one hundred and eighty degrees—precisely as far as any circle will permit. Someone has made a mistake.

If Mr. Mencken can be so far wrong about a writer of the first magnitude—how shall you trust him when he denounces an entire literature as "the existing Yokeliana?"

As we were speaking of Western letters, let us make yet another test. It is ten to one that Mr. Mencken has not read "Vikings of the Pacific," by Agnes Lent; "Strange Corners of Our Country," by Charles F. Lummis; "The Bird Woman," by James Willard Schultz, or "Tin Cowrie Dass," by Henry Milner Rideout.

A hundred to one that Mr. Mencken has read *The Chartreuse of Parma*, the *Memoires of Saint Simon*, or Tchekov's *The Cherry Orchard*.

In other words, Mr. Mencken knows the Alps better than he knows the Rocky mountains. Fair enough. But that fact does not qualify Mr. Mencken to be a guide through the Rockies. (I should like to see the Alps myself.) Mencken knows far more of European writers than he does of American writers. That is his privilege: but the fact does not, by itself, qualify Mr. Mencken as a guide to American letters.

If Mr. Mencken has read the American books mentioned above and does not like them, well and good. If, without reading these books, he includes them in one of

his "no good thing can come out of Nazareth," pronunciamentos, like that one of "the existing Yokeliana," no great harm is done. It is only the straining quip of the licensed buffoon. If, however, thousands of young and unformed minds look up to Mr. Mencken as an unquestioned authority and a safe guide—then a lasting harm is done. It is that I would remedy.

It is true that these quaint and shrill little people, while praising many books which are ugly in form, content and conception, do also praise not a few good books. But they do not know their trade. They praise James Branch Cabell—since Jurgen. But they ignored Cabell, before Jurgen, as completely as they ignore Henry Milner Rideout today. In those days I protested loud and long because no critic could see the Cabellian beauty.

They praise William McFee—and they claim him as a patrician. Yet the charm of McFee is precisely that he is a militant democrat. Hark to him: on Sniffkins:

"Had he gone to work instead of to Oxford, or better still, had he gone to sea, he would have found out that men, whether English or Chinese, Latin or Slav, are extremely lovable, admirable and staunch, and the most interesting creatures on earth."

He might have been writing about Harold Stearns.

Let us hear the counter-theory. Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, speaking:

"Mr. Mencken . . . urges that the only hope of a change for the better lies in the development of a native aristocracy that will stand between the writer and the public, supporting him, appreciating him, forming as it were a *cordon sanitaire* between the individual and the mob." That no change can come without the development of an aristocracy of some sort, some nucleus of the more gifted, energetic and determined, one can hardly doubt."

Exactly. Do not learn from life: learn from books: books written by people who learned what they knew about life from books.

"O this I have read, and this I have thought, and this it was told to me, And this I have heard that another man wrote to a squire in Muscovie."

So far, I am hoping you have come part of the way with me. I have no argument; the writers speak for themselves. But now I must walk warily. I pass over much of your letter without answer, since there are places where we might not agree so well. Perhaps you will smile, yourself, at that little touch of yours about the garlic. If you had twitted the "average American" with a liking for potatoes, pork and cabbage, or baked beans, there might have been a certain justice in the taunt. But, garlic? If there is a printed page in this country redolent of garlic, surely it is the Smart Set.

It seems to pain you that I charge the Young I. with a taste for the indecent. I will not be stubborn. Let us change the word to "rancid." Or Hechtic.

But I must question your accuracy on one point. Did I really say that "American art must draw its subject matter from native material?" I think not—I was discussing "The West," western stories and western history. I said that the Young I. ignored everything of that kind. No more than that.

Yet an American might do worse than to write about his own country. Dostoevsky and Tolstoi sometimes wrote of Russia; Hugo and Dumas and Balzac touched lightly upon France; Homer did not fail to mention the Greeks; Dickens spoke frequently of England, and Thomas Hardy contrived to work up interest about the single county of Wessex.

The Clan Mencken are no more qualified to write about Americans than I am to write about the engines of the Mauretania. I know nothing about marine en-

gines; Mr. Mencken and his little playfellows know nothing of the loyalty and valor and strength and wisdom that drive America. All they know is the First Cabin and the upper deck.

They are a droll little people, the Young Intellectuals. They have much ability, though perhaps less genius per capita than has been reported. As entertainers they have no equals. I love their little song about "*inhibitions, regimentations, representations, taboos.*" I know what they mean. They mean that they do not like the Traffic Cop. They want to pass on the wrong side of the car ahead; they want to cut the button.

Their solemn official jargon enchants me, too: *intrigue, chické, gesture, dynamic, banal, nuances, naïve, reaction, irony.* "Irony" has no meaning any more. I have a great joy in those little gems from the Tasmanian, with which they sprinkle their pages. But I do not care for Young Intellectuals as guides. I am not going in their direction.

You know, it would be awfully jolly if one of the national periodicals devoted to "Literature" would throw open its pages for some American writer to reply to the sneering arrogance of the professional Euamericans. Not to establish a precedent—that would never do. But just once—as a sporting proposition; say, Stuart P. Sherman vs. Harry Mencken or Harold Stearns vs. Emerson Hough; winner take all and no biting in the clinches—I think they might.

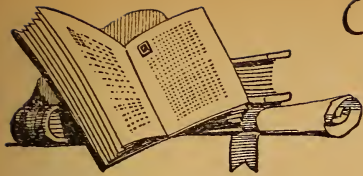
Yours truly,

EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES.

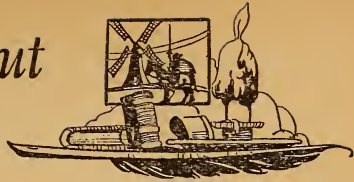


“*EVERY man must educate himself. His books and teacher are but helps; the work is his.*”

—Webster.



Facts about Fiction



SIMPLICITY

BY CARL CLAUSEN

NO sounder injunction than, "Look into thine own heart and write," has ever been given to a writer. In characterization this holds good as well as in narrative. When you have confronted your characters with the set of problems which constitute your plot, the simplest and most natural way of developing their individuality is to ask yourself this question: "How would I, myself, react to these problems or situations?" Then make your characters do as you would do.

In a former article I said that I never study people for my characters. The reason is that I know *myself* much better than I could ever know any other man or woman. And that since motives are unfathomable, the closest and most minute observation can be at best only superficial. We see merely the physical manifestation of such motives in acts committed or omitted.

Therefore, I study myself and use myself to fight the battles of my characters. This method makes for simplicity. I have a philosophy of my own. It may not be a great philosophy, nor even a good philosophy, but it is my own; and it is constantly on tap. I do not have to leave my desk to draw upon someone else's philosophy for inspiration.

The shortest distance between two points is a straight line—maybe—at any rate, economy makes for simplicity.

One of the most perfect examples of narrative simplicity is the old parable of the Prodigal Son, Luke XV, 11-32, a finished short story told in less than five hundred words. Read it and note the wealth of background, the action suggested, the setting, the climax and the theme, or the moral, if you please. All done with an amazing economy of words that makes one gasp at the artistry of the writer.

One wonders why, at this moment when there is such a dearth of good film material, that this story has never been considered. A director with imagination could do wonders with it.

Rudyard Kipling discovered the value of simplicity. "The Phantom Rickshaw" and "The Light That Failed" may be forgotten, his "Jungle Book" never. With this book he took his place among the immortals. Whatever fame and money he may have received from his other work, it was nothing compared with the joy he must have felt when he created "Mowgli The Frog." I envy him the pleasure he derived from writing this tale.

I am reading it now for the second time, and I find that much as I enjoyed the first reading of it, I missed a great deal in the excitement of having discovered a literary gem so perfect. In a year or so from now after I have grown still more in appreciation, I shall read it again, and I know there will be a new set of thrills awaiting me.

Consider the two following paragraphs.

"How little! How naked, and—how bold!" said Mother Wolf softly. The baby was pushing his way between the cubs to get close to the warm hide. "Ahai! He is taking his meal with the others. And so this is a man's cub? Now, was there ever a wolf that could boast of a man's cub among her children?"

"I have heard now and again of such a thing, but never in our pack, nor in my time," said Father Wolf. "He is altogether without hair and I could kill him with a touch of my foot. But see, he looks up and he is not afraid."

What wealth of detail suggested in a few simple words. Father Wolf searching his memory for the myth of Romulus and Remus suckled by the mother wolf two thousand years ago. The pity and tenderness of his mate in making room among her litter for the little helpless man cub and her characteristic feminine admiration for his male boldness. A little drama, profoundly philosophic, unfolded without straining for effect.

The book abounds with such moments. It never stoops to sentimentality. Never for one moment does the author swerve from the self-respecting philosophy of the jungle. His pathos is a sturdy pathos. Above

all things, he does not write down to his children—public as so many misguided writers of young folks stories do. There is no resorting to naïve asides to explain anything.

Another story in which simplicity is the keynote is Frank Swinnerton's "Nocturne." So much has been said about this story lately that it is hardly necessary to discuss it at length. It is chiefly remarkable for its unity of impression, admirably sustained through its entire length of some seventy or eighty thousand words. "Nocturne" is not a novel. It is a true short story in spite of its length. It is practically a one-situation story. There is no plot to speak of. Further, the situation is as old as the hills. But read it and see what Swinnerton has done with such material.

Edith Wharton's "Ethan Frome" is no doubt familiar to most of my readers. Nevertheless, read it again—this time for instruction. Here again we have a short story of almost book length. To compare "Ethan Frome" with "Nocturne," or vice versa, would be unfair to both; they are so totally different. Nevertheless, both contain the same basic elements of simplicity, and of a field tilled to the utmost of its possibilities, as does Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage."

There was a little story in *Collier's* for November 4, 1922, called "The John B. Mason," by Edith Ballinger Price, which you ought to read. It is a gem for simplicity, a prose poem, an Anderson fairy tale with a salty sea setting.

Simplicity of plot is also a very important matter. An involved plot is not necessarily a strong one. Too many complications diffuse the

reader's interest. Concentration of interest should be the primal aim of your story. The surest way to weaken a story is by dividing the interest among too many complications—or characters, for that matter.

Complication is the reason for you having a story to tell, but do not let it become your only excuse for writing. The effect of your complication upon the lives of your characters is the essential part of your yarn. In other words, your theme.

Your plot is the flesh and blood of your story, your characters the nerves and brain, your theme is the soul.

When you have worked out the high lights of your plot, chosen the setting and selected your characters, ask yourself this question:

"What is the final and absolute impression I receive from these elements? What point stands out most saliently? Is it a story of sacrifice or revenge, or what?"

Do not fail to put this test to your material. Your answer will be your theme. Then make a note of this theme upon a slip of paper and keep it before you constantly while writing. It will prevent your plot from dominating your story and throw the balance in favor of your characters, as it should. Plot is merely the vehicle to convey the emotions of your characters—a force, if you please, set in motion by your ingenuity.

If your story is dominated by a well-defined theme, you will find that it almost writes itself. Further, the plot will seem to be inevitable, *i.e.*, the result of your characters'

action and conduct. The themeless story is always unconvincing. You may be able to hold your reader's interest by merely a clever development of plot, but after he has finished reading your story he will feel vaguely disappointed. He may not be able to tell why he is disappointed, but the feeling that somehow or other he has been cheated, will steal over him. Next time he sees your name on a story he'll shy at reading it.

The selection of a theme makes for simplicity. You know at the outset what the story is to be about. It has a definite object in view.

Simplicity of setting is also important. I do not mean that you should choose conventional locations—far from it—the unusual setting helps to heighten your reader's interest, but you must do it so that he can visualize it clearly and without effort—briefly, and in as simple language as possible. A certain English writer, known for his literary simplicity, used to read his manuscripts to his chambermaid, and as a final test he would strike out any word which she did not understand at once.

Struggling young writers can usually not afford the luxury of a chambermaid, and those who can might find it difficult to induce one to listen to their masterpieces. I am merely quoting this to show how keenly alive to the importance of simplicity this writer was. One cannot help wishing sometimes that the supply of chambermaids were greater. You can stop a clock as easily with a rose leaf as with a ten-penny nail.



IT seems to be a natural inclination for many writers to seclude themselves with the tools of their trade—reference books, typewriter and creative imagination—and become more or less mental hermits. This is not usually true of the most successful, however.

In a conversation with M. Edmond Haraucourt, Anatole France once said: "Do you think it shows any superiority on the part of scribblers that they should isolate themselves in some little corner and fumble for words, rehash epithets and polish phrases, without a thought for the world about them? I think it is rather an infirmity."

How truly he spoke. It is this habit of too much solitude that narrows the vision and mars the work of many otherwise well equipped photodramatists. One must possess a broad view of life and this is obtainable only through contact with the world; knowledge of the present through rubbing elbows with all sorts and conditions of people and studying their characteristics, their motives, ideals, impulses, emotions, passions and reactions to the world about them; knowledge of the past through good reading. All of this study may be grouped under two general heads—heredity and environment. What the world is today results from what it has inherited from the past and this, plus pres-

ent surroundings, shapes the character of an individual. It is not enough to study the exterior of a person. One must get beneath the surface and reach the heart and soul of a man or woman.

Nowadays there is much valuable reading condensed in such a manner that the student may get all the meat without waste of time or effort. One looks more clearly upon the whole great scheme of life after reading such works as Hendrik Van Loon's "The Story of Mankind," H. G. Wells' "The Outline of History," James Harvey Robinson's "The Mind in the Making," and similar books. The Harvard Classics contain selected reading of admirable educational value. All of these may be found in any reasonably complete public library. The university man or woman, to whom no part of the contents of such books is new, may easily fall into a mental rut and is quite as much benefited by carefully chosen wording as one of meagre education.

Every writer must have his uninterrupted working hours, but this is not enough. Properly directed reading and intelligent, sympathetic contact with people are indispensable. One may put into one's writing only what the brain has accumulated, absorbed, analyzed, classified and mentally filed for future reference. The geologist studies the physical his-

tory of the earth and traces the structural progress of our planet from the earliest beginnings of its separate existence, through the various stages of growth down to the present condition of things. The student of character (and every successful writer must be a student of character) traces the progress of mankind in the same way, amplifying this with a closer study of the people of today. This is not only a duty, but one of the most fascinating things imaginable. And how it broadens the mind and strengthens the character of the student!

The rise of many writers to high places may thus be accounted for.

Great Britain has knighted many writers because of their influence upon the destiny of nations through their knowledge of people and their characteristics. All the inherited gold in the world; all the diamonds of Kimberly; all of the armies and estates on earth are naught compared with the wisdom to be gained by studying mankind.

One of the duties of every photodramatist—amateur, student or professional—is to keep constantly on the alert to combat the evil, destructive blight of censorship. Some states and communities are still free from this un-American influence—some that have been so oppressed have recently legislated against it. The great, wholesome American public is the best censor, and ninety per cent or more of the American public *is* wholesome and decent.

Vice depicted for the sake of sensationalism is not to be desired, but truth involving vice shown in

contrast to virtue and crowned with a moral, is frequently the heart and soul of real drama. When the deletions of censors leave nothing but milk and water for children, as is so often true, it is time to do away with censorship. The classics of literature would present a sorry sight if placed at the mercy of the screen censors of today. I recently went through the twenty-volume set of the Authors' Digest, a compilation of analyses of the world's great stories. This set may be found in the best public and private libraries and in schools and colleges. Yet less than ten per cent of the stories represented would pass censorship according to the narrow standards of "local boards" as they now exist.

Every art, in its youth, has passed through the censorship period. The playwrights of Greece were stoned from the cities twenty-five hundred years ago. Books have been burned by wholesale under royal edict. Paintings have been stripped from their frames and statues reduced to fragments. We are merely experiencing the intolerance of all ages brought down to date and applied to the newest of the arts. It is unreasoning, reactionary and an obstacle to genuine artistic progress. Only a few years ago one of the greatest of the middle western states placed a law on its statute books forbidding automobiles to traverse the state highways. This was because the automobile was new and the stolid inhabitants did not like to have their horses scared. It was intolerance without vision. We laugh at the blue laws of yesteryear; tomorrow we shall make merry over the blind intolerance of today.



Across the Silver Screen

THE LATEST PHOTOPLAYS IN REVIEW

BY *Elizabeth Niles, A.M.*

Adam's Rib

"**C**ECIL DE MILLE did it." This implies a subject for heated argument. No one can remain utterly indifferent. As the picture progressed through the ages and around the globe, I visualized Mr. De Mille with his sensitive finger on the public pulse and his tongue slipping in and out of his cheek. Should any small town censor object to the ingenuousness of the prehistoric characters, let him, or probably her, listen to the highbrow whose wide reading on anthropology via H. G. Wells would make him anxious to defend the scenes as authentic and educational.

For any Parent-Teachers Association who might decry the influence of his flapper on the youth of today, Mr. De Mille succinctly interests her in dinosaurs of tongue-paralyzing nomenclature. And yet through it all scintillates the keen satire on modern artificiality. A popular picture today, it is unlikely to be ranked among great pictures or revived in years to come. At no time do the spectators step into the artificial situations or feel any overpowering sympathy for the highly polished ultra-modern characters.

It is the story of a flapper who openly pits her youth against her mother's experience in an effort to break up an intrigue between the mother and a handsome Balkan king. She is succeeding indifferently, but through one of those entirely thoughtless but very convenient little acts of some film folk, the husband learns of a tryst and receives the kiss in-

tended for the king. Despite its weak motivation, skillful direction has developed this into a tense crisis.

From the butler, who, through another fortuitous coincidence, had been in the king's household, the husband gains information which leads him to offer to buy all the wheat in the Balkan kingdom and save it from bankruptcy provided the king will return. The average husband would have removed the king's appealing good looks and person by a more direct method, but this ultra-modern man, his primitive nature submerged, applies business finesse to his domestic difficulties.

The mother goes to the king; the daughter discovers her departure through the modern code which permits the reading of letters addressed to one's father if one decides they are important. Miss MacPherson's characters certainly bring on dramatic situations with admirable speed. By time-honored schedule, the husband chooses this hour to complete the wheat deal. Since mothers as chaperones to daughters belong to the dark ages, and we have not yet the reverse status, both mother and daughter had to be concealed though, by skillful direction, in separate rooms. To complicate matters the daughter's suitor conveniently appears. The tell-tale bouquet and bar-pin introduce the rage of the wronged husband, but as he brandishes his gun, his anger is changed to chagrin. Nonchalantly from the bedchamber steps forth his daughter.

He becomes sufficiently human to try to throttle the king, but remembering his modern philosophy, he wails that now no decent man will marry his daughter. Fathers are changing! But the idolizing suitor marries her that night; when he confesses his disbelief in her innocence, however, she immediately leaves him.

Again I admire her decisive action. Returning home, the flapper gives the parents her opinion of them, in which oddly her grandmother would probably have agreed. A human reaction follows a slap on her father's face and as fast as the artificial crust can be pierced, reconciliations are effected all round and primitive love triumphs.

The World's Applause

With the excellent theme of regeneration after a terrifying experience, William De Mille slices his emphasis a bit in the story of *The World's Applause*; though he presents a warning to all actresses or public servants who, in their greed for applause, get themselves talked about in the wrong way, he misses the hole by a few inches because Corinne D'Alys is not the one to pay the piper most heavily. Even though she claims she is morally guilty of the murder, I found it difficult to believe her regeneration more than skin-deep, possibly because the suggestion of the suicide of the physically guilty but wholly justified wife fades so quickly into the scene of Corinne's future happiness.

In lieu of convincing plot to express his theme, Mr. De Mille has resorted for public appeal to the tinsel more often found in a C. B. de Mille production—to lavish sets and to gowns for Bebe Daniels as daring and gorgeous as any of Miss Swanson's. For admirers of this young actress, the picture will doubtless be more or less satisfying, but contrary to dramatic principles, to the opposition have been given the histrionic opportunities.

It is many pictures since I have seen such an amusing lothario as the unfaithful husband; but pushed too far by his desperate wife, he rises to the breaking point very naturally. The development of the battle of their wills into one of physical violence and murder deserves high praise as an example of loss of mental control at the moment of physical contact. The stellar role from the dramatic angle is that of the neglected wife—excellently portrayed by Kathlyn Williams. The story revolves around her problem of protecting her home and retaining her husband's love. It is she who struggles

and suffers through her hasty deed, and in the end sacrifices herself that her brother and the foolish enticer of her husband may be happy.

The weakness of the plot is early evident for the first big dramatic scene does not include the supposed lead. While Corinne is in another room with the guests, the artist's wife declares to her husband her intention of being present at the dinner to celebrate the completion of his portrait of the actress. When her husband urgently remonstrates, she seizes a knife and in the old sensational manner slashes the portrait. He seizes her hand, the exasperated animal rises in her, and she plunges the knife into his side. Horribly frightened, she phones to her brother; he assists her to escape and later denies all knowledge of the crime.

Meanwhile the supposed lead, growing tired of waiting, opens the door on the body of the artist. The guests, sensing a scandal, leave Corinne to enjoy the notoriety her desire for applause has brought upon her. The brother is suspected and his and Corinne's financial backers withdraw their support. Instead of remaining to fight it out, Corinne leaves town. The brother is arrested, and his sister is torn between her love for him and her fear of prison bars for herself. When Corinne returns, she goes to the wife and claims the moral guilt.

In a rather confused manner the story rushes through the confession of the wife and the suggestion of her suicide to the inferred regeneration and future happiness of the actress with the recently bereaved brother. Odd thing, poetic justice! Frankly this picture is not up to the De Mille standard; its appeal is to the more superficial emotions and through the eye rather than through the intellect or heart of the discriminating spectator. It is not the clean, wholesome picture I had anticipated.

One Exciting Night

No director can always produce the greatest picture of the year, or make each production better than his last, but in *One Exciting Night*, D. W. Griffith has certainly given us the most complete mystery story yet seen on the screen. The well-known Griffith hokum is all there from the

many bodyless hands that stretch from mysteriously opening wall-panels, somewhat reminiscent of the old serial, to the lurid chase through the storm after the half million dollars and the unrevealed villain.

Superlatives and Griffith are usually synonymous. This tornado excels all previous film storms and holds the crashing tree suspended over the heroine by a mere twig beyond all safety to the spectators' nerves. In the two murders committed and of the several cloaked figures dashing about in search of the half million and in avoidance of one another, never once does the spectator suspect the real villain.

There is really little plot beyond the love story and the painfully old idea of the heroine's mistaken identity. The remainder of the film is given to hokum and incidents creating, maintaining, and increasing the atmosphere of mystery. Into this is woven a most unexpected amount of near-slapstick comedy through a thoroughly frightened negro servant. Through the ten reels not a soul but sat on the edge of his chair, or stood, if need rose, to avoid missing a single incident; spellbound they remained, and quite audible was the gasp at the revelation of the thief and murderer and the clearing of the hero and the suspected neighbor. The mystery story is the most difficult to put on the screen, but the masterly direction has more than succeeded in this picture.

The Hottentot

Because there is so much action described in the lines of the stage play, *The Hottentot* lent itself to screen adaptation better than most spoken dramas. Even so the film added a farce-comedy keynote incident in the accidental rescue of the heroine from a runaway by the hero who is frightened to imbecility at the sight of a horse. The same farcical treatment holds throughout the picture to such an extent it can hardly be termed a comedy-drama.

The steeple-chase, however, also presents many realistic thrills as the riders gallop and vault, race and fall. Certainly the camera men in the ditches beneath the jumping horses experienced not a few

hairbreadth escapes. Of course many titles are used, but the majority are witty and briefly to the point. No attempt at realism lessens the comedy in Raymond Hatton's excruciatingly ridiculous butler, or in Douglas MacLean's frenzied evasions and final attempts at riding.

It's funny, it's screamingly funny, yet when it's over one wonders why. Much of the action is meaningless, extraneous to the plot, and frankly hokum verging on slapstick. The story drags here and there and the transcription to screen is sufficiently awkward in places to be rather bewildering. For the majority it will prove sure-fire merriment.

Nobody's Money—Clever farce comedy adapted from William LeBaron's stage play, which lends itself easily to picturization. There is nothing original in the plot, but it moves sufficiently rapidly to keep the spectators laughing.

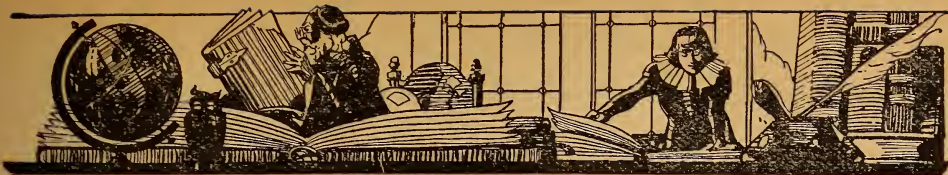
The Third Alarm—Good old breath-taking melodrama with a fire climax of unusual realism and the theme of supplanting of the horse-drawn apparatus by the motors; replete with humor, pathos, sentiment and thrills, though of the blatant variety that appeals to the traps man of the orchestra.

Gimme—An old plot dressed up with the usual Hughes subtitles and little jibes at domestic troubles, in this instance rather exaggerated; amusing, but superficial treatment of a serious theme.

Java Head—Painstaking, uninspired adaptation of a Hergesheimer tale with much atmosphere and little plot; quite similar to all stories of Chinese heroines brought to America, with the exception of the tragic ending.

June Madness—Charming little comedy, frankly trivial, but full of sparkle and dashes of originality; written especially for Viola Dana's whimsies, with no more serious purpose than to entertain.

Without Compromise—An adaptation which is soporifically slow in getting to its one big situation which is difficult of belief, but which is one bound to bring forth discussion; some ingenious twists and a number of unusual thrills make up the rest of the story.



The STORY WORLD'S SERVICE BUREAU.

TO the various new departments of THE STORY WORLD have come many letters of commendation. But a tabulation of these letters indicates that the Service Bureau department is by far the most popular.

Although the editors from time to time have been in receipt of numerous questions pertaining to picture production in general, it was not thought possible that so many aspiring photoplay writers are really unacquainted with the many details which to those in the picture world are quite familiar. However, let us say that we realize the advantages we have over those who have never had an opportunity to be inside the studios and see pictures in the making. And, added to this handicap, of course, is the fact that technical information has not been obtainable heretofore in published form, since photoplay publications rarely have touched upon the mechanical phases of the motion picture.

Considering the above, we wish our readers to be assured that the editors of the Service Bureau do not deem as ignorance any query directed to them. In a recent letter from a correspondent a question was preceded by an elaborate apology for the writer's—as she termed it—"stupidity." Needless to say, the reply to that letter was more in the nature of reprimand for such self-disparagement than it was condescending in tone.

We are not condescending when we answer your questions. If we had not known that technical instruction is highly essential to photoplay construction; and if we had not known that this information is difficult to obtain—then the Service Bureau never would have been inaugurated.

The Service Bureau is becoming better

organized and equipped. Those at the head of the department have been revising their filing systems and each day are compiling a wealth of information to dispense to you. Please feel at liberty to ask our aid.

The Service Bureau—although for the greater part occupied in answering questions pertaining to the photoplay—also is fully prepared to advise you regarding your fiction stories and fiction markets.

FICTION MARKETS

THE following list of fiction markets includes only magazines that pay for fiction upon acceptance at a rate of one cent per word, or better. Magazines which ordinarily pay over two cents are marked with an asterisk. A double asterisk indicates those paying highest rates. In submitting work to these markets, writers should, to insure the return of their manuscripts, enclose stamped, self-addressed envelopes:

- Ace-High—799 Broadway, New York.
- Action Stories—41 Union Square, New York.
- Adventure—Spring & Macdougall St., New York.
- *Ainslee's Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- *American Magazine—381 Fourth Ave., New York.
- Argosy All-Story Magazine—280 Broadway, New York.
- Asia—627 Lexington Ave., New York.
- *Atlantic Monthly—8 Arlington St., Boston.
- Black Mask—25 W. 45th St., New York.
- Blue Book—36 S. State St., Chicago.
- Bookman—244 Madison Ave., New York.
- Breezy Stories—377 Fourth Ave., New York.
- Brief Stories—805 Drexel Bldg., Philadelphia.

- *Century Magazine—353 Fourth Ave., New York.
- *Collier's Weekly—416 W. 13th St., New York.
- **Cosmopolitan Magazine—119 W. 40th St., New York.
- *Country Gentleman—Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia.
- Country Life—Garden City, L. I., N. Y.
- *Delineator—Spring & Macdougall Sts., New York.
- *Designer—12 Vandam St., New York.
- Detective Stories Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- *Dial, The—152 W. 13th St., New York.
- *Elks Magazine, The—50 E. 42nd St., New York.
- **Everybody's—Spring & Macdougall Sts., New York.
- Farm and Fireside—381 Fourth Ave., New York.
- **Good Housekeeping—119 W. 40th St., New York.
- *Harper's Bazaar—119 W. 40th St., New York.
- *Harper's Monthly—Franklin Square, New York.
- **Hearst's Magazine—119 W. 40th St., New York.
- Holland's Magazine—Dallas, Texas.
- **Ladies' Home Journal—Philadelphia.
- *Life—598 Madison Ave., New York.
- Live Stories—9 E. 40th St., New York.
- Love Story Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- *McCall's Magazine—236 W. 37th St., New York.
- *McClure's—80 Lafayette St., New York.
- McLean's Magazine—143 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.
- *Metropolitan Magazine—432 Fourth Ave., New York.
- *Modern Priscilla—85 Broad St., Boston.
- *Munsey—280 Broadway, New York.
- National Pictorial Monthly—119 W. 40th St., New York.
- People's Story Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- *People's Home Journal—78 Lafayette St., New York.
- *Peoples' Popular Monthly—Des Moines, Iowa.
- *Photoplay Magazine—25 W. 45th St., New York.
- **Pictorial Review—200 W. 39th St., New York.
- *Popular Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- **Red Book—36 S. State St., Chicago.
- **Saturday Evening Post—Independence Square, Philadelphia.
- Saucy Stories—25 W. 45th St., New York.
- *Scribners' Magazine—597 Fifth Ave., New York.
- Sea Stories—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- Short Stories—Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.
- Smart Set, The—25 W. 45th St., New York.
- Snappy Stories—9 E. 40th St., New York.
- *Success—1133 Broadway, New York.
- *Sunset Magazine—San Francisco, Calif.
- Telling Tales—80 E. 11th St., New York.
- Top Notch—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- True Story Magazine—119 W. 40th St., New York.
- Western Story Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- *Woman's Home Companion—381 Fourth Ave., New York.
- Woman's World—107 So. Clinton St., Chicago.
- Young's Magazine—377 Fourth Ave., New York.

PHOTOPLAY MARKETS

FOLLOWING is a list of studios which consider various types of photoplays. Manuscripts should be addressed to Scenario Editor, with a stamped, self-addressed envelope enclosed. It is advisable to keep a carbon copy of your work in case your manuscript should be lost in the mails.

Fox Studios—1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.—Comedy dramas, melodramas and Western dramas for the following stars: Shirley Mason, Charles Jones, William Russell, William Farnum and Tom Mix.

Garson Studios—1845 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.—Feminine lead dramas for Clara Kimball Young.

(Continued on page 89)



IN THE FOREGROUND

Brief Editorial Chats on Timely Topics

FOR several years this magazine has adhered vigorously to the idea that the story is the most important element entering into motion picture production. At the time we first expressed such a belief we were roundly criticized by a number of persons high in the film world. Several of the better known actors laughingly pointed to successful films in which the stars had been the exploited features. Certain directors assured us that direction was most important and that the star and story came next in the order named: "There must be a story, of course—something to work with—but it has as much bearing upon the completed production as the clay from which the sculptor molds his masterpieces."

All very plausible. Nevertheless, one by one, producers have awakened to the fact that they could not make money from pictures that were not based upon really big stories. After several expensive features had proved dismal failures because of weak stories, despite the most capable direction and the presence of popular stars in the casts, the more astute producers began to pin their faith to the story and to consider the other elements as being secondary. The result more than justified their temerity in going counter to the accepted beliefs of their contemporaries.

The time has now come that practically all of the big men in the picture world have become converted to the idea that the story is the vital thing. As an illustration of this, we wish to point out the fact that at the present writing Douglas Fairbanks has been idle for several weeks, allowing a tremendous overhead expense to accumulate on his huge studio rather

than rush into production with a poor story. We venture to state that even though he were to obtain a suitable story before these words appear in print, this delay will have cost him close to \$50,000. But he undoubtedly realizes that a picture based upon a poor story will cost him in prestige and profits several times that sum—which proves that Douglas Fairbanks is not only an artist but is also a good business man.

The dilemma in which Mr. Fairbanks finds himself certainly constitutes a remarkable lesson for those who have timidly refrained from entering into the profession of screen writing, and it is undoubtedly a sharp rebuke to the multitude of misinformed, disgruntled persons who persistently maintain that there is no opportunity for writers in the film world because of an over-supply of suitable story material.

Be Yourself

IF you would succeed as a writer, do not imitate others who have already achieved fame. Be original—be yourself. Remember that the Creator has made everything and everyone in this world from different patterns. No two persons are exactly alike physically. Neither do any two use the same mental processes in creative art. To force your mind into channels already furrowed is merely to weaken it and to stamp yourself as a follower rather than a leader.

Such writers for the screen as Jeannie MacPherson, Frances Marion and June Mathis have attained distinction because of their strong originality. Naturally, all of them have employed certain fundamental principles of technique, but there their similarity to the large number of mediocre writers ends.

In conversation with a noted producer recently, he remarked to the editor on the originality of treatment that these and other successful writers give to their

story material. "There are only so many situations, so many themes in the world," said this producer. "Everything depends upon how these themes and situations are treated. Miss Mathis and the others have been progressive enough to put their own personalities into their stories, instead of allowing contemporaries to influence them. The result is that they top their profession."

In the world of fiction this same rule holds good. The masters have been those who believe in individualism. Shakespeare, for instance, wrote differently from anyone before him. De Maupassant perfected the short story at a time when it was openly sneered at by the critics of the day. O. Henry was laughingly referred to as a "trick" writer, because of his peculiarity of expression. Yet, each of these men had the courage of his convictions. They expressed themselves. They were individuals where their work was concerned, rather than mere imitative literary apes.

In one of his early books the late Jack London stated that while all writers must have a philosophy of life, this philosophy must be evolved by each individual. Borrowed philosophy, he maintained, is of little worth. There is a thought in that for every reader of this magazine who would become truly great.

Be a pioneer. Write what is in you and not what you believe others want you to write. The writing profession can never be governed by majority rule. It is an aristocracy—an aristocracy of intellect in which mass opinion has no place—in which it is only the individual who counts.

Story World Requirements

FOLLOWING the announcement of THE STORY WORLD'S new policy of publishing each month fictionized scenarios and short stories that contain dramatic values, the editors have been virtually overwhelmed by a mass of manuscripts. Most of these, however, have proved unavailable because of the fact that those submitting them have apparently misinterpreted our requirements. We believe that it is pertinent at this time to outline more fully our needs.

First of all, stories that appear in THE STORY WORLD must be "picture" stories as well as being creditable narrative. In other words, they must contain striking dramatic situations that will lend themselves readily to adaptation to the screen. They must be based upon big, vital themes; the characters must be life-like; they must embody an unusual proportion of dramatic action. In brief, they must be stories that will live in the minds of the readers.

If you can write this sort of fiction, THE STORY WORLD offers you an excellent market. Despite the fact that the most noted writers of America have contributed to our columns, we are not seeking merely "big" names. It matters nothing to us if you are an "unknown." Indeed, we would rather print a "first story" than one by a veteran fictionist. But this "first story" must be a worthy one.

THE STORY WORLD is also constantly searching for constructive, helpful articles on various phases of creative writing. Such articles need not be more than 2,000 words in length, but they must be informative and authoritative. Before writing the one you have in mind, ask yourself: "If I were a beginning writer, would this be something I should enjoy reading—would it aid me in my chosen work?"

Recently we received a letter from one of the many student authors who read this publication, in which he requested that we print more articles based on the "how" of writing. This letter is representative of many others. Consequently, if you can offer us an article that will explain some point of construction, some method of gathering or filing material, some different advice as pertains to marketing an author's product, it will be given careful consideration. The editors have in mind especially a prospective series of articles to be written by authors who have advanced far enough to have sold stories to reputable publications. The title of this series will be, "How I Sold My First Story." We invite everyone who has succeeded—even though in a small way—to contribute to this series. Without doubt it would inspire and encourage many other writers who are seeking a foothold on the ladder that leads to success.



WE notice that Carl Laemmle, president of the Universal Film Company, has advised everybody that he intends to take liberties with Victor Hugo's story, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Hugo wrote a masterpiece, using words. Laemmle is to produce a picture, using photographic action. The two things are no more the same than words and pictures are identical.

There has been a lot of nonsense written about the failure of motion pictures based on books or plays to live up to the exact letter of the printed or spoken word. If the picture were to be a mere slavish reproduction of the book, there would be little reason for producing it. The material has to be transferred to a new medium, a medium essentially of photography, not words. Perhaps Mr. Laemmle is right, perhaps he is wrong. It is not for me to say at this time. The public—that great court of last resort—will advise him in no meek manner whether he is right or wrong. In filming "The Hunchback" he will be up against a severe artistic test to be sure. But the test will come in putting the spirit, not the letter, of Hugo on the screen. It is rather fortunate that Mr. Hugo was not present in person during the negotiations, for, those of us who have browsed around the haunts of the famous writer in Paris and learned

of his bombastic arrogance realize that he would have included certain strenuous clauses in the contract which would prevent the producer from doing the very things he intends doing.

Referring to those impending changes in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Mr. Laemmle says: "There's a storm coming and I have a hunch that I am going to be the center of it, because I am about to commit a crime which will probably bring a storm of criticism and indignation down upon my head.

"I am going to take liberties with Victor Hugo! Hugo wrote 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame,' now recognized as one of the literary world's greatest classics. 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame,' as Hugo himself called it, was written for an age which licked up red meat. So he picked his story full of lust and blood and thunder and gruesome, grisly, ghoulish, to say nothing of gory stuff.

"As I said, he wrote for another age, but the story has come thundering down through the ages until it is bigger today than it was when Hugo conceived it. However, today's conditions are slightly different. The public still likes dripping red meat in its literature and even on its stage, but not on its screen. For years it has been my ambition to make a screen production of 'The

Hunchback of Notre Dame,' which, while measuring up, or down, to today's screen taste, would still retain all the power and virility of Hugo's masterpiece. To perform this delicate surgico-screen-literary operation without killing the patient calls for the utmost skill, for behold the two horns of the dilemma presented to the operator.

"First horn: It's a marvelous story but it contains much that is offensive. It is a classic and therefore it must not be tampered with. But it must be tampered with if it is to be produced, and it is going to be produced.

"Second horn: I must take liberties with Hugo. Now who the — is Carl Laemmle that he should dally with Hugo? The critics, even if it's the greatest picture ever made, will say (some of them) that it is criminal to take liberties with Hugo. And maybe it is, but who cares, provided the picture is great? It is better to present a classic in a palatable form than in an undigestible mass.

"So I'm going to take liberties with Victor Hugo. His story will still be there, but some of the drippiest morsels of his red meat will be parboiled or even discarded entirely. So let the critical storm its head off. If the picture is as great as I'm hoping it will be, I won't get wet. If the picture doesn't live up to my expectations, I'll be all wet anyway.

"It is high time that intelligent people recognized the fact that the art of the screen is distinct in itself,

and that it has its own technique. If books and plays were screened exactly as they are written or acted, the result would be a lot of piffle which nobody could keep awake through.

"The sooner reviewers and the public at large realize that a perfect picture is the sole end of the screen art, just as a perfect painting, perfect melody, book or play are the ends of other various arts, the less carping criticism there will be over inconsequentials and the more enjoyment there will be over screen achievement.

"Then why should the craftsmen of the screen—a new art—be howled down for treating material in the way necessary for the production of perfect pictures? I, for one, am going to stand on my rights as a screen producer—and make pictures according to screen principles—pictures that will please and entertain screen goers—not pictures to cater to the quibbling of minutia mumbler."

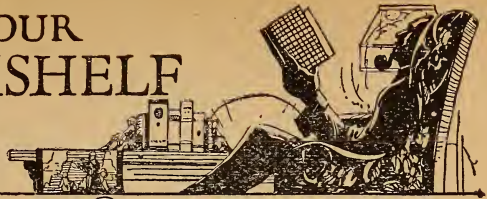
It was about time somebody spoke out on the subject of the motion picture as an individual form of expression. It is not the same thing as a book, or a play, or a piece of sculpture, or a painting. It has certain resemblances to all of them, but it is not interchangeable with them, nor they with it.

You, Mr. and Mrs. Public, will decide whether Carl Laemmle has the right "hunch" about "The Hunchback," and he will pay with good hard dollars if you are not pleased with the finished product.





FOR YOUR BOOKSHELF



The Latest Novels Reviewed

By HETTY GOLDRICK

"THE VEHEMENT FLAME"

By Margaret Deland

MRS. DELAND has lived long enough to know life very well and has written long enough to write very well. Anything she has to say is sure to be of interest. The theme of her latest novel is taken from the Song of Solomon. It seems that jealousy is an ancient as well as a vehement flame, and that even Solomon in all his glory had met up with the eternal triangle. Here it is again some thousands of years later in *The Vehement Flame*. It is pesky how this three-angled thing is forever turning up, but writers seem to think no love story can get along without it, and they ought to know. But in *The Vehement Flame* you are not surprised. Mrs. Deland has taken the impossible situation of a boy of nineteen falling in love with and marrying a woman of thirty-nine. Because Eleanor is beautiful, less mature than her years and has a golden voice does not convince the reader for a moment that handsome, music-loving, impetuous Maurice is going to keep on worshipping her when he is, say, thirty and she is fifty, or she is sixty and he is forty. His worship is much shorter lived than that. His honor holds him faithful for three years and after that he is slave to an ugly secret and bondman to the lash of conscience. For there is a Lily in the offing and a small Jacky with Maurice's blue eyes and sunny hair.

Mrs. Deland tries to make us believe that Eleanor's own corroding fear of the ultimate failure of her marriage due to the disparity of ages is the primary reason for its disaster, but I doubt her theorem, though it certainly is a hasten-

ing factor. However, she does portray most convincingly a desperate woman fighting against her fear. Eleanor idolizes her young husband and she is looking for every sign that he does not return her idolatry. In her terror she smothers him with an unreasonable love and finally consumes their short-lived happiness with the vehement flame of jealousy. Lily, with her kind heart and her erring body, is really more loveable than the impeccable Eleanor and Edith who breezes through the story like a fresh wind and who looks out of eyes unafraid of things which must be seen reaches real heights at the end when she defies public opinion, parents and Maurice himself and stubbornly insists that he is still entitled to happiness even if he has made such a mess of his life.

The publishers of the book say that many readers differ with Mrs. Deland's final handling of the situation of a man who has impetuously married one woman, had illicit relations with a second and honestly loves a third. I do not believe that Mrs. Deland deliberately fixes up a happy ending and I am not one of those who demand it invariably, but this time I think it is fitting. Maurice paid his penalty without whining and the cleanser for soiled Lilies is not always marriage. As for the Jackies, that is another and a most difficult question. No Jacky is ever thought of until it is too late and when it is too late even a wise Solomon would be put to it to tell what to do.

The Vehement Flame is certainly dramatic enough to make a photoplay though I should like to see Maurice, who is really a good fellow, make love to a woman nearer his own age. I think that Mrs. Deland's theory that fear engenders the evil it fears could be more convincingly worked out if Maurice and Eleanor were nearer the same point of view which less disparity in years would insure.

"FAIR HARBOR"

By Joseph C. Lincoln

It is always a fair harbor into which Mr. Lincoln brings his voyagers. No great storms ever darken his skies, no irretrievable wrecks are ever cast upon his shores. A kindly, lovable skipper is he, mostly chuckles, maybe the suspicion of a tear once in a while, but always a smile behind the tear.

In this particular *Fair Harbor* on Mr. Lincoln's well known Cape Cod Captain Sears Hendrick, who has sailed the seven seas without having a hair turned, has both legs smashed in a jerkwater railroad wreck as he is coming down to Bayport to visit his sister. He has to lay up in dry dock, as he expresses it, until his sprung pins mend. He doubts in his heart if they ever will and so does his doctor and of course that gives the author a chance to spin a pleasant yarn while those same pins are mending.

Here are the makings of this typical Lincoln story: The crippled captain, dissatisfied in his sister's crowded home, Judah Cahoon, who furnishes a chuckle finds a mooring with his old sea cook, or a ship's chantey, or both, on every page. Judah is caretaker of the old Minot place which is next door to Fair Harbor for Mariners' Women. Several stranded spinsters and as many widows are housed in this Home and the various Elviras, Desires and Auroras turn it into such a pepper pot that it takes all the ingenuity of Elizabeth Berry, pretty daughter of the sillypated matron, and Captain Kendrick's (he's only thirty-eight) combined to keep it from boiling over. The benefactress who gave the old Seymour place for a Fair Harbor is in Italy with a soulful husband called Egbert who is happiest, as long as Lobelia furnishes the money, under Eye-talian skies. Judge Knowles, back in Bayport, pulls strings behind the scenes and when Egbert returns home after Lobelia's death with the private idea of coming into fair harbor for himself, he finds to his consternation that Fair Harbor is fair harbor for the mariners' women for keeps. He has little left but his elegant manners and his walking stick. The Judge has already made Captain Kendrick manager

of Fair Harbor and he has furthermore given him Egbert's pedigree. So that when Egbert accepts his poverty with such beautiful resignation that every woman in Bayport falls in love with him, and at the same time lets not his right hand know what his left is privately doing, Captain Kendrick knows what he is up to if nobody else in the town does. The Judge is dead and Egbert stirs up a lot of trouble. He turns Elizabeth against the Captain whose legs are mending but whose heart, worse ache, is breaking. He takes a boy's legacy and loses it for him on the stock market, he jilts a poor widow and runs away with a rich old maid. But the Captain forces him to pay back the boy's legacy, and as for the old maid she is happier with a bad husband than none, so he lets that go. And of course Elizabeth sees how she was hoodwinked and the Captain's legs are as good as new and away they sail for far shores which the Captain used to tell about, Judah Cahoon singing in the galley, "Sail-in' down along the coast of the High Bar-ree!"

It's a pleasant tale, not a problem in it, plain home folks and home folks ways and home folks talk from beginning to end. Not quite the story for a picture, I should say. The best thing about Mr. Lincoln's characters is their talking.

"THE JUDGE"

By Rebecca West

The difference between reading a book and seeing a photoplay is that in reading a book you make your own picture out of the author's words and your personal experience while in looking at a picture page after page of a story which has already been interpreted for you by some other reader is turned before you for your easy perusal. The interpretation, that's the thing, whether you do it for yourself or some one does it for you. I wonder if some one could interpret for me in a picture all that I read in this book—*The Judge*, by Rebecca West, make me see it as I felt it, in other words, give me a sympathetic interpretation. Sympathy! That's the golden thread which should bind the author, the studio, the photoplay

and the audience from the first inception to the final scene of a production. Then it would be a great production. *The Judge* ought to make a great production but I doubt if more than a handful would go to see it as it now stands. It is so terrifyingly somber, digging deep into the hardpan of life which most of us cover up with pretty flowers which we plant in the shallower, more tillable topsoils. And to tell the truth I don't know whether it may not be better to pick flowers than to be always digging down into the dark regions below them.

In *The Judge* Rebecca West digs deep. "Every mother is a judge who sentences the children for the sins of the father." Marion, not "Mrs." Marion, just Marion, sentences two sons. I have not read a story told so unflinchingly and so straight from the shoulder in a long time, nor one done so decently and in finer literary style. The setting is first in Edinburgh and then moves down to Essex. Ellen Melville, seventeen, with red hair and eager eyes, sits in her dull typist's office, the wings of her ardent spirit beating against the bars of poverty and dull work which cage her in. She has a beautiful face, a temper as red as her hair and as quick as her flying feet, but you love her for her austere innocence and her unattainable youthful longings and smile over her Scotch tongue and her one temperamental outlet, "Votes for Women." She works contemptuously for two nasty-minded men, contemptuous though she does not understand why, for with her gaze always in the clouds she has no eyes for the mud puddles at her feet.

One day Richard Yaverland comes in out of the fog and lifts the gloom of the office with talk about Rio de Janeiro and marble esplanades, Spain and Moorish courts, Italy and Mediterranean shores. Ellen's starved youth looks upon the glories of the world through this man's eyes. She has hungered for romance. Here it stands before her. But for all her flaming spirit her virgin body is as prick-

lish to the male approach as a thistle. But Yaverland patiently bides his time. He has known plenty of the other kind and this touch-me-not girl refreshes his jaded, disgusted soul like a cool drink from a clear spring.

When he finally wins her love Ellen goes down to Essex to visit Richard's mother to whom he has given the deepest devotion of his life. You will meet in Marion one of the strongest, most unusual characters you have met in many a year. She has sinned but she was unashamed and though the man deserted her she remained true to him with a proud, never-changing faithfulness. But the heavy sentence fell upon the nameless son and Roger, the child of a subsequent and forced marriage. The two fathers drop out of the story entirely and mother and sons are left to be meted out their tragic fates. And Ellen, with the bright hair and brighter dreams? She was ensnared, too, poor little bird. If you can endure tragic drama read *The Judge*.

"THE CENTURY VOCABULARY BUILDER"

By Garland Green and Jos. M. Bachelor

The Century Company is putting out an excellent handbook called a "Vocabulary Builder." We will all agree that most people's vocabulary, either spoken or written, is more like skim milk than cream. Within this volume there is a collection of words so attractively arranged and talked about that they are no mere handfuls of dead characters but living parts of speech. Would you believe it, words have ancestors, blood relations and relations by marriage and hundreds of them are lying around waiting to be used if you care to.

Really, words are wonderful tools if you know how to use them and perhaps no one's kit is so full but that he could not use a few more. I recommend this vocabulary builder in case you are short.



"*TRUTH is never popular. The majority spend their lives in avoiding it.*"

—Marie Corelli.

THE NEW YORK PLAYS

BY CARROL B. DOTSON

THROUGHOUT January, February and part of March the authors, producers and acting personnel of the new plays have had inflicted upon them a certain amount of suffering by comparison. Whether or not the makers of the current Broadway plays consciously attempted to emulate the Moscow Art Theatre, their failure is imperishably recorded in the files of the daily press. Even the earlier products of this exceptionally brilliant season have been invited to blush. Yet the plays done in English have shamelessly multiplied and prospered, and a month before the Russians had packed their trunks there were signs in the dramatic columns of returning interest in, and hope for, drama written and played in the tongue which the reviewers understand.

The Moscow players, artists undeniably, gave expression to the Soul of Russia on nearly three score well attended occasions at the Jolson Theatre. How important that achievement may have been at this time depends more or less upon one's political point of view. An interesting little row was started, but soon, in the name of Art, hushed up, when it became known that a percentage of the company's earnings were pledged, by Bolshevik ukase, to the Lenine-Trotsky coffers. The enterprise must have done not badly for these statesmen, as well as for those who were immediately concerned with the production.

Meanwhile, something equally important, and certainly as interesting, has been rendered articulate in the several theatres whose programs have to do with life nearer home. If the soul of America is not yet being expressed, vivid cross-sections of its body have been exposed of late. Not a pretty spectacle always; but Truth.

Recent offerings which fall within this

category are "Ice Bound," by Owen Davis, a hard picture of New England family affairs; "A Square Peg," by Lewis Beach, presenting in tragic coloring the horrors of life with an executive-minded woman with a family instead of a steel mill to govern; and "Mary the 3d," by Rachel Crothers, an episodic story of three generations of marital infelicity. The stage is not far behind Sinclair Lewis.

Two of the striking unusual plays of the season were "R. U. R.," the Capek tragedy of humanity's extermination; and "Six Characters in Search of an Author," the Pirandello arraignment of the stage and its writers. Karl Capek's depressing motif is Frankensteinian. Science discovers, and men manufacture on a production capacity that would shame Henry Ford to suicide, a creature formed like man but without human feeling and called "Robot." The project to relieve men and women of labor by universal employment of these terrifying mannikins flourishes well until nations organize them into armies. The consequences stir a few thinking men and women to take account of the situation. When a young and beautiful girl of a sociological turn of mind has pity for the unfeeling Robots, a scientist in charge of experimental research work at the Robot Works is persuaded against his better judgment to develop a Robot whose mind carries beyond the job at hand. Revolt among the Robots is organized by this awesome brute; and their bloody onslaught upon humans whose lazy existence was cutting down the human birthrate at a rapid clip, presently reduced the human population of the earth to one old man. He is spared by the Robots because he has been known to do manual labor in his time, and it was believed that he possessed the lost formula for making more Robots. Without conscious power to reproduce themselves, the Robots faced eventual extinction.

The situation is saved—for the Robots—by the awakening of love between a young Robot and a beautiful Robotess. Overjoyed by the realization that here was another Adam and another Eve, the last surviving human quits the world happy, and the play ends. This is a Theatre Guild production and its symbolism is provoking thoughtful discussion among the people who nightly fill the the old Frazee Theatre.

The other outstanding novelty, "Six Characters in Search of an Author," closed in February after a run of more than three months at the Princess Theatre. Brook Pemberton accomplished a remarkable success with this translation from the Italian of Luigi Pirandello, who calls his play a comedy. It doesn't matter that it isn't. It is at once a challenge to the author who suffocates his characters, a rebuke to the stage whose conventionalism imposes artificiality upon their action, and a contemptuous sneer at the conceit of the actor who intrudes his own personality to the utter suppression of realism.

The story opens on a stage as the manager is assembling his company for rehearsal of a new play. Proceedings are interrupted by the appearance from behind a stack of scenery of a middle-aged man whose pallor startles the company. He is followed by a weeping woman in black, a handsome young girl, a scowling youth and two pale young children. Explanations are demanded by the outraged stage manager.

The first intruder, as spokesman, explains that he and his companions are six characters, with a tragic story to tell, and seeking expression. He demands for himself and his companions the privilege of acting, before the manager and his company that they may learn how to produce it, the tragedy of their lives. Unable to follow the subtleties of the visitor's argument, the manager consents. It is easier to consent than to reason out a plausible objection. A cast is selected from the company to heed the forthcoming drama well. Whereupon a sordid human story is unfolded by the shades of the men and women who lived it.

The elderly man and sorrowing woman are parents of the youth, a surly moron.

The girl and the two young children are the issue of an elopement of the woman with a business associate of the man. The girl becomes the victim of her mother's husband during her employment in a modiste's shop. As this scene is about to be enacted the stage manager interferes over the protest of the characters who insist upon being real. The company than portrays the scene as it can be played with due regard for the conventions of the stage. Lashed to fury by the failure of the company, the characters insist upon proceeding to the bitter end. The end comes when the little girl drowns in a fountain and the young boy shoots himself. The characters in despair leave the stage, shrieking agonized protest against their suppression when—

"To Hell wit' 'em; on with the rehearsal!" exclaims the stage manager, recovering his script and summoning the company to stand by.

Curtain!

Another imported novelty was "Johannes Kreisler," an amazing demonstration of stage mechanics which recently closed at the Apollo Theatre. The production was brought in from Germany, but the cast was American and the Meinhard-Bernauer lyrics were translated into English by Louis N. Parker. It was a fantastic melodrama in forty-two scenes, representing the love of an opera conductor, a progressive infatuation involving three women, each of whom was, to the fevered imagination of the lover, the original and first love.

Ice Bound

Sam H. Harris Theatre

Play by Owen Davis

Produced by Sam Forrest

Mr. Davis opens his story with a realistic picture of Puritan family cupidity. Like vultures the survivors hover outside the death-like chamber and speculate upon the probable hour of maternal dissolution and the reading of the will. The only decently likable member of the family is a younger son, who is also the black sheep. There is a slavey in the family, a member of the household by adoption. The will leaves the fortune to this girl on the condition that she marry the black sheep and reform him. This hard bargain, in-

(Continued on page 89)



WITH THE *Producers*

BY AGNES O'MALLEY

ACTIVITIES IN AND AROUND THE STUDIOS

DESPITE the aspersions cast upon the motion picture by Peter B. Kyne, the general public—which includes everybody—continues in its demand for this form of entertainment. As a consequence the studios are teeming with activity and cameras are grinding ceaselessly.

A few of the producers and directors have stopped in their labors long enough to notice Mr. Kyne's disgruntled comments, and some, like Cecil B. De Mille and Lesser, have taken time to answer the author's tirade. But mainly picture folk continue too busy making pictures to sit up writing articles in defense of them. It is conceded that there is some truth in Mr. Kyne's statements, but the general opinion holds that Mr. Kyne, in common with many other authors of reputable standing as such, has not taken the pains, nor the time, thoroughly to master the motion picture art, but persists in "seeing" his stories not as pictures but as literature. It is deplored in some quarters that a creative genius like Mr. Kyne should have become offended at the business before he had mastered it.

Photodramatists, conceive your story in the terms of a motion picture, and if you have a story, it will then fit the screen and be true "film literature."

At Goldwyn's

The trio of principals in "Three Wise Fools" chosen by King Vidor for the film version of this stage play, includes Claude Gillingwater, Alec Frances and William H. Crane. Eleanor Boardman has the leading feminine role and others in the cast are Zasu Pitts, John Sainpolis and

Brinsley Shaw. Three more additions to the cast of Rupert Hughes' "Souls For Sale" are Charlie Murphy, Julianne Johnston and Jed Prouty. Von Stroheim has begun actual shooting on "McTeague." Gibson Gowland is playing the title role, and Jean Hersholt, Sylvia Ashton and Dale Fuller have also been cast. Additions to the cast of "The Spoilers" which Lambert Hillyer is directing for Jesse Hampton, are George Walsh, Alec Frances, Kate Price, William V. Mong, Barbara Bedford, Ford Sterling and Louise Fazenda. "Red Lights," under the direction of Clarence Badger, is nearing completion. Charles B. Murphy, Dagmar Godowsky, Lionel Belmore, Jean Hersholt and Frank Elliott have been added to the cast. Marshall Neilan is directing his own story, "The Eternal Three." Hobart Bosworth, Claire Windsor, Bessie Love, Raymond Griffith, Maryon Aye and Tom Gallery constitute the principals. The continuity is the work of Carey Wilson. Ouida Bergere, well-known woman writer, recently signed with Goldwyn and is preparing the continuity for Elinor Glynn's popular novel, "Six Days," which will be Corinne Griffith's first picture for Goldwyn. Charles J. Brabin will direct.

Cosmopolitan Productions of New York have installed two units in the Goldwyn plant here. Under the general supervision of William Sistrom about twelve pictures will be made in the coming year. Stories from Hearst's International and Cosmopolitan Magazines will be the subjects for these productions. Arrangements have been made whereby all Cosmopolitan pictures will be released through Goldwyn. The first one to go into production is "The Love Piker," in which E. Mason Hopper will direct Anita Stewart, Robert Frazer, William Norris and Betty Francisco.

The Lasky Plant

Recent additions to the cast of "The Cheat," Pola Negri's current starring vehicle, are Dorothy Cummings, Robert Schable, Charles Stevenson and Helen Dunbar. Ouida Bergere wrote the script from the Hector Turnbull story.

Frank Condon's original "Hollywood" will soon be completed. Thomas Geraghty adapted this story, in which James Cruze is directing May McAvoy and Jack Holt. Thomas Geraghty is writing continuity for Walter Hiers' next for Paramount entitled "Fair Week," an original by Walter Woods, which will be directed by Rob Wagner. Robert Agnew has been added to the cast of "Blue-beard's Eighth Wife," in which Sam Wood is directing Gloria Swanson. This is a stage play by Alfred Savior and the screen version was done by Sada Cowan. George Melford is completing "You Can't Fool Your Wife," at the Paramount Studio. This is an original by Hector Turnbull with continuity by Waldemar Young. Leatrice Joy, Nita Naldi and Lewis Stone are featured. Julia Crawford Ivers is production editor on "The Rustle of Silk," which is an adaptation by Ouida Bergere and Sada Cowan of the novel by Cosmo Hamilton.

Ince Studio

"Judgment of the Storm," the first production of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation—originally named "Out of the Night,"—is in the fifth week, under the direction of Del Andrews, and will be completed shortly. With an unusual story, cast and technical staff, this picture promises to be one of the really big features of the year.

Shooting is about to commence on Bradley King's adaptation of Vaughan Kester's popular novel, "The Just and the Unjust." Work is progressing on "Lost," the Regal production starring Madge Bellamy. Warner Baxter is playing opposite the star in this story of the World War. The supporting cast so far includes Maude Wayne, Hazel Keener, Tom Guise and Willis Marks.

A dope story was inevitable, and Mrs. Wallace Reid the logical sponsor of it. In conjunction with the Los Angeles Anti-narcotic League she will produce such a picture at the Thomas H. Ince Studios. Her story is being put into scenario form by C. Gardiner Sullivan and will be personally supervised by Mr. Ince.

Leah Baird is busy on "When Civilization Failed" for Associated Exhibitors release.

Principal Pictures Activities

With several big productions under way Sol Lesser and his associates are among the most prominent figures in the motion picture field right now. Work is well begun on the George M. Cohan success, "The Meanest Man in the World," in which Bert Lytell is being starred. Blanche Sweet is playing opposite him and Bryant Washburn and Maryon Aye are also in support. The adaptation of this stage success is the work of Eleanor Coffee. At the Hollywood Studios Irving Cummings is directing Kenneth Harlan and Eileen Percy in "East Side West Side" for Principal Pictures release. This is another New York stage success and was adapted by Hope Loring and Wm. R. Leighton. Guy Bates Post has started on his first picture under the Lesser banner, which is being produced by Cortland Pictures Corporation at the Ince Studios. The story is a screen version by Fred Myton of a James Oliver Curwood story, "The Man From Ten Strike." Robert Thornby is directing an excellent cast including, in support of Mr. Post, Grace Darmond, Noah Beery and June Elvidge.

Metro Quiet

Jacqueline Gadsden has been added to the cast of "Cordelia, the Magnificent," in which Harry Garson is presenting Clara Kimball Young for Metro release. Others in the cast are Huntly Gordon, Lloyd Whitlock, Lewis Dayton, Katherine Murphy, Carol Halloway, Eleanor Hancock and Mary Jane Irving. George Archianbaud is directing this LeRoy Scott story which Frank Beresford adapted for the screen. Rowland V. Lee is directing an all-star cast in "Desire," an original by John B. Clymer and Henry R. Symonds, for Louis Burston. Those appear-

ing in the production are John Bowers, Ralph Lewis, David Butler, Marguerite de la Motte, Estelle Taylor, Edward Connelly, Noah Beery, Walter Long, Vera Lewis, Lucille Sutton, Frank Currier, Hank Mann and Chester Conklin.

The "French Doll" starring Mae Murray is nearing completion. Supporting the star are Rod la Rocque, Orville Caldwell, Rose Dione, Paul Cazenueve, Willard Lewis, Bernard Randall and Lucien Littlefield. The adaptation of this A. E. Thomas novel is the work of Frances Marion. Ann May has been added to the cast of "The Fog," a Graf production which Paul Powell is directing at San Mateo for Metro.

Rex Ingram will soon begin production of "Scaramouche." Willis Goldbeck prepared the continuity for this story of the French Revolution by Rafael Sabatini. Alice Terry and Ramon Novarro will enact the leading roles, supported by Edith Allen and Edward Connelly.

Warner Bros.

To Sidney Franklin goes the coveted prize of directorship of John Barrymore in "Beau Brummel" for Warners. Production will commence upon Barrymore's arrival in Hollywood. The adaptation of this Clyde Fitch stage play is being done by Mary O'Hara. Chester Franklin is directing Walter McGrail, Pat Hartigan and Ralph Yearsley in "Wolf Fangs," in which the German police dog Rintintin is featured. The script of the George M. Cohan play, "Little Johnny Jones," which was prepared by Julian Josephson, will be ready for Wesley Barry upon his return to Los Angeles the middle of March, and production will commence immediately the closing scenes of "Main Street" are shot. William Beaudine will direct. Gene Sarazen, the national golf champion, will soon begin a series of one-reel pictures in which he will give serio-comic instructions in the popular sport. Grant Carpenter is working on his adaptation of "The Gold Diggers," which will probably be the first production made on the new Warner stage.

Universal City

The N. Z. Wall Company, of New York, has leased space at Universal City and

work has started on their first production, "The Right of the Strongest," by Francis Nimmo Green. Edgar Lewis will direct and he has selected the following cast: Helen Ferguson, Elmo Lincoln, Tully Marshall and George Siegmann.

Edward Sedgwick wrote and is directing "Single Handed," starring Hoot Gibson. Jack Conway is directing E. T. Lowe Jr.'s adaptation of Perry Vekroff's novel, "What Wives Want." Work is beginning on "Up the Ladder," a Broadway success, in which Hobart Henley is directing Virginia Valli and Reginald Denny. King Baggott wrote and is directing "Crossed Wires," starring Gladys Walton. Gladys Brockwell is the most recent addition to "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

The Comedy Field

The Christie Studios have hearkened to the cry for more short subjects.

Scott Sidney is directing Jimmie Adams in "Green As Grass" at the Christie Studios for Educational release. At this studio also Henry Murdock is being featured in a two-reel comedy entitled "A Hula Honeymoon." The company has just returned from Honolulu where they went on location to shoot the famous beach of Waikiki. Bobby Vernon is being directed by Beaudine in a new farce comedy. Dorothy Devore is being starred in a new comedy entitled "Winter Has Come." Her supporting cast includes Babe London, Earl Rodney and Ward Caufield.

At Fox, Al St. John is at work on one of his own stories that has to do with a South American uprising. Playing opposite the comedian is Elsie Dempsey, sister of the world's champion boxer.

With the final return of Mabel Norman to the Sennett lot, production of "Mary Ann" has begun. Phyllis Haver is also at work on "The Extra Girl," her first starring vehicle which was written expressly for her by Bernard McConville. F. Richard Jones will direct.

Other Studios

Edwin Carewe is about in the middle of his big production for the First National of "The Girl of the Golden West" at the United Studios. Rosemary Theby is the most recent addition to his cast. On this

lot Arthur H. Jacobs has started production of "Terwilliger," his first production for the First National release. Frank Borzage will direct Pauline Garon and Lloyd Hughes in the leading roles. Agnes Christine Johnston wrote the continuity from this magazine story.

Richard Walton Tully's third production for First National, "Trilby," is well under way. Mlle. Andree Lafayette is playing the title role. The du Maurier classic has been adapted to the screen by Tully himself. James Young will direct. Maurice Tourneur has selected "The Brass Bottle" as his next production for First National and work will begin within two weeks. This is a novel by F. Anstey and is being fitted to the screen by Charles Maigne. Norma Talmadge is busy on "Ashes of Vengeance" on the United lot. The story is by H. B. Summerville and the continuity is the work of Frances Marion. Frank Lloyd will direct and Conway Tearle is playing opposite the star.

Constance is busy on "Dulcie," the popular stage play by George Kaufman which was adapted to the uses of the star by John Emerson and Anita Loos. Sid Franklin is directing and Jack Mulhall plays opposite the star. James Young has assembled an interesting cast for his first independent production for First National release, including Marguerite de la Motte, Marjorie Daw, Pat O'Malley, Allen Forrest and William V. Mong. Mr.

Young wrote his own script for this Dana Burnet story.

At the Mayer Studio Gasnier is directing Ethel Shannon in the leading role of "Climbing," the screen version of Edgar Saltus' book entitled "Daughters of the Rich." Eve Unsell, head of the Mayer scenario department, has turned producer. Her first picture will be "The Dance of Life," a story purchased by her some time ago. Joseph Schildkraut and his father, Rudolph Schildkraut, will be co-starred.

Work has commenced at the Fine Arts Studios on the first of a series of pictures to be produced by Hugh Dierker Productions. It is called "The Other Side" and was written by Thelma LeNier. Dorothy Yost provided the continuity. The cast includes David Butler, Fritz Brunette, Helen Lynch, Charles Clary, Herbert Standing, Edward M. Kimball, Pat O'Malley, Peter Burke, Harmon MacGregor and Cleve Moore, brother of Colleen Moore.

At the Pat Powers Studios (formerly R.-C.) Grace Darmond and Wyndham Standing are busy on "Daytime Wives." Jane Novak will soon complete her latest starring vehicle, "Divorce." Work is about to begin on Owen Davis's play, "Blow Your Own Horn," which has been adapted to the screen by Rex Taylor. At the same studio work is soon to begin on an original called "Now You See It," by Gittens and Bergman.



"IT is better to say, 'This one thing I DO,' than to say, 'These forty things I dabble in.'"

—Washington Gladden.

"GREAT works are performed not by strength but by perseverance."—Johnson.



QUESTIONS ANSWERED



Concerning the Writing of Photoplays

QUESTION: Is it possible to sell just an idea for a story? I have an idea that could be worked out splendidly by a continuity writer.

Answer: Too many writers are prone to slide over details with the comforting thought that the continuity writer will develop them. Sometimes an idea is sufficiently strong enough to attract, but what producers are looking for today are well-balanced, skilfully constructed and fully developed stories. The writer does himself as well as the producer an injustice when he attempts to leave the work he should do to someone else.

Q. I am writing a story in which my two principal characters are separated for a time, but both are involved in important action. How can I show the developments almost simultaneously?

A. By the use of "parallel action"; that is, cutting back from one character to another. While you are showing what is happening to one character, stop the action here, and flash back to what is happening to your other character. This very often heightens the suspense of the story, but it is very difficult to handle.

Q. Is it best to begin a story with rip-roaring action or with a quiet establishment of atmosphere?

A. How you begin your story depends upon what type of story it is. The most effective beginning and that which is most commonly in use, is to establish the atmosphere and then the introduction of the characters through definite, spe-

cific action. Once this is done, the story should swing right into the development of the plot.

Q. An editor at one of studios told me to put a new twist or turn in my plot. Just what did he mean by that?—L. W. P.

A. He meant probably that your plot as it stood was hackneyed. To put a new turn or twist in a story, take a section of the action, a situation and turn it inside out, hind-side foremost. Whatever your villain was doing, don't let him do it; have him do the opposite thing. Or apply this to the heroine or hero and see if it doesn't open up new lines of thought, or suggest new situations to you. Try to introduce an unexpected turn in the story.

Q. My plot seems to have the requisite amount of action, and plenty of situations, yet lacks suspense. Why is this?

A. Perhaps you clear up your complications too soon after creating them. Withhold your solutions as long as is consistent with the logical development of your plot.

Q. My characterizations are accused of being weak. What is meant by this?

A. Quite possibly your characters are not big enough for the roles in which you cast them, or evidence characterizations not in accord with the action you put them through.

Q. Can I write a drama without conflict?

A. No. Drama is conflict. If your story lacks conflict it is not dramatic.

NEW YORK PLAYS

(Continued from page 83)

tolerable to both parties when first proposed, becomes agreeable when the boy and girl discover that they have loved for years without being conscious of it. The play relies heavily upon the author's lines for its effective portrayal of the sheer ugliness of a decadent and greedy New England family.

*A Square Peg**Punch and Judy Theatre**Play by Lewis Beach**Produced by Guthrie McClintock*

Mr. Beach contributes a tragic story of a miscast wife and mother. She properly belonged at the executive desk of a ruthlessly efficient industrial corporation, but ruled only a household. The action of the play has to do with the application of her managerial technique within the home. When she directs her son to raise a window, her demeanor is that of a managing director instructing his subordinates to buy up a few more railroads. Rebellion in various forms takes place within the family circle, but is soon squelched. The daughter is forced to give up the man she loves, the son runs wild and exposes himself to blackmail, the father steals to save the son and provide refuge for himself in his old age. The husband welcomes penitentiary, but his efficient wife denies him even that comfort by browbeating the bank into balancing accounts. Thus with no escape from the domestic treadmill in sight, the unhappy man shoots himself. The wife goes West to wrangle cattle on a ranch, and there you are.

Other recent openings were "Mary the 3d," Rachel Crothers' sweeping attack on marriage, at the 39th Street Theatre; "The Laughing Lady," Alfred Sutro's English comedy at the Longacre, which is a grateful experience for Ethel Barrymore after her brief adventure with "Juliet;" "Rita Coventry," from the book by Julian Street and admirably staged by Brock Pemberton at the Bijou; and "Anything Might Happen," a farce-comedy by Edgar Selwyn and produced at the Comedy Theatre.

SERVICE BUREAU

(Continued from page 74)

Goldwyn Studios—Culver City, Calif.—Strong modern dramas and comedy dramas for male or female leads.

Ince Studios—Culver City, Calif.—Strong dramas or comedy dramas for male or female leads.

Lasky Studios—1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Calif.—Dramas with unusually big themes or comedy dramas for the following stars: Walter Hiers, Jack Holt, Betty Compson, Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Bebe Daniels, Thomas Meighan, Elsie Ferguson and Alice Brady; or for all-star casts.

Long Beach Studios—Long Beach, Calif.—Western dramas for male leads or for all-star casts.

Mayer-Schulberg Studios—3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.—Strong Modern dramas for male or female leads, or for all-star casts.

Metro Studios—Romaine and Cahuenga Ave., Hollywood, Calif.—Comedy dramas for Viola Dana, or strong dramas for all-star casts.

R-C Studios—780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.—Dramas or comedy dramas for the following stars: Ethel Clayton, Harry Carey, Jane Novak and Carter de Haven.

Selznick Productions—Care of United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Calif.—Dramas or comedy dramas for male or female leads.

Vitagraph Studios—1708 Talmadge Ave., Hollywood, Calif.—Melodramas or romantic comedy dramas for Earl Williams or Alice Calhoun.

Fox Studios—55th and 10th St., New York City—Strong dramas or melodramas for male or female leads, or for all-star casts.



THE USE OF SLANG

(Continued from page 58)

For the purists who object to "don't" in all cases I have scant sympathy. "Don't" is a perfectly legitimate contraction of "do not" and as such may be used wherever it is permissible to use the latter. It is *not* permissible to say: "don't he," "don't it," but neither is it correct to say: "do not he," "do not it." Wherever you may say one you may say the other.

Certain slang is appropriate to certain occupations and communities which would neither be interesting nor intelligible to outsiders, as, for instance, the slang current in colleges. This is almost as much a part of the college atmosphere as youth itself and they are pedants and sticklers indeed who would abolish it. Frequently such slang is the fruit of an originality and humor so spontaneous that it cannot be confined to a circumscribed area but finds its way into print and becomes the possession of the world at large. When it does this it is in response to a definite need and we should welcome the new word or the new phrase as we do a ray of sunshine on a cloudy day.

A nice discrimination is desirable in our speech and in our writing but geniality is invariably to be preferred to pomposity.

In the case of slang, as with all stimulants, the temptation is to use too much and this is far worse than not enough. Pedantry may bore us but it never shocks, whereas the extravagant use of slang offends

both the taste and the common sense.



IN AND OUT OF THE DICTIONARY

A column of authoritative solutions to problems concerning the use of English, submitted by readers of The Story World.

"H. C. H., DENVER, COLORADO." . . . Will you please tell me which pronoun is correct in this sentence:

"It would have been easier to understand (him) or (his) entering her room."

Answer: You would use the pronoun "his." In this case "his" stands for "the fact of his entrance."

"C. MCD., FARGO, DAKOTA." . . . Is it never correct to mix tenses? Would the following sentence be wrong?

"He could not go with Mabel but manages to find time to visit Marie."

Answer: This is not strictly a mixing of tenses since you are referring to two distinct periods in the young man's life. He *could* not go at a certain time previously mentioned, but he is quite able to go *now*, seems to be the implication, and this is perfectly permissible. If, on the other hand, you were discussing action which takes place in the present only you would not say: "He comes in and sat down in the nearest chair." Nor would you say: "He came in and sits down, etc."

"M. M. V., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS." . . . What is the matter with the following sentence? It was blue penciled by the Editor who read my story.

"He turned and caught a glimpse of a couple on his back."

Answer: Were the couple actually *on* his back? Or merely behind him? The preposition "on" is incorrectly used here unless you mean that the man was carrying the couple on his back. But we do not believe you meant that, did you? It is incorrect to speak of anything being *on* one's back except when the back is actually bearing the thing mentioned as a

burden. If it is something behind one it would be spoken of as *at* one's back.

"L. M., LOS ANGELES, CALIF." . . . Should the following passage be punctuated as one quotation or two?

To be sure, thought the Senora, he has never slept on a bed! How the boy makes one forget he is an Indian! But the floor is harder than the ground, my boy, she said kindly.

Answer: Correctly written the passage should read as follows:

"To be sure," thought the Senora, "he has never slept on a bed! How the boy makes one forget he is an Indian! But the floor is harder than the ground, my boy," she said kindly.

It is not necessary to differentiate between these two sentences unless you wish to imply that the Senora made a distinct pause after the first series of exclamations and in turning to address the boy changed her form of expression entirely. But in this case you should have made this clear by some qualifying clause such as: "She turned toward the boy and added: 'But the floor is harder than the ground, my boy.'"



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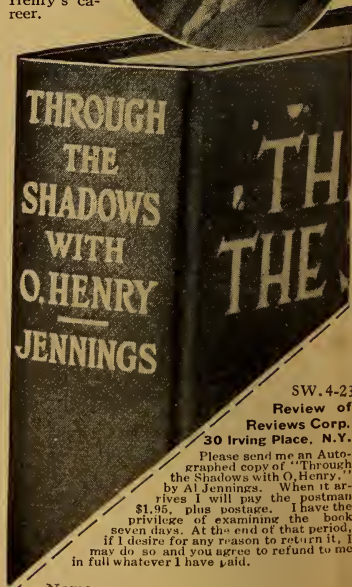
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Photoplay Corporation

Searches for Screen Writers

Through a Novel Creative Test

THE motion picture industry faces its supreme crisis. With its acting personnel at the artistic peak, its apparatus close to mechanical perfection, the fifth greatest industry in the United States acutely lacks the one thing it must have to go on—original stories.

Literature and the drama have virtually been exhausted. The public has demonstrated at the box office that it wants good, original human interest stories, not "warmed over" novels and plays. Professional novelists and fiction writers have definitely failed in the motion picture field. Hundreds tried—a handful succeeded. They are trained for expression on the printed page, not upon the screen—two widely different arts rarely combined in the talents of a single writer.

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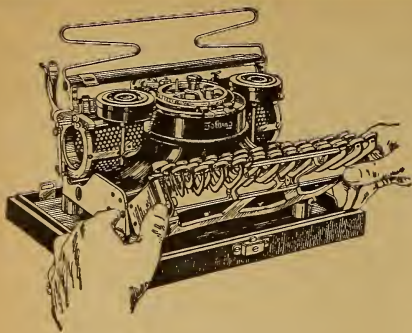
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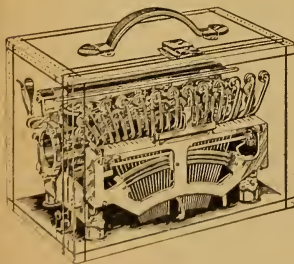
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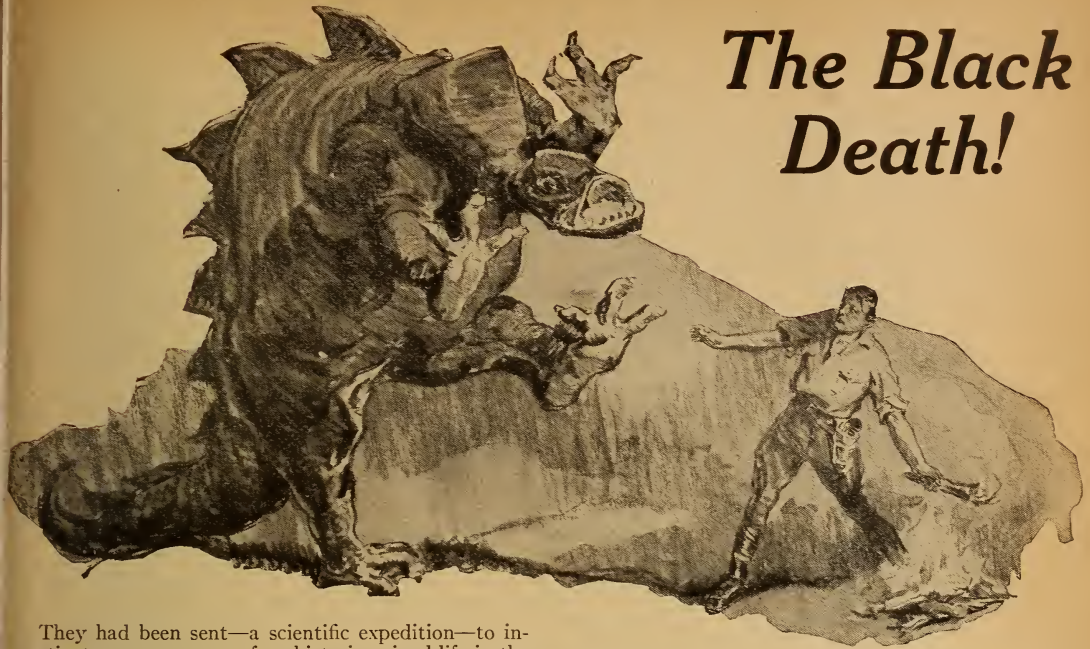
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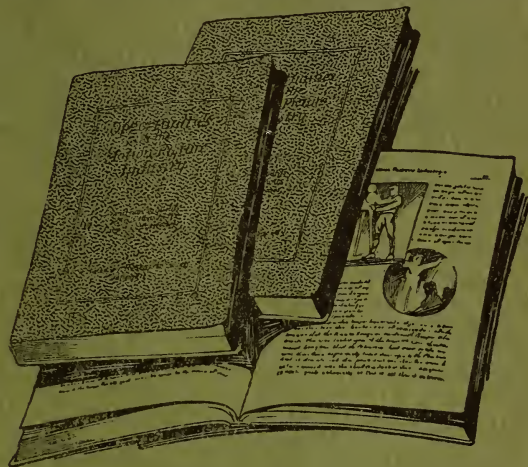
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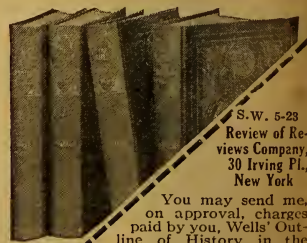
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AND PHOTODRAMATIST

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M A Y

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*This picture is reviewed at
length in this issue
on page 51*



The Promised Land



A Glimpse of the Mammoth Wagon Train



At the End of a Day's Trek



The Spirit of the Pioneer



Young Travelers Must Be Amused

The STORY WORLD

AND PHOTODRAMATIST

MAY, 1923

VOL. IV—No. 11



WRITING THE ADVENTURE STORY

BY J. ALLAN DUNN

*Author of "Turquoise Canon," "The Man Trap," "Dead Man's Gold,"
"A Man to His Mate," "Rimrock Trail," "Barehanded
Castaways," "Petals of Lao Tsze," etc.*

ACTION is the essence of an adventure story. Action and atmosphere (or local color). But the first is the more important and the latter should not be used except in direct connection with the first. Don't even drag in a burning mountain if it is not going to have something to do with the plot. It is the weaving in of all these ends that makes for plot and satisfies the reader with a sense of something completed.

Mystery and suspense, the love element—all are likely to be necessary adjuncts to your story; but action, from the first to the last paragraph, you must have. The adventure story appeals to many classes. It is used for exhilaration as well as relaxation. The tired physician may use it for the latter result. The stock clerk, the taxi-driver, may find it exhilarating as it lifts him from the commonplace

and shows him a vision of things as they might have been if he had gone west, or south, or north, or east.

For we are all adventurers and players of make-believe from the time we first play Indians, or Robbers' Cave, or Pirates. A really first-class adventure story knows not age, nor sex, nor condition. "Treasure Island" and "Huckleberry Finn" are noteworthy examples but where we may not all be geniuses we can aim toward the same end; we can at least know that we play to a mixed audience.

Perhaps the rules—for there are rules—may be best exemplified by imagining that your characters are actually appearing on a stage, that the readers are out in front, the curtain going up. The scenery may be more or less elaborate but it is the background for the characters. Remember that the audience will

be expectantly awaiting the entrance of the hero and heroine. Don't make it hard for them to determine them. Bring a character onto your stage—your printed page—for a purpose, as a part of the plot. When he or she is through with that speech or action, get them off. Don't let them linger about doing or saying nothing.

Don't let your curtain down and come out in front to make a speech, or to tell *your* ideals of life; let the characters do it. Don't haul up the backdrop and let them see how the machinery works.

Remember that, even as the average playgoer remembers a play through the last act, forgetting much of the detail of the first, so does the reader look backwards through your story. The main thing is to start with word or action, coupled with scenery, that challenges their attention and never to break the thread of their attention by your own philosophy, by straining their credulity, by making a glaring error, even by using an out-of-the-ordinary word.

I believe that it is an enormous handicap in your favor if you have traveled in the places you write about. So many folks have journeyed about the world these days you are likely to slip if you use vicarious information about your backgrounds, even if you get it from encyclopedias. And an adventure story may be given just as much zest if it is placed in surroundings that are comparatively familiar. If a story has to depend upon an unusual locality to get across it isn't a very good story; and, if it is a good story, it will

get across even if it is staged in Grand Rapids.

Not that I want to decry the use of the unknown, of the bizarre, of the places where all things tend towards the picturesque and the lack of conventions, the possibility of things happening that would never happen in ordinary communities. But know your West, or your Orient, or your South Seas, before you begin to write about them over-much.

The world is full of unfortunates who were born with an eye for color, an ear for music, a taste for mimicry or the knack and desire of story-telling, perhaps the oldest of all crafts and arts. But they mistake the urge of talent for genius, they try to short-cut without the acquisition of technique and wonder why they do not become a Sargent, a Kreisler, a Barrymore or a Jack London. If their offerings are rejected they are more apt to cuss the critic than wonder what was wrong. They forget technique and there is technique in story telling that is the hardest of all to be taught by another or to be mastered and is principally obtained by making mistakes and finding them out.

A complicated plot is not desirable. The story should run smoothly. It is an excellent thing to try and write the story as it is seen through the eyes of one main character. First person stories are not, I think, as popular as others, though often easier to tell.

Try for elemental happenings, things that arouse the emotions, by which I mean the more primitive

ones, love, hate, courage, fear, jealousy, sacrifice. Draw character, not so much by description as through incidents that draw out character. If the character has a will that reasons with his or her emotions, show the thought, the consequence. If their emotions run away with them and cause the action, let it so be seen. Don't try to draw too many characters. It is much cleverer for a juggler to keep twelve balls in motion instead of four, five or six, but he doesn't get the credit when he has too many for the onlooker to keep track of. One strongly drawn type, that must be true to life, will carry the story well enough.

Don't insist upon setting down the story just as it comes to you. That is where technique comes in, where the difference lies between the amateur and the professional. The story must conform to certain requirements of the reading public—changing every few years—or your editor cannot sell his product or buy yours. The photoplay market differs from that of the printed story and it is marked how the professional scenario writers twist and turn the selected book tale until it suits the box-office viewpoint. The professional author doesn't object to this because he knows it is necessary. So, while a tale that comes into his head may seem, to him, complete, he knows it must be adapted, translated, to the needs of the market and the readers.

Most people like happy endings. No editors can more than spice their magazines with the unusual endings or the morbid. But try to make your happy ending unusual.

Sprinkle with humor if you possess it but don't use an imitation.

Mr. Lorimer, of the *Saturday Evening Post*, told me eight years ago that if any incident, any sentence or paragraph, however superficially clever, was not *absolutely necessary* to the plot and action of the story to eliminate it. Today, if I find it necessary to cut down a story I usually find I can do it in the first two to five hundred words, unless I have carefully thought out the beginning before I began to write.

Someone has said truly that the main difference between the professional and the amateur writer is that the amateur writes his story once and then reviles the editor who turns it down while the professional goes over and over it—not necessarily on paper but in his head—until he is sure that it is the best he can do and that it is commercially saleable. Of course, if you are a genius, that lets you out of all rules.

But, if you are selling tin pails in competition with others and the retailers returned the product of your factory, you would endeavor to find out why they didn't go. Do that with your stories. Editors will help you as much as those hardworked chaps can—they really have a great deal more to do than glance over yarns passed up to them by the readers and make out vouchers and take a man out to lunch at the expense of the office.

This is generalizing and not adventure fiction. Let us get back to it.

Use simple words and try to dodge all the foreign ones you can.

There are many now practically incorporated with our language such as *chaparral*, *kanaka* and the like. Get along without words that have to be translated and the editor first and the reader afterwards will rise up and call you blessed. Unusual words break the thread of the yarn. Suggest dialect rather than drag it in. Never use too much of it. The eye sees the story before the brain.

For this last reason use discrimination in the length of your paragraphs. Never start with a long one. Avoid solid set pages. The eye is pleased with judiciously scattered white space. Break a paragraph at a new thought or a distinct action. Shorten them as the action becomes fast and dramatic. And shorten the words with them. It will pay in more ways than one—especially at so much per word.

Try and use fresh similes. If you naturally write down "he was as bald as an egg," remember that is far from original. Think of some other metaphor and you may strike a new one that better fits the case, that gives the reader a readiness to applaud you, to remember you. But don't strain at it.

It is a good plan, if a man is a bad man, to make him fairly consistent. It is natural enough to say you are tired of the villain who is so essentially wicked; but that method has survived through many generations, and you are not necessarily writing to please the

fastidious. You must write to please the crowd, if you, and the magazine, and the rate you get are going to amount to anything.

Some skeletonize their stories carefully, seeking contrast, using their knowledge of technique. Personally I have found that no matter how fully one skeletonizes, goes over and over all situations, even down to the dialogue, the moment one sits down to the machine the reactions widen. It is pleasant to plunge into your yarn and let the characters get themselves involved and then get them out. You live with those characters; they become real to you and to your readers. And, no matter how hard the problem, there is always some way out of it, if you keep trying long enough.

If you can describe your characters in the course of the story by seeing them through the eyes of others or in connection with their own actions, it is good technique. It is better to say that his "gray eyes flashed," when they have occasion to flash, than to write—as author—"his eyes were gray." The same with your description of rooms, streets or places. Tie them up with the action.

Avoid past tenses, past situations. Speed along in the present. Don't continue dialogue without naming the character occasionally. It doesn't have to be always, "Harry said," but have Harry get up and do something before he speaks. That breaks the monotony and establishes the identity of the speaker.

"UNKNOWN" WOMEN OF FILMLAND

Number Two of a Series

BY ALICE EYTON

A CURIOUS thing about the Moving Picture Industry (or have Mr. Kyne's opponents proved it an Art?) is the tendency of aspirants to enter its various fields of activity through the scenario departments. Directors, cutters, researchers, etc., have nearly all, at one time or another, served an apprenticeship as readers, scenario writers, title-writers, or continuity-writers. Sometimes they find, through working in the scenario department, that their talents are brought into imperative demand in one, or other, of the allied departments. This was so in the case of Miss Harriet Morris, now in charge of Research in the Goldwyn Studios.

Miss Morris is a graduate of Smith College, and a post-graduate of the University of California, as well as having been two years at school in Paris. She entered the Moving Picture Game through a passionate desire to see how the myriad spectacles of this changing world of ours could be thrown twice into objectivity; and the only way she knew of taking a hand in that fascinating Game was to gain admittance to some scenario department. Following this conviction she submitted to Mrs. Julia Crawford Ivers, of Morosco's (afterwards Realart) a two-reel continuity of an O. Henry story. This interested Mrs. Ivers so much

that she engaged Miss Morris to assist in the titling of current productions at the studio.

Miss Morris remained at Morosco's some time before being sent to Lasky's to work in the Research Department, under Mrs. McCaffey, who is still head of that department. After being at Lasky's several years, and researching for many of the firm's most important productions, Miss Morris responded to a call from the justly famous June Mathis, and departed for Goldwyn's. She left Lasky's with the kindest feelings toward both her employers and fellow employees, the former being glad to know that she had the opportunity to take another step upward.

Amongst many interesting plays on which Miss Morris has worked may be mentioned "To Have And To Hold," and that fascinating romance of the Bull Ring, "Blood and Sand." She did all the research for the former, and part for the latter (which, probably, was the reason Miss Mathis thought of her, when needing an efficient and educated person at Goldwyn's, particularly with the highly technical "Ben Hur" slated for early production).

Research work, according to Miss Morris, is, at once, the most trying, and the most interesting of pursuits. As she points out Moving Pictures are an assembled art; and,

perhaps, research is as important a part of the assembling as story, continuity, directing, cutting, or other component factors in any given production. Moreover it involves constant contact with the various individuals concerned with the writing and shooting of a play; and each individual has his own peculiar angle of vision; though that of the director is the one of paramount importance to the researcher; who knows that, whatever the writer may say, or think, the director's mental concept of the story is what will be stamped upon the finished production. And justly so, *if* the director is held entirely responsible for the finished product. By the same token he *should* be held entirely responsible, as long as his opinions take precedence over those of the writer (whom he sometimes grossly misuses in the little matter of establishing alibis). But, of course, we must all work toward the ideal of writers gaining sufficient technical knowledge and judgment to shoot their own pictures. It is the answer to many problems of the screen-writing game, and it involves a great deal of hard grind, and a lessening of output from any one production source.

Until this comes to pass, the director, alone, can say what the keynote of a picture shall be; and the director is the one for whom the researcher does most research.

A notable exception to this rule is provided by June Mathis, who both writes and oversees her plays; but, then, she is, properly speaking, a supervising director. Apropos of which Miss Morris

always looks for things of occult and exotic import when researching for Miss Mathis; while, for Mr. Fitzmaurice, she tries to discover new facts about the periods in which his plays are set. He has very decided opinions as to verisimilitude; and no little custom, or characteristic property of the time is too insignificant for use in a play depicting that time. In both cases researching involves quite a lot of what may be termed detective work. For instance, Miss Morris was called upon, one day, to furnish an old-looking score of a once popular song—say, "The Sidewalks of New York." The score could not be found in any of the music stores. So Miss Morris hied her to the orchestra leader of one of Grauman's theatres, and made known her desire for the score. The leader beamed, as he exclaimed, "Oh, yes, 'The Sidewalks of New York!'" and he forthwith sat down at the piano, and rattled off the tune. Miss Morris smiled sweetly, thanked him, and said, "Yes, that is it, but—have you the score?"—No, he hadn't the score, but she could easily get one. They were playing it at such and such a theatre the week before last. Why not try there? Miss Morris went to the theatre mentioned, heard another man play the tune on another piano, but failed to get the score. She spent quite a lot of time sleuthing for her score, and, finally, was told to try a well-known department store. Here she found a pathetic, broken-down old Southerner, eking out a living by rattling off, on the piano, popular

airs for prospective purchasers. Engaging his interest by talk of his home in the South, Miss Morris eventually got him to hunt through piles and piles of old music sheets; until, at last, he unearthed the only copy they had of "The Side-walks of New York."

This sort of work seems to be more in the nature of "Button, button—who has the button?" than of research. Nevertheless, it is blithely presumed, by busy men and women, that research means, also, search; and it certainly does mean that same, and all the wear and tear that goes with it.

Funny things happen in the Research departments of studios. Realart, for example, once wanted data on sleep-walking. The girl who telephoned the want to Miss Morris, at Lasky's, spoke indis-

tinctly, or there was trouble on the line. For the request was received as a call for data on street-walking; and, next morning, quite a raft of books on the oldest profession in the world arrived at Realart. Miss Morris enjoyed the laugh on herself quite as much as anyone else enjoyed it.

In conclusion it might be stated as an obvious fact that persons of wide education, like Miss Morris, are precisely the type that are needed in the very important work of researching—a work that sweeps across the centuries, and, indeed, across the ages, like the great searchlights of concrete invention sweep across land, and sea, and sky, picking up the objects sought for, and revealing their nature to the practiced eye.



*“**D**RAMA is the poetry of conduct, romance the poetry of circumstance.”*

***T**O have talent, one must be convinced one has it; and to keep the conscience pure, we must put it above the consciences of all other people.*

What is best in art will always escape people of mediocrity, that is to say, more than three-quarters of the human race.

In proportion as it advances, art will be more and more scientific, even as science will become artistic. The two will rejoin each other at the summit, after separating at the base.

—Gustave Flaubert.

LIQUID GOLD

BY SHELDON KRAG JOHNSON

MAN is at once the center of a universe and the lonliest of all creatures. On his inner side he lives truly in the heart of the flame that is the light of the world. Here, in his eternal home, he knows that he is at all times in indissoluble union with all that lives.

Here, in this mystic sanctuary, where he realizes that through the Father, he is at one with all things, he comes into a great peace, albeit a compassionate one. Sweetened by this new tenderness for what is the life of the One in the outer, he returns to that field of awareness, empowered by the inner vision, to shed a soft and gentle light upon all those, who, believing themselves unique in the outer, have forgotten the common heart within.

As this vision grows he comes to see that not only is there a common center but that there is not, nor could there be, a real separation in form.

Man is in truth held by an outer structural unity as profound and basic as the unity within. The so-called differences between man and man are no more than the inflections and shadings, the stresses, accents and modulations of harmonious speech.

These are only enjoyable distinctions, they are not radical separations. Man is thus only sufficiently differentiated to be conscious of himself, never enough to be really estranged.

Seeing this, his soul expands joyously to revel in this unity, accepting the differences as aid to a deeper understanding, not hating them as isolating forces nor ever believing them to be such.

Thus, in a new and compassionate love, a new world of activity opens for him and never does his sorrow become poignant or bitter; never again can tenderness be deflected into self-pity.

This Christ consciousness, for it is truly that, is peculiarly for the weary and heavy laden. The man incased in the outer, is still too strong, too self-sufficient in his pitiable illusion, to feel either his own isolation or the need, by others, of compassionate understanding.

This is why it is that those who have once, even partially, entered into this comprehension, give their lives in ministering to those who cry out in the cold darkness of the outer night.

Not to those who whirl gaily in the illumination of their own artificial lighting, does this loving tenderness go, but to those who, suddenly sensing the artificiality, have rushed out into the night and prayed voicelessly to the frozen stars, that the dawn of a real day may come.

When the light of the real sun pales into nothingness the flicker of the little lamps in the night, when the true sun sheds a warmth which the shimmer of the phosphorescence can never give, then the dark caverns of the human heart are truly illumined, the ice in the veins melts and the realization of the fundamental identity of the organic and the inorganic in man and in manifested life flows, like liquid gold, to all parts of a being, now at-one-ment with the Heavenly Man.

THIS MONTH'S PICTURE STORY

"THIRD SPEED"

BY DOUGLAS Z. DOTY

GUY RANDALL felt an instantaneous and overpowering attraction for Diana Parmley that day at Bar Harbor when, after the swimming contests, she came up out of the water, dripping and triumphant, to receive the silver cup. He had one fleeting glimpse of her lithe graceful figure in a one-piece bathing suit before her maid had flung a bathrobe about her.

As one of the committee he was introduced and had murmured his congratulations. But she was smiling at some one else as perfunctorily she took his hand. She did not even look at him in the distraction of her clamorous mob of friends.

It was a new sensation to be ignored—especially by a pretty woman; and as the "sleeper" carried Guy back to the City he was conscious of a vague discomfort—a sense of defeat that rarely had touched him in his careless, easy young life.

Two thoughts shaped themselves as he lay awake in his swaying berth: some day he would *make* Diana look at him; and he decided that if a man once could see the girl he was attracted to in a bathing suit it would often save a certain disillusionment and eliminate the petty deceits of the toilet—the false lure supplied by make-up and modiste. You see Guy was a youth-

ful cynic and perhaps because of his own perfect physique he was intolerant of men and women who had not physically developed themselves. There was O. Adolphus Hyde, for example, his father's unsuccessful rival for a judgeship at Special Sessions. Guy smiled as he pictured him. Hyde's hair was thin on top. In fact he was thin in every way—with a dilution of many unimportant virtues. His only positive characteristic was his ego.

O. Adolphus thought well of himself. Well, so did Guy; and he went to sleep with the agreeable thought that he would marry Diana—as soon as he had time; which would be after he had had a try at the International Golf Championship over in England.

It was in September that Guy returned home with an extensive wardrobe of Bond Street clothes and the distinction of having been "runner-up" in the finals.

His college mate, Bob Delavan, was on hand to watch him unpack. Bob was learning the ropes as cub reporter on his father's paper, *The Daily Star*. Bob's observing eye fastened on a packet of papers, each one a page torn from a society journal and each one presenting a half-tone portrait of Diana playing tennis, driving her speedster, riding her blue-ribbon winner or attired as Marie Antoinette at a Newport ball.

Bob held the pages aloft and inquired, "What's the big idea?"

Guy was agreeably employed in trying on a Norfolk jacket and studying its lines in the mirror. He glanced toward Bob and announced calmly, "Oh, that's the girl I'm going to marry." He twisted his neck to get a glimpse of the pleated back.

Bob gazed toward his friend with a pitying smile and then announced dryly, "Well, you'd better get a move on. Last week Miss Parmley announced her engagement to O. Adolphus Hyde." Then he added, "Adolphus, you know, is her legal guardian."

Guy had suddenly lost interest in his coat. He turned to stare at Bob with his mouth open.

"*That nut!*" he glowered. "Why—why—it's preposterous!"

"T's a fact just the same," insisted the other. "Lefty Donovan was telling me that Dolly Hyde has got her all hepped up over having a serious mission in life. She's quit the old crowd and is in training now to be the worthy wife of that pompous ass."

Young Randall selected a mashie from the leather bag and made several vicious short-arm swings. He was whistling thoughtfully. He rammed the club back in the bag and looked at his chum; he wore what Bob always called his "fighting grin," and he remarked coolly, "Your interesting information makes it slightly more difficult, *but* I am going to marry Miss Parmley."

"Has Miss Parmley received any indication of your intentions?" Bob asked politely.

"As far as I know Miss Parmley is not even aware of my existence," Guy answered, "but I shall very shortly rectify that. And if you are any friend of mine you will take your reportorial nose and go sniffing around for any news of O. Adolphus that can be used to his disadvantage."

"I get you!" declared Bob cheerfully, "and now I'm off on the wings of the morning to do your bidding!"

Ten minutes later young Randall called up Westchester and asked to speak to Miss Parmley. At the moment she was deeply engrossed in a marked copy of *The New Democracy* containing an article by O. Adolphus Hyde on "Society's Duty to the Ex-convict." Like Adolphus himself it was somewhat pompous in tone and rather dull. But to Diana, who had recently discovered she had a soul, which Dolly had kindly assured her was worth saving, it was a work of genius; and she thrilled anew to think that a brain like Dolly's should stoop to interest itself in such a frivolous butterfly as Diana herself. Then came the great inspiration. She would make it her mission to care for the down-trodden burglar. She would indeed practice what Dolly preached. He would be so pleased. Such was her exalted mood, that Martha, her old housekeeper, had to repeat her message, that a Mr. Randall wished to speak to her on urgent business. Her voice sounded cool and detached to Guy as she asked, "What is it?"

Guy gave his name, with a casual reference to his father, Judge Randall, to further identify himself.

"Oh, yes, I've heard of you," she replied crisply. Absorbed with her High Moral Purpose she felt nothing but contempt for such idlers as the rather well known Guy.

He sensed the note of disapproval and hastily blurted out, "I—I must meet you, Miss Parmley, and—talk over a—er—matter that concerns us both."

"Suppose you mention the matter now."

"It—it's too personal. I must see you and—plead with you!"

"I'm too busy to interest myself in social butterflies!" retorted Miss Parmley.

"Ouch!" muttered Guy to himself. Then he added desperately, "I've got to meet you!"

"That's hardly possible. I'm not going out any more. — Can't you give me an indication of what you want?" Diana's tone was still cold but *was* slightly curious. Faintly over the wire came a series of groans and smothered ejaculations. Then,

"Miss Parmley, I—I want to marry you!"

Miss Parmley's retort was crisp and to the point: "Mr. Randall, you are either a very impertinent or a very intoxicated young man!"

She hung up with a bang. Then her anger died, her mouth began to twitch. She was still smiling at the instrument when the phone rang again. She hesitated, then answered.

It was Randall again and he announced calmly, "Just wish to state that you are not going to marry Hyde if—if I have to kidnap you —good-bye!"

And he hung up before she could

more than gasp her furious indignation.

She went slowly back to finish Hyde's article. But even as she read she found herself speculating on the odd fact that utterly worthless people sometimes have such charming voices.

II.

It was the last paragraph of Hyde's rhetorical article that had fired Diana's sympathies and quickened her yearnings into action:

"In a few weeks when 'Mag the Rag' is released from prison, what is to become of her? With a criminal father and a criminal brother — Black Mike and Shivery Al—what chance that she will go straight? Must it always be the vicious circle of out of jail and in again?"

Here was a concrete problem and Diana determined to pluck the brand from the burning.

Although she could not possibly know it, Mike and his ratty little son had "reformed." They had quit second-story work and had taken up the honest profession of boot-legging. It paid better. Far up in the Bronx, on a wooded knoll near the Hudson, they lived in a decrepit old house that for the last thirty years had been in need of paint. In the cellar was all the paraphernalia of a forty-gallon still. In the attic were stored the kegs of raw corn whisky.

And even as Diana was planning to save Mag from the evil influences of her unprepossessing family, Shivery Al and his beetle-browed parent were jovially preparing for a family reunion, after Mag's enforced absence. Their eager anticipation was not entirely due to

affectionate interest; Mag was a good cook.

They were debating the question of which one should go to fetch Maggie. Black Mike was rather shy about public appearances since his last encounter with the police, but his charming son, Shivery Al, who suffered from a perpetual cold in the head, had recently grown a disguise in the shape of a black mustache. It was an amazingly healthy growth for such an anaemic youth, and situated half way between his watery blue eyes and his disappearing chin, it looked like nothing so much in the world as false whiskers pasted on the face of an imbecile child. Al had started this facial adornment on the day Mag began her sentence and he was naturally eager to try its effect on her. His benevolent father agreed that Al should go to town in their battered old Ford and bring her home. Mike had lost a good deal of his adventurous spirit, due to advancing years and the fact that he had become one of the best patrons of his own still. It is like that with so many of us. When we are young and vigorous, we have the courage of our wickedness, but when we grow old we find it so much more comfortable to be good.

At about the same time, white-haired Judge Randall was heatedly concerned with the same topic but from another angle. It was at the breakfast table in his home on Washington Square North. It was a pleasant room and through the casement windows shimmered the grateful green of two lanky eucalyptus trees that for decades had

struggled against the encroachments of brick and mortar.

The judge was waving the morning paper before his preoccupied son.

"I tell you, Guy, it's got to stop!"

Young Randall started guiltily.

"What have I done *now*, Dad?"

The judge did not hear him as he launched into his tirade against that modern curse, the motor car, inspired by a catalog of crimes and accidents on the front page.

Guy was not especially interested. Surreptitiously he glanced at his watch. He had a golf date over in Jersey and just time to keep it. Later he would return to meet Bob who was to report progress. Diana . . . Guy awoke to his surroundings as the judge made the china rattle with the thump of his fist.

"I tell you," he was saying wrathfully, "The man who steals another man's car is not half as culpable as the man who steals another man's life through reckless driving! And the next man up before me for jeopardizing human life and limb is not going to get off with a fine. —He's going to jail!"

Guy rose and smiled affectionately at his irate parent:

"Go to it, dad—soak 'em!"

III.

The better to accommodate herself to the new occupation of uplifting the downtrodden criminal, Diana had settled herself in an unpretentious flat on Waverly Place. Her card was displayed above a push button where all who paused might read. Tall and lithe, three steps of her boyish stride carried her across each small and dingy room and, as she entered, each

room seemed dimly illumined with the radiance of her red-gold hair.

She had brought none of her snobbish servants with her; she had already planned that Mag the Rag would take care of the place and perhaps help her to understand the strange jargon that crooks are supposed to talk.

She prepared her own breakfast—something of a novelty—which consisted of underdone coffee and overdone toast. She put on her hat and picked up a sealed envelope addressed to Adolphus Hyde, and smiled to herself as she flicked at it with her fingernail. He would be so surprised to learn of her coming and the new work which she was going to take up so that she might labor with him shoulder to shoulder. She had determined to dress very simply; so now, she found a simple, two hundred dollar serge suit.

The letter with its special delivery stamp found its way into the postman's pouch just as he turned from the mail box. Then briskly she strode up Sixth Avenue with the elevated roaring overhead.

On a narrow street opposite the jail is a row of shabby little shops; shyster lawyers, florists, a delicatessen and, ironically, a barber shop.

In her exalted mood Diana was hardly conscious of a big sporty roadster that slowly overtook her, dodging the children in the street. She did not notice that the good-looking young driver turned to stare at her over his shoulder. Guy had recognized Diana in an instant and his pulse pounded. But, like Lot's wife, it was a dis-

astrous look, for young Randall, his foot fumbling about, hit the accelerator instead of the brake and the next moment the powerful boat had plunged over the low curb and unceremoniously entered the delicatessen store by way of the shop window. The fat shop keeper at the moment was absorbed in the task of trying artistically to drape a string of sausages on a hook. There was a crash, a tinkle of falling glass. The shop keeper retired to a sitting position; the string of sausages now graced the winged figure of Victory that formed the cap of the radiator.

It was inconveniently close to a police station to allow Guy to "fix things." To make matters worse Randall, mopping a cut on his forehead, was laughing like an imbecile. Shivery Al, waiting for his sister, watched the catastrophe from across the street with grim satisfaction. It quite cheered him when two patrolmen appeared upon the scene and placed Guy under arrest.

"It serves the young swell right," he said to himself. "Those fellers think they own the earth."

Guy was still laughing like a fool when they locked him up in the detention room with last night's harvest of footpads and bums. And the cause of his mirth was his instant realization that in a very short time he would be standing before the judge—who was his own father.

And not fifty feet away, had he known it, Diana was interviewing Mag the Rag. She was distressed to find Mag dumb and unresponsive. It was hard to convince the

girl that her future salvation lay in the direction of Waverly Place. But there was no escaping Diana's earnestness and, realizing that she had to be saved whether she wanted to be or not, Mag finally agreed to make a new start in life as a respectable maid to a distinguished mistress.

As they emerged into the bright sunlight of the street, Al followed them with his ratty eyes. "What tha' hell!" he muttered through his bristles, as cautiously he started to trail them to Waverly Place.

Summoned by telephone, the young reporter, Bob Delevan, was much amused at Guy's predicament and jocosely commended him for having picked a parent who was on the bench. But Guy was not so much interested in his own affairs for the moment. He wanted to know about Diana.

"Oh, that's a great lay," exclaimed Bob. "I told old Hyde I wanted to interview him and he rose to the bait with a gulp. He told me his whole boresome life history and tried to impress me with the fair Diana's social position and all the rest of it. It seems he has got the young lady all hepped up over prison reform and she is going to give over her life to putting ex-crooks on their feet. He says it is all on account of his wonderful writings. But, Guy, I think the old bird is worried about his fiancée. His interest in philanthropy does not go beyond the printed page. I have a notion he is not at all pleased that Miss Parmley intends to meet the burglar socially."

He stopped suddenly as he saw

a queer grin spread over the features of his friend.

"What deviltry are you up to now?" he asked.

Young Randall clapped Bob on the shoulder as he exclaimed genially: "Old top, I am going to be a brand plucked from the burning. If that adorable girl is yearning to hold out a helping hand to the criminal class, she can begin with me."

He ended the sentence with a rush as a gentleman in blue unceremoniously took him by the arm and shoved him through a door.

Five minutes later the judge was staring in unbelief at the cheerful countenance of his son before him, the court policeman by his side. The clerk was muttering something as he slipped a piece of paper under Judge Randall's nose. Absently the judge adjusted his glasses and read:

"Dear Judge: Remember your vow of this morning to sentence reckless drivers. Do your duty although it hurts.

Your loving son,
Guy."

The old judge looked up and met the whimsical gaze of his offspring.

"Ten days," snapped the judge. "Next case."

He gulped down a glass of water and beckoned the clerk.

"He is my son," he whispered. "Keep it out of the papers if you can. Tell the warden to make it as easy for him as possible."

IV.

That her young mistress should trust her with her jewelry and silverware while she went a-market-

ing was what finally won Mag's complete allegiance, and when Brother Al made his modest entrance by way of the dumb waiter, the second day, he was much pained to find that her loyalty to Diana was stronger than her affection for her lovely family.

As he followed her from room to room, Diana being out, she even went so far as to threaten him with the bulls if he touched anything. His small, bird-like eyes roved everywhere; he missed nothing. As Diana suddenly opened the front door, Al ducked out.

"Who is that extraordinary looking person? Is he a crook?" asked Diana hopefully.

"No, mam," Mag replied nervously. "He come to see the gas meter."

"By the way," said Diana, "I want to have an especially nice dinner tonight. My fiance, Mr. Hyde, is coming. I am going to give him a big surprise. *You* are the surprise, Margaret."

V.

As Diana had fondly expected, O. Adolphus Hyde was "surprised." The dramatic moment arrived as Mag arrived with the soup.

But the dinner was not a success. Hyde seemed to have lost his appetite and he cast furtive, almost frightened glances at the young woman. It was one thing to arouse public sympathy and interest in people of her class; it was quite another to have them brought into the bosom of the family, as it were.

"I told the warden," Diana was saying brightly, "that he could send any of those poor people to me

whenever they were released and I would do what I could. I knew you would be so pleased."

Adolphus choked in his demitasse and hastily rose.

"My dear, I must have a few words with you alone," he said firmly.

Fifteen minutes later O. Adolphus took his flustered departure. Diana's eyes were hard and bright; her cheeks red. She had firmly declined to dismiss Mag. She was bitterly disillusioned to find that Hyde's philanthropic ideas were born of vanity rather than loving kindness. As with so many of us, she realized he loved humanity en masse but shuddered at personal contact. Let somebody else do the dirty work, he told her; it was their mission simply to point the way.

At this moment Diana *was* pointing the way—and it led to the front door.

There was a vindictive streak in Mr. Hyde and all his venom was in the direction of Mag. He must save the beautiful Diana in spite of herself against sordid contact. Nothing should be allowed to happen that would mar the lovely fastidiousness of mind and spirit that was hers—that already he thought of as his.

He summoned by 'phone a private detective whom he had often used in his legal business. Hezikiah Tate, commonly called "Hezzy," had a round, cherubic countenance, bland and benevolent. He was courtly in manner and slow in speech. He was not at all enthusiastic over his new assignment.

Said Hezzy: "It's all right, my

chasin' Mag away. That's a cinch. But for me to guard your young lady by playin' cook and housemaid ain't exactly in my line."

But Hyde was firm and with a promise of double pay Hezzy reluctantly consented to undertake a little plain cooking and to guard Diana from the horde of released prisoners that Hyde confidently expected would call upon her.

He was not seriously worried over Diana's indignant attitude toward himself; his crust of vanity was far too thick. She would soon get over her anger and see the error of her ways.

But in this he was wrong. Diana was too spirited and too strong of purpose to be easily subdued.

It was the following morning, and Mag had just brought Diana a special delivery letter. It was dated Jefferson Market Prison, Cell Number 13, and read as follows:

"Dere Miss Parmley:

I heerd you was intrusted in us poor devils. Conditions in this here jail is terrible. The way I'm treated wud brake a hart of stone. Won't you please cum and hold out a helping hand.

Yours respectively,

Bill the Bunk."

There was a look of compassion in her eyes as she glanced off contemplatively. His pathetic appeal had touched her deeply. She would see what she could do; also she would show Mr. Hyde that at least *her* interest in humanity was real and practical.

Diana gave Mag a ten-dollar bill and sent her to the market while she herself hurried to the prison. In her preoccupation she did not

notice Tate, just across the street, leaning against a lamp post. His admiring glance followed her out of sight. She was mighty good to look at and he wondered how she could see anything in a vain and pompous little man like Hyde.

Then out of the tail of his eye he saw Mag emerge from the doorway opposite and hurry up the street. He overtook her at the corner and tapped her on the shoulder. She started and glanced furtively at him. Naturally, Mag knew a "bull" when she saw one.

"What do you want?" she asked defiantly.

"Nothing," rejoined Hezzy. "But I'll give yer a piece of advice. You better beat it out of town while the going's good. Don't wait for nuthin'. Get me?"

Mag sighed. She really wanted to stay with Diana.

"I got ten dollars that belongs to Miss Parmley," she said. "Can't I just take it back and leave it for her?"

"Nuthin' doin'," retorted Tate. "Now beat it!"

Guy Randall, alias "Bill the Bunk," with an eye for atmospheric effects, had got himself put into "solitary." Also he had acquired some outer garments of most extraordinary dilapidation. He had asked for ball and chain, but the warden, with a chuckle, informed him that they had been out of fashion for some time.

It was Diana's first visit to the inside of a prison, and though she had come with a prejudiced eye she could find very little to cavil at as the warden ushered her along tier after tier of the cells. She

caught her breath once or twice as some unprepossessing countenance peered at her. But it was not until she appeared before the bars of Bill's windowless dungeon that she felt a real thrill of horror.

Bill emerged from the shadows and came slowly limping toward her. Instinctively she shrank back, but the warden kindly assured her that he was really not dangerous. As she stared fearfully she began to feel that despite his rough and dilapidated exterior there was the possibility of regeneration. The prisoner's glance was steady and his eyes were rather fine. His features were really not at all bad. With womanly instinct she began to imagine how he could be improved by decent clothes and good food. His voice, too, rather pleased her. It seem to remind her of a voice she had heard once before, but she couldn't remember where or when.

"If you would like to talk to him, Miss," said the warden, "I'll just step back. I don't believe he would be very responsive if I were near."

Haltingly and then with growing eloquence Bill the Bunk told of his awful life in prison, his hands grasping the bars. They were rather fine hands, she decided, and the nails were clean. That puzzled her, and yet it pleased her. If there was one thing that Diana could not stand it was dirty finger nails.

"How did you ever get in such a plight as this?" the girl asked compassionately.

Bill hesitated and suddenly looked away from her as he mumbled:

"Oh, miss, it was a woman brought me to this!"

His features began to work—he seemed to be overcome with deep emotion. With great tact Diana looked away in order to give him time to regain his composure.

"Bill," she said in a kindly way, "I don't believe you are really vicious."

"No'm," he answered, "I ain't vicious. I'm just weak, that's all. Women does such things to me. I jest can't withstand 'em. If there was one good woman in my life now, I think it might be the makin' of me."

He wiped his eyes with his dirty sleeve—he seemed to be choking. The more Diana regarded him, the more she fancied she saw a really fine spirit—for the moment submerged, but perhaps not hopelessly.

Diana suddenly had a very brilliant idea.

"Bill," she said, "I'm going to see the judge and I will intercede for you."

The queerest light flashed in the big eyes that stared out. Diana could not be sure whether it was gratitude or fright or what. She had come nearer; her gloved hand rested on one of the bars. Suddenly he stooped down and kissed the glove.

"Go' bless you, miss."

Diana's look was very compassionate and tender, and she smiled encouragingly at him as she turned away.

Diana knew from experience that men seldom could deny her anything she asked, so she waited hopefully for Judge Randall's decision. He leaned back in his easy

chair, put the tips of his fingers together judiciously and then his fine old mouth began to twitch at the corners as he said:

"Young lady, I believe that your faith and your interest in this unfortunate young man might easily do more for him than punitive justice. An out-and-out pardon I cannot grant, but I will parole him in your care until his time is up under the sentence. He must report to you at least once every twenty-four hours and I shall hold you responsible for his behavior."

When, radiant and with bright eyes, she left him, the judge stumbled back into his chair and laughed until he cried. The situation tickled his jaded fancy and he looked forward to interesting developments.

But these developments were to be much more complicated and varied than he ever dreamed of.

VI.

The disappearance of Mag the Rag was a grievous disappointment to Diana. She had counted so firmly on the girl's loyalty and gratitude. And Diana actually cried—which was most unusual; but she was deeply hurt. Then she remembered Bill, cheered up and wiped her eyes. It was very discouraging work, redeeming the fallen, but she determined that she would not let one failure dampen her ardor. Least of all would she quit now in the face of Hyde's detestable attitude.

It was at this moment that Mr. Tate rang her door bell, bearing a note from O. Adolphus. Her impulse was to dismiss Tate peremptorily, but she was expecting Bill to report at any moment and she

did not have time to go in search of another servant. So she told Hezzy that she would take him on trial.

Hezzy was rather disappointed. He did not like the job and he was hoping she would not like him. So he found his way into the kitchen and surveyed the pots and pans with a heavy sigh.

"A helluva job for an able-bodied detective!" he complained to himself.

Hezzy was perspiring over the "Century" cook book when he heard the murmur of voices. He tiptoed across the hall and peeked. Bill, somewhat cleaned up, was still a rather disreputable looking youth. He was sitting awkwardly on the edge of a chair and telling the story of his criminal past to a very much fascinated Diana. He laid it on pretty thick, just for the pleasure of watching her eyes dilate, and as his marvelous story began to develop he wondered if he had not missed his vocation—if he should not have taken up writing for the popular magazines. He was *good*—and he knew it.

His description of the woman who had "brought him to this" bore a striking resemblance to the girl sitting before him. This was not lost on Diana and it gave her an added personal interest in his remarkable recital. Apparently Bill had done everything except commit murder. Mr. Tate's cauliflower ear fairly quivered as he listened to snatches of the talk, and he lost no time in going to the nearest drug store and reporting to his chief.

Hyde's voice expressed a sort of

grim satisfaction. It was working out exactly as he had anticipated. That Diana was acting as hostess to a dangerous criminal gave him every right to resort to drastic measures—and to the plan of action that he outlined for Mr. Tate over the telephone.

Tate was somewhat dubious of the plan, but at least it suggested a speedy termination of his sojourn in the kitchen, so he finally consented to play his part in the dramatic sequence that was presently to begin.

Hyde had very little difficulty in prevailing upon two starving young character actors to assume the roles assigned to them. They were to "make up" as villainous crooks, proceed to Diana's flat, be secretly admitted by Tate, steal the valuables and then deliver the swag at Hyde's office. That gentleman, in due course, would report the capture of the burglars through his own brilliant efforts; he would then return the valuables to Diana, and she would have learned her lesson. It was a plausible scheme.

But at the same time, oddly enough, Shivery Al was showing his august parent the plan of Diana's apartment. Black Mike shook his head.

"No more of them jobs for me," he said.

But Al was very persuasive, and Mike listened.

He began to see a moral purpose in the plan. He would teach his ungrateful daughter that she could not trifle with his parental devotion. He almost wept as he contemplated his own virtues and his daughter's ingratitude.

If the dinner that evening was not exactly a work of art, at least it was edible, for Tate in despair had ransacked a delicatessen store and thus avoided complete disaster. But neither Diana nor her guest, Bill, was conscious of what was on the table. They were both so full of plans; and she, at least, was filled with a spirit of exaltation. She marvelled at the miracle of mercy—the transforming effect of encouragement and refined environment on this young criminal. And she thought contemptuously of Mr. Hyde and all his kind, who merely talked, whereas she was going to prove to the world the practical results of a woman's compassion.

Like Shahrazad, Bill was chiefly concerned with how to keep up the Arabian nights' entertainment as long as possible. Already he felt that he had nearly exhausted his invention. He was vividly describing how he had successfully combated five policemen and escaped in a stolen motor car when the girl interrupted.

"Bill," she asked sternly, "have you returned that car?"

Then Bill had an inspiration.

"No'm," he said reluctantly. "I bee askeered to. But if you was to come and take my part, maybe they wouldn't pinch me again."

"Very well," said Diana. "If you know where the car is, get it and I will go with you."

"Yes'm," said Bill, "I'll get it right now."

So Bill hurried away to borrow his father's Pierce-Arrow. His father, he knew, was up at the Westchester Country Club and would not need it until late that evening.

He and Diana would pick up the judge and then she would know——

It was quite dark on the street as Bill came down the one flight of stairs that led to Diana's flat. In the entrance he encountered two evil looking men. They were endeavoring to read the names over the various mail boxes with a lighted match. One fellow was rather large and plump; the other slight and thin.

With great artistry and considerable enthusiasm these two gentlemen had built up strong resemblances to Fagan and Bill Sykes. They were rather proud of the "make up" and though they had not rehearsed they looked forward rather eagerly for their one and only performance this evening.

Bill knew at once that they were criminals of the deepest dye. In fact, they were more evil looking than any of his recent acquaintances in the jail. And Bill felt a pang of jealousy as he realized he had rivals. And such rivals! He must protect Miss Parmley from such as these.

The encounter was of short duration. The two actors, not having been well fed for several days, were no match for the athletic Mr. Randall. They were very quickly put to flight, one with a bloody nose, the other with a cut ear. And they were furious. As artists they had been engaged to act and not to fight.

Guy walked briskly home and informed his father's chauffeur he would himself pick up the judge at the Country Club. He hopped into the big Pierce-Arrow and pulled

out of the garage. He was whispering softly to himself.

At the same time a battered Ford had pulled up at the curb a few feet below the entrance of Diana's apartment house. Shivery Al and his father descended and briskly entered. They naturally expected to find Mag there. Consequently they were very disagreeably surprised to have the kitchen door opened by Mr. Tate; yet, oddly enough, Mr. Tate seemed to be expecting them, and he greeted them with great cordiality. Al and his benignant parent eyed each other as they prepared for flight; but Mr. Tate firmly closed the door and ushered them in.

Tate remarked gently, "I knew you fellows were coming. I've been waiting for you, and we'll all get to work at once."

Thoughtfully he showed them where the silver was kept and cautioning them to wait he tiptoed through the dining-room into the living-room beyond. Diana had just finished putting on her most becoming hat. She was humming softly to herself as she came into the living-room and sat down at her piano. It could not have been better arranged. Under cover of her skillful rendering of "A Vision of Salome," Al and his father were ushered into Diana's boudoir where her jewelry was carelessly displayed.

Tate was whispering softly to the men: "Of course you fellows know what you're about—and I'll join you later."

Then he left them and tiptoed back to the pantry.

Mike contemplated his son mo-

rosely. "This joint is bughouse—let's quit!"

But as usual Al over-ruled his parent.

Quickly and efficiently, for Al and his father were not entirely out of practice, they gathered up the swag in a pillow case and hurried out.

As they tiptoed down the hallway they beheld a ten-dollar bill slowly entering by way of the crack under the front door. The two stared at it, transfixed.

"My Gawd!" whispered Mike hoarsely. "If this place ain't queer—I'm crazy!"

Outside, Mag the Rag, who had braved the police to prove her honesty, was timorously hurrying down the stairs.

The two cracksmen made a quick and unobtrusive exit by way of the kitchen door just as Guy was admitted at the front. And as they reached the street Al noticed with envy the beautiful lines and trappings of the Pierce-Arrow. He noted that the key had been carelessly left in the switch. He glanced quickly around. There was no one in sight at the moment.

"It's a cinch, pop," he said. "Are you with me or not?"

Without waiting for an answer he dumped his swag quickly into the tonneau of the Pierce-Arrow. Reluctantly and against his better judgment the father followed with the black bag he was carrying.

"My Gawd!" exclaimed Al, "we forgot the silver!" They turned away as Guy and Diana emerged from the doorway and climbed into the Pierce-Arrow. They were hardly aware of the two figures that

watched with dismay, as the big car started off.

Cursing, Mike climbed heavily into the Ford beside his son, as Mr. Tate came stumbling and falling down the front stairway. He had just learned by 'phone from the frantic Hyde that the gentlemen whom he had so hospitably received were not actors at all but undoubtedly real crooks. Up the street he could see the Ford gaining headway. Mr. Tate started to run.

VII.

The Pierce-Arrow was sliding smoothly and swiftly through the upper reaches of the Bronx. A strong northerly breeze plucked at Diana's big hat and she found it necessary to hold it on.

Bill was unusually quiet. There was an air of subdued excitement about him. He was beginning to wonder what Diana's reaction would be when presently she learned of his real identity. Would she be a good sport and take it all as a joke? He began to fear she would not. She was so very much in earnest, this adorable girl—he doubted if her sense of humor would be equal to the occasion. He accelerated the speed of the car. Tired of holding her hat in place, Diana took it off, turned around and deposited it carefully in the tonneau. She noticed the white pillow case bulging with odd shapes. She fumbled in it. Bill was taking a grade-crossing and was watching the lights ahead.

Diana suddenly grew rigid as out of the case she brought some of her own precious belongings. Quietly, but with deadly purpose, she straightened up and opened her

beaded bag. She hauled out a small pearl-handled revolver that Hyde had given her when first he learned of her coming to New York.

"Please stop the car," she commanded briskly.

Bill glanced toward her, puzzled. He slowed up.

"Stop it at once," she said.

He put on the brakes. Coolly she turned the gun toward him.

"Now get out," she said.

Bewildered, he glanced at the pretty toy she held.

"What the dickens!" he muttered.

"Get out!" she commanded, a bit tremulously this time.

He fumbled at the door catch and squeezed his way out from beneath the wheel.

"All right," he said, "I'm out. Now what's the big idea?"

Her lips were quivering; there were tears in her eyes.

"Oh, Bill," she said reproachfully, "after all I have tried to do for you, that you should—what you men say—'double cross' me like this!"

They were under an arc light. The top of the car was down and as Diana pointed dramatically to the tonneau Bill involuntarily glanced in.

"My God!" he said, "how did that stuff get there?"

"I think that is quite plain," retorted Diana with a quick surge of anger. She suddenly felt very tired. This trying to reform the criminal class was a most discouraging undertaking.

"Bill," she said at last, the little pistol weaving in her hand, "if I did the right thing I would turn you over to the police. But some-

how I can't do it. It is probably my fault, putting you in the way of temptation."

She was fumbling with the gear shift; she threw it into second.

"Go your way," she said. "I hope that some day you will be sorry and ashamed of the way you have treated me. Good-bye."

With a rush the big car started off, leaving a bewildered and much disgusted young man by the roadside scratching his head and mumbling to himself.

At that instant a battered Ford, running noisily on two cylinders, roared past Guy. He saw the Ford overtake the Pierce as Diana, struggling with the unfamiliar gear shift, was just getting into high. Vaguely silhouetted against the street light ahead he saw a man leap from the Ford to the running board of the big car; then another figure followed. A moment later the Pierce-Arrow rushed ahead and Guy started madly running after it.

It took young Randall about thirty seconds to crank the Ford and to get under way. By this time the big gray car had disappeared in the darkness, with just a faint glow of red light to mark its path.

Down at police headquarters the police sergeant was 'phoning right and left. Presently motorcycle cops were shooting out in every direction.

The small Mr. Hyde and the large Mr. Tate were sitting on the back seat of a taxi vaguely headed north. Hyde was doing a great deal of unnecessary talking, but Hezzy kept calmly silent. Inwardly he cursed himself for ever having

stooped to play a part in this crazy mess.

For once Hyde had shown a gleam of real intelligence. Tate's description of the two thieves, together with the disappearance of Mag, suggested a solution, and Hyde knew that somewhere in the Bronx was the home of this lovely trio. At least it was a clue.

Guy had never driven a Ford but once before in his life, and never at such a speed. It swayed and bounced and roared. The red light ahead would disappear and reappear again with each curve of the roadway. Then came a long, straight stretch where the light seemed to recede farther and farther. Suddenly it disappeared completely. A minute later Guy jammed on his brakes. The small Ford skidded sideways into a tree. It was at the entrance to a narrow dirt road, tree-arched and black as a cave. The Ford engine had spluttered and died a painful death; one wheel had caved in under the car.

Guy dashed out and up the dark roadway, stumbling and falling in his frantic haste. Presently he came out in a sort of clearing. The pale moon cast a dim radiance over a patch of the road, a bit of a field, and revealed the dim outlines of a two-story house. As he stared at it he saw a faint light glow through a window, which immediately was blotted out as the shade was drawn.

He stumbled over uneven ground toward the house. As he got nearer he saw the rear end of the big Pierce-Arrow faintly visible through a clump of bushes. He ran to the car, fumbled about under

the front seat until he got his fingers on a heavy monkey wrench, then he turned swiftly to the house.

He knocked on the door and the sound of his knock echoed loudly. He fancied he heard a slight scuffle inside. That was all. He put his shoulder to the panel and heaved at it with all his strength. Suddenly the door gave way and Guy fell headlong across the threshold.

Before he could recover himself a giant figure leaped upon him and a smaller figure crouched over him with an arm raised. And Guy passed out. He came to as he felt himself being lifted and carried with much grunting and groaning and cursing. His head hurt frightfully. Presently he opened his eyes and blurred outlines gradually took definite shape.

Diana bound, a dirty handkerchief tied over her mouth, was directly before him. He was conscious of an evil odor about the place and he realized that he was half lying, half sitting among a row of kegs reeking with moonshine. His wrists were tied together behind his back and he was firmly gagged.

Shivery Al, with candle in hand, was standing on the top step of a ladder looking from one to the other.

Suddenly on the night air came distinctly the sound of a police whistle, and then another, and then another, and then the far-off roar of motorcycles.

Al's black mustache began to work spasmodically, the candle in his hand began to tremble. Already his irate parent was hurling curses at him from the floor below.

Al clambered up into the low at-

tic with his two prisoners, and bel-
lowing to his father to remove the
ladder, he dropped the trap door
into place. He whipped out a re-
volver and crouched over the girl
as he muttered to Randall:

"A word out of either of youse
and I'll kill her."

It was an unnecessary com-
mand under the circumstances. But
Young Randall knew that he had
a very dangerous type of criminal
to deal with. Al's cringing fear
would be likely to drive him to an
insane act.

There was a sudden quick rap on
the front door and Al in his terror
dropped the candle and it went out.
Thin streaks of light came up from
the living-room through the crude
flooring of the attic. Directly be-
low Black Mike sat peacefully cob-
bling an old shoe.

"Who's there?" he called out.

"The police," was the answer.

Mike had not his son's cunning,
but he had the savage bravery of
a big bull. He opened the door,
scowling and blinking, and three
motorcycle cops stalked in.

"This is a helluva time of night
to disturb peaceful folk," muttered
Mike.

The officers paid no attention to
him as they made a rapid search of
the room, then into an adjoining
bedroom and kitchen. One of them
glanced aloft, but the trap door
fitted cunningly and there was noth-
ing to indicate anything unusual
there.

In the painful silence Randall
could hear the frightened, flutter-
ing breath of Diana. He struggled
futilely to rise, then his fingers sud-
denly closed on the spigot against

which his shoulders were resting.
He felt the spigot gradually turn
under his hand.

Down below the officers were pre-
paring to depart. One of them
had left to inspect the outside of
the building. Mike was grinning
sarcastically at his baffled visitors,
when suddenly he felt something
strike him on the back of the neck.
Involuntarily he looked up and got
a drop of moonshine in his eye. It
stung horribly. Then the drop-
ping became a thin and steady
trickle.

The two cops consulting in an
undertone had not observed this
new development. Mike dared not
move. He would have much pre-
ferred to take the dose internally.
As it was he had to absorb it exter-
nally and appear as nonchalant as
possible. It was not pleasant tak-
ing it down the back of his neck.
Mike was rapidly approaching the
point of saturation.

To his horror he saw a small
pool gathering at his feet. The
cops had picked up their gloves
and were turning toward the door
when one of them sniffed the air.
He looked sharply at Black Mike,
whose knees had begun to quake,
and then he saw the gathering pool
at his feet.

The officer began to laugh. He
blew his whistle at the open door.
The third cop reappeared on the
run. He was carrying a ladder he
had found outside.

Then came the curious sound of
a body rolling down the roof and
a momentary impression of waving
arms and legs as Al flashed past the
window to fall with a sickening
thud to the turf below.

The two cops raised the ladder and tapped the rough board ceiling until they found the trap. It was the work of a couple of minutes and then the cramped and aching forms of Diana and Randall were gently lowered to the floor below and unbound.

"Why, Mr. Randall," exclaimed the sergeant with a short laugh, "what are you up to? Have you gone into the bootleg business?"

Guy glanced toward Diana. Her face was very red. Her eyes were flashing. Guy leaned toward her, holding out a hand.

"I'm awfully sorry about everything," he said contritely. "I never dreamed we'd get into a mess like this."

She looked at him with cool hauteur. "You must have enjoyed yourself very much at my expense," she said.

Guy hung his head. "Well, I had to meet you, and it was the only way I could think of."

He was looking away, shamefaced, and he did not see the corners of her mouth twitch. She turned to the sergeant.

"Officer," she said, "one of your men can find that Pierce-Arrow and drive me home."

The sergeant himself drove the Pierce-Arrow over the rough ground to the front door, then he alighted and helped Diana into the front seat. The next moment the car shot forward and Diana was startled to see Guy at the wheel.

"You!" she exclaimed.

"But after all," he muttered, "this is my father's car, and I think I have as much right to drive it as anybody."

During the long drive home neither one spoke, except once when Guy muttered, "After all, Diana, I love you."

She made no answer, but she had lots of time to think things over before they approached Waverly Place.

She told herself she could never forgive Mr. Randall for his colossal impudence. She would not admit it, of course, but it was the fact that he had made her ridiculous which she could not forgive. She blushed hotly as she realized how gullible she had been—how all the time he must have been laughing inwardly at her earnest efforts to "reform" him, to make a gentleman of him. She was close to angry tears as she thought of it.

At the moment they were overtaking and passing a rumbling taxi containing Mr. Hyde and Mr. Tate; but they did not know it. The meter had been rising steadily and, with it, Mr. Hyde's anger and frantic worry over Diana.

Then Diana's face softened to almost a smile as she remembered accusing young Randall of being a social butterfly and how in the last two days he had successfully disproved it. After all she could more quickly forgive Guy's impudence than the selfish egotism of O. Adolphus. Her disagreeable adventure with Mike and his ratty son—which might have terminated seriously—was certainly Guy's fault, but then he had made amends. He had come to her rescue, braving possible death to save her. She thrilled at the thought. "All's fair in love"—Diana was inclined to admit it. She stole a glance at her

silent chauffeur as he drove, eyes front with set jaw. He *had* a nice profile.

They were rapidly passing another taxi, but neither noticed as Judge Randall poked out his head and shook his fist after them, hurling intemperate remarks.

It suddenly occurred to Diana that she would graciously forgive Mr. Randall; but evidently *his* pride had been touched and he offered her no opening. She gave him another oblique glance. She noticed that he had a fine shaped head. She had a sudden and inexplicable desire to reach out and pat his shoulder. Angry with herself she straightened up and fixed her gaze straight ahead.

When, finally, the gray car drew up in front of her door, she paused a moment before she turned to

alight, and then very deliberately she pulled from her left hand the engagement ring that Hyde had given her, and tossed it into the street.

Guy stared at her a moment, a slow smile creeping over his face.

"Do you mind if I give you a ring tomorrow?"—and then he added hastily—"I mean on the 'phone," as she flashed a haughty look at him.

She got up with a very queenly air; refusing Guy's aid she opened the door, alighted, closed the door very deliberately. Then she met Guy's pleading gaze squarely for a moment, chin high. Her own look softened, her mouth curved deliciously and she murmured—

"Referring to your question of a moment ago—I think that a ring on the hand is worth two on the 'phone."

Then she was gone.

END

COMPETITION is fierce all along the line, and facility in the use of the pen counts in every trade and in every profession no less truly than it does among avowed writers.

Nor is this the whole of the matter. Into every-day common experience has the modern habit of life brought the need of being master of expression; and even he who does not put pen to paper—if it is possible to suppose such a person to exist among intelligent people—is under the necessity of cultivating his knowledge of the art of expression to the end that he may read more intelligently and more sensitively.—Arlo Bates in "Talks on Writing English."

PRIZE CONTEST ENDS

OWING to the large number of manuscripts submitted in the contest on the subject, "The Best Original Photoplay I have seen since January 1st, 1923," the judges have been unable to reach a decision in time to publish the results in this issue. However, the thousands of essays on file are being carefully gone over and the names of the fortunate winners will be published in the June number.

ARE AMERICANS PEOPLE?

A Symposium

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The controversy between the Conservative school of writers and the group commonly known as the Young Intellectuals goes merrily on. Eugene Manlove Rhodes, noted novelist, and Stanley Kilmer Booth, well known Modernist, fired the opening shots in the April issue. Now comes Jim Tully, author of "Emmett Lawlor," and representative of the more radical literary circles, with a whole broadside. The editor must remain strictly neutral throughout this battle of words; but he would appreciate the opinions of STORY WORLD readers. Do you agree with Mr. Booth and Mr. Tully—or do you line up with Mr. Rhodes? Possibly, when you have read what Emerson Hough, author of "The Covered Wagon," "North of 36," and other great novels, has to say on the subject, in the June number, you will change your mind. Mr. Hough does not mince words. We consider his contribution to the coming issue one of the most significant utterances on the topic of America and her literature ever published. Other famous writers will follow Mr. Hough. In fact, never before has a magazine offered to its readers a series more fascinating, timely, or vital than this one.]

THE difference between me and Eugene Manlove Rhodes is that I am interested in literature while he is interested in patriotism. I don't care what a writer happens to think about the American government, the American people, American history, or American art. It makes no difference to me whether he hails from Odessa, Russia, or Odessa, Missouri. It's all one to me if he is a "wobbly" doing time in San Quentin for daring to think for himself or the judge who sent him there for his audacity in declaring that our system of government is all wrong. A writer is to be judged not by his political or social opinions, he is not to be estimated according to his origins or his views of the war, Germany, democracy, or Bolshevism. All this is foreign to the essential matter of literary excellence. A writer is to be judged by his art, and by that alone.

Mr. Rhodes concedes this without knowing it. He seems to like Clarence Day. Now, I have never noticed any particular enmity between Mr. Day and Mr. Mencken. More

than that, I observe in Mr. Day a good-humored, and sometimes a biting, contempt of the great American public, and their great literary organs—the newspapers and the magazines. I think Mr. Rhodes would find Mr. Day on most matters more in accord with Mr. Mencken than with Mr. Rhodes.

Mr. Rhodes approves of Robert Frost. Frost is a real poet, with a deep pity for his North of Boston people. But he hardly spares them in so many of the poems which reveal the population of Northern New England as "half-cracked."

With a degree of presumption Mr. Rhodes rules Cabell, Neihardt, Hergeheimer, Willa Cather, Dorothy Canfield, Clarence Day, Simeon Strunsky, Frank Moore Colby, and Carl Van Doren out of the Y. I. Several of these writers would, I am satisfied, not thank Mr. Rhodes for this definition of their aims and ideals. Some of them, I have no doubt, are close friends and associates of Mencken, Nathan, Harold Stearns, Waldo Frank, Sherwood Anderson, Ben Hecht, and Van

Wyck Brooks, whom Mr. Rhodes so vehemently execrates. Mr. Rhodes rounds up other people's opinions as if they were cattle. How does he get that way? But that is mere child's play for the he-man of literature who can dispose of such great thinkers as Nietzsche and Freud with a couple of adjectives.

Mr. Rhodes specifically hates Mencken, Nathan, Harold Stearns, Waldo Frank, Sherwood Anderson, Ben Hecht, and Van Wyck Brooks. And he hates them because they despise the American people, whom he loves. These are men of extremely various attainments. Mr. Mencken remains for all of Mr. Rhodes' hot shot one of the most stimulating of American critics. George Jean Nathan has had a slight but salutary effect on the New York stage. (There is no stage at all in America outside of New York.) Harold Stearns is a brilliant young man, as American as Mr. Rhodes I believe, but so far as I know not an important enough figure in American literature to get excited about. Waldo Frank's *Our America* and *The Dark Mother* are bad books. But they are bad not because of their opinions but because Waldo Frank can't write. Sherwood Anderson is in an entirely different class. He is not a great writer, but he is infinitely superior to the obscure third-rate novelists whom Mr. Rhodes loves for their Americanism. Ben Hecht has lots of talent, but he has been spoiled by too much writing for an American newspaper. Van Wyck Brooks had an interesting theory about Mark Twain which he rode to death. But no one can deny that *The Ordeal* of Mark Twain has

thrown a significant light on the career of the man whose *Huckleberry Finn* H. L. Mencken and Mr. Rhodes both admire. Only blind prejudice can explain Mr. Rhodes' folly in lumping all these people together.

But granted that they do agree in one thing—contempt of the public, they are probably right. Anybody familiar with the history of art knows that great literature, or great art of any kind, has never been popular. (With the possible exception of a single generation in the history of a single city—Athens, Greece.) Mr. Rhodes likes Thomas Hardy. That beautiful and pitiful book, *Jude the Obscure*, was so badly received by the pillars of society against whom Mr. Rhodes likes to lean that Hardy quit writing novels. He has had a moderate popularity, but he could hardly compete with the author of *The Sheik*. Mr. Rhodes likes Joseph Conrad. (So does Mr. Mencken—but of course Mencken doesn't understand Conrad the way Mr. Rhodes does.) But how many of Mr. Rhodes' lovable Americans have read Conrad? As many as have read *When a Man's a Man*? Even Shakespeare was never truly popular. England outside of London was a wilderness—and in London *Hamlet* was never appreciated like *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*. Universal literacy means universal appreciation of our filthy newspapers, nothing more. If Mr. Rhodes won't take this from me, maybe he will take it from Mark Twain.

Mr. Rhodes quotes two poems, one of which he likes. I think they are both terrible. What is he going

to do about it? And if he wants to bring in the subject of poetry, I should like him to name a poet of his cultured West worthy of being compared with Robert Frost, E. A. Robinson, Edgar Lee Masters, Ezra Pound, or T. S. Eliot. Please note, Mr. Rhodes, that these are all nice American names.

Another reason Mr. Rhodes hates the Young Intellectuals is because they don't properly appreciate the literature of the West. Now, I agree with Mr. Rhodes that the conquest of the West is a great epic. It is a heroic story. No writer of fiction has approached in grandeur the mere history of that marvelous achievement. No novelist of the West has been worthy of his subject. Mark Twain's great work is about the Mississippi. Bret Harte, an easterner and half a Jew, made a formal literary use of an unreal West. And they were both pre-cowboy writers. Hamlin Garland's best work is grim realism of the Middle West—*Main Traveled Roads*, *Other Main Traveled Roads*, *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly*, *A Son of the Middle Border*, and *A Daughter of the Middle Border*. In between come some cowboy romances that are rot. Frank Norris, the greatest of them all, wrote of California. But his story of the ruthless operations of the piratical railroads will hardly please so ardent a patriot as Mr. Rhodes. And what has he to say to the statement that Frank Norris derived his technique chiefly from the Russian novel? As for Jack London, the entire philosophy of his fiction comes right out of that terrible German, Mr. Nietzsche.

There are in general two ways of looking at literature. One is to regard it as selling entertainment, for cash. This is the view of most of those who write for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Red Book*, etc. They are out to divert our loveable American public with pleasant or thrilling stories. They have to be sentimental and sensational or else they will fail. This is a legitimate business—I have no quarrel with it. But it has nothing to do with literature.

The artist writes because he has to express his vision of reality. His aim is truth—and his indispensable virtue is honesty. The Young Intellectuals whom Mr. Rhodes condemns so bitterly have many faults, but I believe they are primarily concerned with literature and sincerely, so far as in them lies, are serving art. Go thou and do likewise.

But I don't want to be dogmatic. I admit I know nothing about it. I am not a Young Intellectual. It is supererogatory for me to defend intellectuals, as it is for Mr. Rhodes to assail them. I am only a rough-neck, an ex-tramp, and an ex-prize-fighter. American institutions did nothing for me. On the contrary they almost broke me. But I came up out of the depths with something to say. What I have to say is not always pleasant, it is not always diverting—many people will fail to be entertained by it. But it will be so far as I can make it—the truth. And if it is the truth I believe the Young Intellectuals will be the first to welcome it.

—Jim Tully.

A FICTIONIZED SCENARIO

"THE WERE-WOLF"*

BY GRACE VAN BENTHUYSEN

[Foreword: The simple, story-loving people of the Middle Ages symbolized life in their legends. For them sin, hate, love, faith and kindred emotions took on the guises of mortals to play the human drama. "The Were-Wolf" is perhaps the most dramatic of all Norwegian legends.]

THE Eiler farm lay along one of the loneliest fjords in Norway. Great pine forests grew close down to the water's edge, the sun scarcely ever penetrated the gloom of those dark trees and what wild beasts might lurk there in their shadows no man knew. But the farm itself was a cheery enough place. Kjeld Eiler had made a clearing for his home when as a young man he brought his bride, Gunhilde, to live with him by the fjord. Patiently they had fought back the black forest, built their homestead and tended their flocks and crops so thriftily that by the time their only son, Thorwald, was twenty-one all their hard work lay behind them and before them stretched the enjoyment of their prosperity and the happiness of their son's happiness. The desire of their hearts had been accomplished. Thorwald was betrothed to Maria, the orphaned child of Kjeld's dearest friend and whom he had brought up as his own daughter.

So much happiness does not often come to people, Kjeld and Gunhilde thought, as they proudly received the guests whom they had invited to the betrothal celebration. These friends, dressed in their gayest holiday clothes, had come

from distant farms and far away hamlets. Some came on skis, some had skated along ice-bound fjords and others had come in jingling sleighs. Every window of the farm house blazed a welcoming light and inside and out its walls were hung with garlands of evergreen and boughs of pine. Thorwald, brave in scarlet velvet, and Maria, beautiful in gorgeous silks, stood beside Kjeld and Gunhilde to greet their well-wishers. Pretty little Maria, blushing and shy, reminded the older men of the brides of their youth. The women looked at Thorwald, tall and handsome, and remembered their betrothal nights. What with either old or new love in every heart the farm house fairly sang with the joy of life.

When the fiddle and the drum began the stately strains of the Ganger, or walking dance, Thorwald and Maria headed the procession, the rest of the company falling into couples behind them. In and out they wound, and up and down the rooms. It was a pretty scene, brilliant colors, glittering jewels, flashing smiles. But suddenly the procession halted, the smiles faded. From out the dark forest came a weird, foreboding sound, a cry, a shriek, a howl, all in one. It beat against the lighted windows, it stormed the stout door as if it would break through the

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darkness and snuff out the light and joy within with its horror. Gunhilde turned pale as death and clutched the arm of her husband. Kjeld stopped to listen but Thorwald, with his promised bride on his arm, only laughed.

"Poof!" he cried. "I'll put a bullet through that howl tomorrow."

Maria, who had shrunk against her lover and held to him lest some terror should separate them, smiled and became calm when she looked into his face. The frightened guests began to laugh foolishly as persons do when they catch themselves in silly fears, the musicians swung into the gay notes of the Springdances and all was merriment again. Thorwald caught Maria and up and down the room they skimmed like swallows.

"Youth and love," sighed their elders sitting against the wall.

Their light feet carried them like wings. So beautiful and graceful a pair were they that the other dancers gathered about in a circle to watch them, Maria darting like a bird, here and there, Thorwald swift and ardent just behind her.

"Light feet and lighter hearts," muttered an old woman in a corner.

"Son," Gunhilde called to Thorwald when the lovers had stopped for breath, "what do you think that was howling in the forest? It has given me such a fright I can't forget it."

Thorwald laughed carelessly.

"Never mind, mother, I'll find out tomorrow. Look at Nils!"

Nils, a man servant, was dancing the Hellig. He had given this

fantastic performance at every betrothal celebration in that end of Norway and he was now executing some special flourishes to compliment his young master. Skimming airily out over the floor, he suddenly became a jumping jack, jerking hands and feet this way and that, bending double one instant, kicking the ceiling the next. His wife, Anna, and his baby, Helga, watched him admiringly, proud that one of their own should be furnishing so much entertainment. Even Gunhilde joined in the laughter at his antics and forgot the cry which had frightened her. Beside, there was the supper to be brought on. A Norwegian betrothal supper was not a polite bite or two, or drink either. It was toward morning when the diners dragged themselves away from the great table, Father Larsen who had waited patiently for the festivities to cease gave the young couple his final blessing and the merrymakers went home across the snow to await the next betrothal entertainment.

Left alone, Gunhilde and Kjeld and Thorwald and Maria lingered before the fire a moment to recall incidents of the evening and how well the ox was roasted, how sweet the wine.

"Time for bed," yawned Kjeld.

Maria, with her eyes like stars and her cheeks like roses, took up a candle, smiled roguishly at Thorwald and started up the stairs. Thorwald ran after her three steps at a time and caught her in his arms.

"Maria, he whispered, "one more kiss!"

Silence had settled down over the walls which had so lately rung with music and laughter.

The candle lit the stairs dimly and the placid voices of Gunhilde and Kjeld came to them softly.

"Maria!" Thorwald strained her to him more closely.

Her warm young body yielded to him—and stiffened. That horrid cry again! Gunhilde screamed, Thorwald and Kjeld ran to the door. The moon shone serenely over the quiet homestead. The dark forest stirred not a twig.

The sane light of day dissipates many a nervous night fear. In the morning the whole family could smile at their ragged nerves of the night before. Gunhilde and Maria set to spinning, Kjeld went with his men to cut wood and Thorwald set out for the forest with his dog and gun. He struck the trail of an elk. He followed it farther and farther into the forest but the short day ended and he still had not come upon his quarry or any beast whose cry might have disturbed them the night before. He finally turned toward home, his weary dog slinking at his heels. It was that weird hour before the stars have come out or the moon has arisen. As master and dog pushed stolidly along Thorwald thought once that he saw a moving shadow, but no, his tired eyes must have deceived him. Then his dog crouched and growled. There must be something. Thorwald stood alert, his gun ready, and watched. Yes, there was a shadow. It moved, came nearer. Some evil spell filled the air. The dog howled, grovelled on his belly and whim-

pered with fear. Thorwald shook himself to throw off the icy fright stealing over him. The shadow came nearer. He aimed his gun with shaking arms. Out of the blackness of the trees there appeared a great white wolf. It stood and looked at him with eyes of fire, its lips stretched back over its teeth in a grin of horrid challenge. Thorwald summoned all his strength to overcome the hypnotic eyes which paralyzed him. He fired—but not before the wolf had vanished.

He stood bewildered, shaking as in an ague. Was it a dream? It must have been a dream. Then he looked at his dog who had never known fear in his life and who now lay stretched apparently lifeless at his feet.

Darkness comes earlier in the forest than it does in the clearing and when Maria saw the long shadows creeping out from the trees and spreading themselves across the homestead fields she began to watch for Thorwald. The shadows grew longer and thicker until the farm lay in twilight, then in darkness, and still he had not come. Gunhilde tried to smile away the girl's fears while she hid her own. That cry last night! She set a light in the window to guide him, she stirred the fire, she went out to see that the maids in the kitchen were cooking supper. If there be a time when the family tie tightens above all others it is evening when smoke curls up the chimney, supper smells and there is a light within and dark without.

It was after Nels and Kjeld had finished the night chores and sup-

per had stood waiting long when Thorwald came. The dog dragged himself through the door and threw himself before the fire in exhausted sleep. Thorwald hung up his gun silently and came forward with downcast face.

"Did you find it?" Gunhilde ran to him eagerly, "—that horrid beast?"

"No," he answered sullenly. He was angry with himself for having missed his shot and now that he was here in this cheerful room the fright he had experienced seemed nothing but cowardice. Besides, he was too tired and too hungry to talk, and he determined to say nothing about the white wolf until he had got it. Maria gave him his supper and found occasions to press his fingers shyly as she served him, but he only half smiled at her. He kept thinking of the white wolf and how he would surely get it to-morrow.

In the morning he started out again and came to the spot where he had seen the wolf. Fresh tracks led him farther and farther into the forest this way and that until he had spent another day in fruitless search. At nightfall when he was ready to give up and go home the dog suddenly stopped and began to whine. As Thorwald looked about there came through the silence the same cry which he had heard on his betrothal night and whether it was howl of wolf or shriek of fiend he could not tell. He became stiff with terror, cold waves swept over him, his skin crept, his hair raised. He became aware of fiery eyes burning at him through the darkness, hungry teeth gleaming

through parted jaws. The night before the dog had cowered but now he sprang from beside his master with a terrible growl and hurled himself at the Thing. For an instant everything went black before Thorwald's eyes, then a scream, a woman's scream, brought him to his senses. He ran to the dog and found him with his teeth buried in the white fur of a woman's cloak and worrying her unconscious body.

He beat the dog off and picked her up in his arms. Her head fell back against his shoulder and her long hair loosened from her hood spread in masses over his arm. Where the wolf had gone, whence the woman had come and what of the unearthly cry, he did not ask or care. It was enough that this lovely being lay in his arms. The moon had risen and showed him an exquisite face that lay on his breast like a broken lily. He gazed upon her enchanted. Never had he dreamed that there could be a woman like this. The dog growled and snarled but his master did not hear him. He was listening to a soft breathing coming from between lovely, parted lips.

Maria waited the second night for Thorwald. She had built up the fire and put a ribbon in her hair. Baby Helga had toddled in from the kitchen and climbed into the girl's arms. The two sat seeing pretty fancies in the fire when the door burst open and Thorwald entered with something wrapped in a long white fur cloak in his arms and which he laid gently on the couch. Gunhilde and Kjeld came running, the servants peeped in at the kitchen doorway and Maria

with the baby in her arms stood back a little. What was this Thorwald had carried home in his arms without ever a look at her? Thorwald was kneeling before the couch. He unloosed the cloak and as the folds fell apart there was disclosed the slim form of a woman clothed in clinging white wool and fur. She was so still and pale that whether she lay dead or sleeping the astonished family could not tell. While Thorwald gazed upon her she opened her eyes, dark, large, and lustrous and looked straight into his. Waves of fire consumed him, his knees shook, his hands trembled. Mother, father, betrothed, all forgotten, he was hers.

The woman now turned a slow gaze upon the family gathered about her. When she saw the child in Maria's arms she held out her white arms and little Helga also won by her winning smile slid from Maria to the beautiful stranger. Maria took a timid step forward and put her hand on Thorwald's shoulder.

"Dearest," she whispered.

But Thorwald drew away and bent closer to the woman.

Anna in the doorway frowned at the sight of her baby in the stranger's arms.

"I don't like her," she whispered to Nils.

Nils, half fascinated himself, grinned foolishly and told her to let the baby be but Anna went boldly to the couch and took her child. Whether the woman was dumb or not she did not speak but her lips curled so cruelly that Maria shuddered as if she had a chill. She suddenly loathed this stranger.

Emotions she had never known surged through her heart as she watched Thorwald's fascinated gaze following the woman's every look and gesture with delight. Was their betrothal night only two nights gone when he had no eyes but for her? How he had held her in the Springdansen, how he had kissed her on the stair! Wild with grief she ran out of the room. He did not follow her to-night. He had not even seen her go.

If Maria cried all night she was not alone in her misery. The dog did not leave off his howling until morning and the whole family slept uneasily. Yet surely nothing untoward had happened, only the young master rescuing a strange woman in the forest. In the morning when Gunhilde sent old Nora up with her breakfast she refused the food but she stood looking curiously at the old woman's brown, withered neck.

"The devil's abroad," said Nora when she came scuttling back to the kitchen. "She don't talk and she won't eat, but I've a feeling she could bite with them white teeth. Ugh!" and she rubbed her old throat.

Upstairs the woman was moving restlessly about the room. Looking warily out the window she spied little Helga playing by the door. Her languorous eyes contracted, the lovely lips drew back into a cruel line above her strong, white teeth. She reached for her cloak quickly and left the room with long, lithe strides. Out in the yard the baby played unconsciously until a shadow fell upon her. She looked up into the dark eyes of the

beautiful lady who had fondled her the night before and went willingly to her arms. At first it was fun to be carried so swiftly but when she looked about and saw that the familiar dooryard was gone, her mother nowhere in sight and the forest all about her, she began to cry. The beautiful lady was not comforting like her mother or Maria. She shook her and looked at her with such fury that the child screamed in terror. The woman's hand darted toward the baby's throat and fell away as quickly for down the path, Hans, Kjeld's wood-chopper, came running with his axe in his hand.

"What's the matter?" he cried. "Above the sound of the chopping I heard the baby cry!"

The woman looked at his angry face and at the axe in his hand and moved uneasily. She gave him to understand with her gestures that she had lost her way while walking in the forest with the child. Hans grunted and took them home, handing Helga over to Nils. When Nils took the baby into the kitchen he told the story to Anna.

"Must be something wrong somewhere," he confided to her.

"Idiot," she snapped, "didn't I tell you last night that I didn't like her, and you standing gazing at her like a moon-struck fool!"

The whole household was uneasy at the story but who could turn out into the snow a dumb, homeless woman. The story angered Thorwald. He would not listen to it. Enough for him to only look upon her beautiful eyes, her languorous grace and the redness of her lips. He hurried through his work so

he could be with her the sooner and at meals he could not eat for looking at her. The woman herself seemed never to eat, playing nervously with the food and looking at Thorwald from under lowered lashes. Kjeld watched his son in anger. What had come over him, going daft over a strange woman! Gunhilde was downcast and grieved. Shame on Thorwald, with never a look for Maria sitting beside him and trying to smile, while he was blind to everything except her whom he had named to himself the wonder-woman.

It was the evening of the second day, supper dragged intolerably, the fire burned sluggishly, Anna passing a dish to the stranger let it drop with a clatter and the dog outside bayed at the door.

Exasperated beyond all endurance Kjeld pushed back his chair and swore.

"Thor!" he shouted, "stop that dog! Stop that mooning! Stop everything! This whole house has gone to hell!"

Thorwald went toward the door sullenly but turned to look at the woman as he went. She made a quick move as if she would follow but Kjeld stepped in front of her, handed her a candle and pointed to the stair.

When Thorwald had quieted the dog he walked slowly up and down the yard, deep in misery. Hell was in his heart, and he was ashamed of it. He knew that he was grieving his father, his mother and Maria, yet the fire within him which burned and raged for this strange woman would not be quenched. He glanced at the farm-

house windows. All of them were dark except one, Maria's. He was sorry for her and yet——.

Behind him a shadow moved. The dog in the stable began to howl. Thorwald frowned. The shadow moved nearer, but still behind him. The night was dark. The shadow might have been a woman or a wolf. As it came still nearer the curtains of Maria's window were drawn apart and the light from her candle streamed down upon Thorwald. The shadow behind him retreated but Maria stood motionless at the window looking at the stars. As Thorwald watched her that wild fury within him subsided. Good little Maria. It was the first time he had thought of her with tenderness since he had brought the strange woman home. He watched her for a moment, bowed his head in shame and went into the house.

But Maria, poor child, found no comfort in the stars. The strange woman had desolated everything that was dear to her. The mere thought of her filled her with hatred and repulsion and when she recalled how Thorwald looked at her, she beat her hands in fury and bitter hate filled her heart. Then it came upon her that she was hating Thor, not because she did not love him but because another woman had fascinated him. That the woman was wicked her own innocence told her. If she loved Thor she must help him, not hate him. Helpless herself, she knelt before her crucifix to the One who could.

While Maria prayed and Thorwald slept there was a frolic in the

forest. It was a white wolf, now romping and rolling in the snow, now sitting upon a rock and howling at the heavens. But the real business of a wolf is to kill. Coming upon a scent it left off playing and in a long, slow lope set off for its kill.

It was morning before Maria arose from her knees. Looking out the window she started and covered her mouth to stifle a cry. Loping out from the woods came a great white wolf, glancing warily from side to side as if to escape detection. As it neared the house it slunk into the shrubbery, made a quick dash for the balcony outside the strange woman's room and disappeared through the open window. With a scream Maria rushed to her door and as she reached the hall Thorwald came running toward her. When she had told him how she had seen a great white wolf jump into the woman's window he beat frantically against the locked door, hurled himself against it and finally forced it open. Gunhilde and Kjeld had joined them by now and the four looked fearfully into the room. It was as innocent of terror as a nursery and the woman lay sleeping in her bed as peacefully as a child.

"You must have been dreaming, my dear," Gunhilde said kindly.

Thorwald said nothing. The incident had already slipped his mind. He was lost again in the fascination with which the sight of this woman chained him. Bewildered and chagrined Maria turned to leave the room with the others when she noticed a glisten-

ing spot at the edge of the cloak which lay flung over the foot of the bed. Walking past it she put out her hand and caught bits of snow and ice in her fingers. She was no longer bewildered. The mystery was on the instant revealed to her. It is the innocent who can mete out the surest and swiftest judgment. Unhesitatingly she went to her room and got one of her mother's silver spoons from her dower chest and took it out to the workshop where old Hans had a bullet mold.

Left alone the woman opened her eyes and lay still listening. When she was sure that they were not coming back she got up and looked angrily at the broken lock. She shook her cloak anxiously. That fool girl had picked something from it. Once she made as if to leave. But she was not through yet. There was the wooden headed dolt. She'd get him yet, and she'd have revenge upon the fool girl.

At breakfast Maria was absent. Gunhilde and Kjeld looked reproachfully at Thorwald. He had used to go to confession with her but now he did nothing but confess with eyes his love for this strange woman. The woman herself got up abruptly from the table as if the talk of priests and confessions annoyed her. What was the fool of a girl up to, anyway? At that moment Father Larsen was blessing a silver bullet, half to quiet the girl's frenzy and half in the belief that her story might be true. But the woman did not waste much thought on the girl. She went to her room and looking out shortly after, saw Thorwald placing a sup-

port under the limb of a fruit tree which was about to break under its load of ice. Now was her time to act. The girl was away, the men had gone to work, no one was in sight. She cautiously opened the door, tiptoed through the hall, slipped out of the house and went into the yard. Thorwald looked up and saw her. Until now she had kept him at arm's length, luring, teasing, evading him. But now she melted to him and smiled as he came eagerly to meet her. She laughed, pointing toward the forest and darted before him, holding out her hand invitingly. Thorwald turned his back upon everything he wanted to forget and plunged into the forest after her.

When Maria returned to the farm she met Nils who told her that as he came out of the stable a few minutes ago he had seen the woman go into the forest and that Thorwald had followed her. Maria ran into the house, took down an old harquebus from the elk's antlers beside the door and loaded it with the silver bullet. She ran toward the forest and as she ran she heard the dog, chained in the stable, howling to get loose. Waiting for nothing, Maria ran on.

While the dog howled, his master was deep in the forest. The underbrush entangled his feet, the low hanging branches bruised him and his eyes stung with the flying frost, but on he went, oblivious to everything except that the woman just ahead of him beckoned. Suddenly she stopped and listened. Did she hear some one following? No. Who could follow her into this trackless waste? Only Love

and Faith in the shape of an innocent girl who sped on her way unerringly as if she were led by the angels themselves. But what did this woman know of Love and Faith? She smiled at her foolish fancy of pursuit and turned to Thorwald, who came panting and stumbling after her. The chase was ended. She held out her arms in tender surrender. Thorwald, for all his wild desire, hesitated for a moment. Was this wonderful creature really his at last? He staggered to her and trembling with ecstasy took her in his arms, bent his face toward hers. Ah-hh-hh. How soft her skin, how sweet her lips——

O-oh-oh! My God! She buried her teeth in his throat!

In awful horror he sprang away from her but with a hideous snarl she was upon him again. He pushed her off, but growling and snapping and famished for blood she pursued him. The soft lips had lifted into a cruel straight line above her white teeth. Her soft hands reached out after him. My God! before his eyes those white teeth turned to yellow fangs, those soft hands to brutish claws! He threw up his arms to protect his face. She sprang upon him, howling for her kill as she came.

Through the trees there appeared a flying figure, injured innocence turned to righteous vengeance. Without a tremor Maria raised the gun to her shoulder and took steady aim. An unearthly scream rent the air, for the silver bullet had ripped through the vitals of the wolf-woman. Thorwald looked with crazed

eyes at this fiend in woman's guise who huddled at his feet.

"Thorwald!"

It was Maria's voice.

Bowed with shame he scarcely dared to lift his eyes to the one he had scorned and who had saved him from destruction. Glancing timidly at her he saw a face so glorified by love and forgiveness that he was blinded. He staggered and would have fallen if she had not caught him in her arms.

Winter passed quickly over the Eiler homstead for there was spring again in the hearts within and with summer came the wedding of Thorwald and Maria. It was a day when Kjeld's fruit trees were blossoming full and Gunhilde's flowers in their brightest colors. The fjord rocked the boats gently which were waiting to bear the bridal company across to the church on the other shore. In the center of the little fleet was one boat fanciful as a fairy barque. On a thronelike seat sat Thorwald and Maria regal in their wedding adornment. Surrounding them were bridesmaids and bridesgrooms scattering flowers upon the water and musicians playing sweet tunes. When the oarsmen bent their supple backs and sent the bridal boat gliding into the water it was a signal for the fleet to set in motion. The musicians began the marriage hymn and the whole company of happy voices took up its strains and if its notes pierced back into the deep forest there was no menacing answer, for the werewolf had been slain.

At the church door Thorwald stepped out from among his bridesgrooms to take Maria from among

the maidens. When he came out again it was with his wife on his arm. All the friends who had celebrated their betrothal night had come to bless their wedding day, oldsters and youngsters, father and mother, servants and faithful dog.

Heart whole and sound after his winter malady Thorwald helped his bride into a garlanded cariole. Their road lay through the forest but with love's lighted candle to guide them no shadows stretched ahead.



WRITING CONTINUITY FOR A DOG

BY JANE MURFIN

[Miss Murfin made the screen adaptation of Jack London's "White Fang," now being filmed by the Trimble-Murfin Productions, with Strongheart in the star role.]

FIRST, get your dog. This is most important, for unlike humans, do not act—they react! By this I mean outside stimulus must be brought to bear and they feel and do accordingly. They cannot pretend and so they are always sincere.

Never try to "trick" a scene. Many people may not know what is wrong with it but the lack of sincerity in the dog is seen in the lack of enthusiasm of the audience. Your dog must *feel* what he is doing. No animal will look with adoring eyes upon objects which he hates. Humans can sometimes accomplish this, if the necessity be great, but dogs never. He will not show his fangs and drip foam in simulated fury. He must be allowed to catch a glimpse or get a passing whiff of his favorite enemy before he will raise his lip and register honest to goodness mad dog.

To be sure, a dog can be trained to fight with a man and not mean to kill him, but his intent is to tear off a coat or a shirt and he is perfectly sincere in his effort to accom-

plish this. The resultant picture gives the impression that the dog's desire is for the gentleman's jugular vein while as a matter of fact, if Strongheart, who as you may perhaps know, is my favorite picture actor, ever gets hold of the flesh it is by mistake and he lets go at once without even a pinch.

So you must know your dog well—as well as you know your child or your husband or your best friend and you must observe him carefully and when one day you see him in a particular engaging attitude with a certain expression in his wonderful dog eyes, find out what stimulus is making him feel that way. Then when you want that same attitude and expression in a picture you can bring on that stimulus and get the reaction. For instance, when Laurence Trimble who directs Strongheart, wants the dog to "register despair," he tells him to do something, but before Strongheart can do it he tells him to do something quite different, following with commands to do any number of things,

all given before the dog can possibly do any of them. The result is first amazement and finally despair. When this scene is shot and Mr. Trimble indicates his approval by cavorting about the set with him, Strongheart's big brown eyes plainly register great relief that his adored friend has recovered from that brainstorm of strange commands.

Perhaps you think this has nothing to do with making a continuity, but it really has. It is only when you know all the reactions of which your dog is capable that you are fit to write a continuity for him. Of course a comedy continuity is one thing. I'm not considering that. The more absurd feats a dog can perform in a comedy, the better. No one believes he is really nauseated when he goes to the rail of a ship and with his back to the camera, barks at someone below and out of sight. But the effect is just as good as though he really were sea-sick. Those tricks are legitimate for the one or two-reelers. But if you are making a feature picture in which your dog does only the things a dog might really do under certain circumstances of human life, then you cannot let your dog give the baby a bath for instance, no matter how funny, because dogs don't give babies baths under any conceivable circumstances of human life, at least as I have observed it.

But your story may call for a scene in which your dog falls in love with a lady wolf for instance—we had one like that. Whether or not you can make that scene depends on your dog. Some dogs may

like lady wolves. Strongheart doesn't and nothing can persuade him to be even polite to them. So we had to re-write the scene and instead of the dog making love to the wolf, it was the other way about. The wolf took a violent fancy to Strongheart and vamped him all over a snow-clad slope of the High Sierras. To please Mr. Trimble, Strongheart submitted to her attentions, but it was impossible to hide his unmistakable expression of "Please, Larry, get me out of this."

So, recently we let Strongheart choose his leading lady from some forty odd dogs and he picked Lady Jule, a perfect specimen of his own breed—an imported shepherd dog who is two years his junior and behaves like a flapper. She runs him ragged but he adores her and we have no difficulty in getting our domestic scenes played true to continuity.

So, as I said in the beginning, in writing continuity for a dog, first get your dog. I might add, second get your director. What these two can do together will be the material for your continuity. Then go about it as you would for a human actor. Just as the script of "Robin Hood" doubtless called for a close-up of Douglas Fairbanks telling Enid Bennett he loved her above all the world, so your script should call for a close-up of your dog star declaring his devotion to his lady in his own most eloquent way—the actual "business" of the scene depending upon that particular dog's manner of expression, which you and your director have observed long before the scene was planned.

"THE COVERED WAGON"
A REVIEW OF THE MONTH'S BEST PICTURE
BY LOUIS DURYEA LIGHTON

TO many minds history is a dull affair, a matter of dates and events with which we have no intimate touch. To supply that touch should be one of the provinces of the screen. For it is the magic sesame that opens tombs, and causes the dead to arise, enabling them to "carry on" from age to age, and enabling the living to realize them as remaining an integral part of the great, throbbing universe that had seemingly cast them into the scrap heap.

To a certain extent "The Birth of a Nation" performed this mission. To an even larger extent "The Covered Wagon" performs it. And the Famous-Players-Lasky Corporation may be forgiven any past errors in view of this present achievement.

Emerson Hough's "Saturday Post" story of the 1848 immigration of a great covered wagon caravan, from Westport Landing (now Kansas City), to Oregon, does not seem to have lost value in the picturization. Both James Cruze, the director, and Jack Cunningham, the continuity writer, display a sweep of vision, and a grasp of historic potencies, that fully compensate for the minor defects of the production, picked out, here and there, by other reviewers. The photography of Karl Brown also emerges triumphantly from the acid test of outdoor work under supreme difficulties. While the performances of the actors, with a few mistakes in veri-

similitude (also mentioned by other reviewers) admirably sustains the pioneering spirit. This article, however, will not deal with the particular work of each particular artist, because its more important function is to give some idea of the larger impersonal issues involved in the presentation of pictures like "The Covered Wagon." Suffice it, therefore, to mention that the well-balanced cast included: J. Warren Kerrigan, Lois Wilson, Alan Hale, Ernest Torrence, Tully Marshall, Ethel Wales, Charles Ogle, Guy Oliver, Johnny Fox.

Now to travel in covered wagons over two thousand miles of more or less open country, fording rivers, making trails, tending sick humans, and sick animals, menaced by the forces of nature, and the jealous animus of the wild Indian, averaging only twelve miles a day—all this means, roughly, five to six months to cover ground that nowadays, figuratively speaking, we fly over. And the problem of keeping the vastness of this undertaking, and also its epochal quality, on the screen, together with a sufficient interesting personal story, must have caused many a sleepless night to many an active mind. The cost of the whole thing, of course, troubled the business office not a little. But *that* Mr. Lasky, et al, can now afford to forget.

The aforementioned personal story is woven round the eternal

triangle—two men and a woman. The latter is the daughter of the train captain. One of the men (heavy) is her affianced husband, and her father's lieutenant. The other (hero) is the captain of another train of wagons, joining the first train in its migratory adventure. Heavy, seeing heroine's obvious interest in hero, becomes insanely jealous, and resorts to all sorts of dirty tricks to humiliate hero, who happens to have left the army under a cloud, having been accused of cattle stealing. Heavy uses his knowledge of this to prejudice heroine's father; so that hero is ordered to keep away from the girl. The usual fight, with all civilized rules suspended, takes place between hero and heavy; hero rescues heroine from prairie fire, etc., etc. Nevertheless heroine's approaching marriage to heavy finally drives hero away from the Oregon trail, and on toward California, where the famous gold rush of history is taking place. Then an old trader, having learnt from Kit Carson that hero commandeered the cattle in order to feed his starving detachment, and has been exonerated and reinstated in the army, tells the news to heroine. Heroine, clad in her wedding finery, is declaring herself to heavy, when the Indians, incensed by heavy's having murdered one of their numbers to avoid paying a just ferry fee, attacks the camp, wounding heroine first of all. Heroine's kid brother creeps, unnoticed, past the Indians, and gets word of the attack to hero and his men. Hero returns, and Indians are put to rout; but hero, not being allowed to see heroine,

leaves again for California, returning, later, in response to message from heroine, with much wealth. Heavy, who, when heroine would not marry him, also went to California, has been killed while trying to shoot hero.

A sufficiently ordinary plot; but one that is lifted entirely out of the commonplace by its every personal issue being linked to the greater events of the exodus, and by the continual sacrifice of the personal to the impersonal.

From the beginning to the end of the picture, the beholder is reminded that these pioneers are making history—dramatically reminded. As when the captain of the endless caravan leads his small son to the head of the procession, and, giving him a whip, says: "Now, I want you to remember that you cracked the first bull whip over a team of oxen in the 1848 jump-off." Or when the Indians gather round the plow, left on the vast, desolate prairie land by a dead settler, and their Chief exhorts them in the following words: "The Pale Face again crosses the River of Misty Water—With him he brings his big medicine that he shall bury the buffalo, uproot the forest, and level the mountains."

Then there are incidents of birth and death that keep in mind an overshadowing destiny, so much bigger than the story that is focused along the trail. When they bury their dead, and the old, experienced guide tells them they must scatter ashes over the grave, and drive the wagons across it, lest the Indians come, one has a shud-

dering vision of what the Indians would do at a white man's new-made grave.

The picture is full of a new kind of spectacle—spectacle devoid of pomp, but full of great natural effects. The most notable of these probably are: The maneuvering of the trains, when the wagons form their ellipses; the long shots of the camp fires; the fording of rivers, with the animals up to the necks in the deep streams, and obviously swimming for their lives, pulling the wagons, with their human freight, after them; and, not the least realistic, the view of the first, great Californian gold camp, with its attendant confusion and lawlessness.

The comedy fits in as admirably as the other component parts of the story fit. What more natural than the shooting exhibition of the two old-timers—the guide and the trader, who, in their cups, recall the days "when friends was friends," and celebrate it by shooting at the drinking cups on one another's head, their nerves steady-ing to requirements, as soon as they sight along the gun? And the great secret regarding hero that the old trader learnt when full of "licker," and cannot remember when sober, but recalls when supplied with "licker" once more; also the delicious humor of the seasoned guide, hero's friend, who apologizes for finally killing heavy, as he tries to murder hero for about the third, or fourth time.

Recalling a critic's remark that the wagons looked too clean and fresh after such a journey across uncharted lands, I asked a member

of the producing unit, "How about it?" The answer was to the effect that, for three months or so, previous to shooting, the wagons had been left in the open, subjected to sun, and rain, and snow, with men sleeping in them at nights, and no one attempting such heresy as to preserve their pristine freshness. Could more be done?

Another interesting feat that had to be accomplished before shooting was to train the oxen to the yoke. Some job! "Fortunately," remarked a Lasky official, who happened into the projection room when the picture was run for THE STORY WORLD writer, "we did not have to teach them to swim."

That the super-story reaches the consciousness, while the basic plot is being unfolded before one's gaze, is proven by the perfect naturalness of the call to prayer, when the weary, almost hopeless, settlers are told they are in Oregon. Two thousand miles, each mile marked by struggle, and fear, and disappointment! And then the commencement of a hard life, that yet seems a joy compared to what they have been through—*Their* home—Without a house being yet built, or a field plowed, only the captain's treasured plow turning up a sod of Oregon soil, ere each member of the train falls to his, or her, knees in instinctive prayer! As before remarked it is probably the first time in Moving Picture History that the screen prayer did not seem an artificial gesture, at which one suppresses a snicker, or stifles audible disgust at its insincerity.

Another momentous issue a picture of this type presents to us:

Will the small towns confirm New York's verdict? Will "Jake" and "Lizzie" earn our respect by accepting the glory of a tremendous human struggle to build the foundations of an Empire, in place of the piffling glory of the tinsel trappings surrounding the average spectacular productions? On the answer to this much will depend. It will decide the producer, either for, or against, future experiments along worth-while historic lines. It may even restore the faith of

the intelligent minority—that much-abused, much-ridiculed minority, who are accused of utter ignorance of box-office exigencies, but who, in common with other rather grand world-failures, still hope for better things. If Mr. Lasky, and his confreres can, even in a remote way, satisfy that "impracticable" minority—and the insistent stockholders—our hats are off; and we breathe a heartfelt sigh of relief.



The STORY WORLD for June

IF you like this issue you will not wish to miss THE STORY WORLD for June. As interesting and as instructive as the May issue is, the one to come will be even more appealing. In fact, the editors believe it to be the best number we have ever offered to our readers.

Included among the many writers who will contribute to this fascinating number will be Emerson Hough, one of America's foremost authors, whose screen version of "The Covered Wagon" promises to be one of the most significant motion pictures of the year and whose novel, "North of Thirty-Six," appearing in the Saturday Evening Post, has been pronounced by critics to be a literary masterpiece. Mr. Hough will contribute an article to the symposium, "Are Americans People?" No one interested in the literature of America can afford to miss it.

Among others who will help to make the June Number the best we have ever issued are Hapsburg Liebe, Carl Clausen, Frederick Palmer, H. H. Van Loan, Hazel W. Spencer, Frederick J. Jackson, Alice Eytton—indeed, every contributor is an authority in his or her field of writing, and there will not be a dull page in the magazine. Of course, there will be the usual model "picture stories" and the regular departments that have proved so helpful to photography and fiction writers.

THE NEW YORK PLAYS

BY CARROL B. DOTSON

[*Editor's Note: The influence of the New York stage upon the drama of America cannot be denied. Almost invariably the presentation of certain types of plays in the metropolis presages a popular demand for similar productions in other sections of the country. This influence extends to the field of motion pictures—and even into the realm of literature. A study of the latest New York plays is, therefore, of vital importance to those who desire to keep informed on the trend of American drama.*]

A SEASON or so ago when the press agents of bed-room farces were nightly praying Heaven for intervention by the District Attorney, the worst that could be said of the productions which gained the coveted temporary or threatened suppression was that they presented rather too indelicately frank a cross-section of week-end house parties in the lighter mood. It was first-rate advertising policy to let strip-poker progress some distance, and guest-room confusion become worse confounded. The thing could be cut after the District Attorney's threats got into the papers; and the incident cashed in for weeks after at the box office.

A quite different set of circumstances controls the destinies of the principal alleged offender against public morals on the New York stage this year. Translation into English of the Yiddish drama *The God of Vengeance*, by Sholom Asche, and its production in an uptown theatre by Harry Weinberger, stirred up a popular revulsion which took form in an arrest of the Jewish actors themselves on criminal charges. The play is not new to Yiddish audiences here or in Europe. Nor is it without its defenders among eminent critics and students of the American stage, who for the most part hold that the sheer artistry of Rudolph Schildkraut and his supporting players forbids interference. The story is laid in a brothel and its theme is morbid and in

every way revolting. A disgusting and unnatural scene between two women is the chief cause of complaint. But this episode cannot be omitted without entirely reconstructing the play and, from the author's point of view, that would be utter destruction.

So the issue is a clear cut one with the courts yet to determine the point at the date of this writing: Shall the undisputed art of the performance transcend a degrading vehicle? Or can any amount of fine acting ever justify tolerance of a play that is completely indecent; a play that is lost if any of its indecency is deleted?

The French plays of the recent winter have probed deeply into problems which seem no nearer solution for stirring them about. Some of them have been cheapened by the revision necessary to make them presentable in America. But none this year has relied upon raciness to attract patronage, each resting squarely upon its merits as an absorbing, brilliantly written and ably produced drama. Broadway is not relying upon police attention as it was to some extent in the hey-day of the bed-room farce. The galvanic word "Love," used in the adjectival sense, appeared in gleaming tungstens at no less than three spots along the Great White Way in March, but the titling of a play is not the measure of its appeal.

Reports from the lesser rialtos whither troupes journey to try new plays out before exposing them to critical Broadway, seem to indicate that the exceptionally worthy season has not yet exhausted its resources.

The Adding Machine

Garrick Theatre

By Elmer Rice

Produced by The Theatre Guild

Late in March the Theatre Guild introduced a daringly original experiment in expressionistic drama. *The Adding Machine* tells its story in seven scenes which are largely composed of symbols. The only realistic treatment which Mr. Rice has applied occurs where there is no possible short-cut indicated by the mere flashing of two red splotches on a revolving back-drop. Of course the unfolding of the story prepares the audience easily to grasp the meaning of the red spots. Either the angered slayer would or would not commit the crime. The fact that he did, no matter by what means, was told with terrific emphasis by a purely expressionistic device. Realistic enactment of the murder scene would be puny by comparison.

The significant and rather extreme play has to do with the dull soul of Mr. Zero, twenty-five years of whose life have been devoted to adding columns of figures. He is one of those gray visaged routine workers of whom one gets a glimpse when someone has carelessly left open the door to the bank's back rooms; men who thrill to the thought that they've never missed a day, never punched the time-clock a minute late.

Twenty-five years of adding columns of figures found Mr. Zero habituated. All too suddenly his employer informs him that a machine has been devised to add his precious columns, and that Mr. Zero is therefore discharged. . . . Two red splotches on a revolving back-drop!

Mr. Zero is transported to the Elysian Fields, having become eligible to membership because in killing his boss he had proved his courage to do what he pleased. But with the other inhabitants of the place who had won admission by the same audacious independence on earth, Mr. Zero's spirit is somehow not kindred. The restraints of his existence as an adder of columns impose upon him a methodical respectability which frowns upon the unconventional customs in his new surroundings. The girl whom he would have

loved on earth had he not been married is in the fields. Her assumption that he will now share her mood to avail of the opportunity to claim one another affronts Mr. Zero. He takes flight from temptation.

Not until he discovers an enormous cosmic adding machine does the spirit of Mr. Zero find peace. Avidly and with a light heart he applies himself to computing figures with this device. Happily he boasts that he never misses a day, never slights a task. And then one day he is told that he must return to earth; that each soul serves over and over again among men. Disconsolate, rebellious, and in the mood once more to kill, Mr. Zero is calmed only when the authorities of the place give him a vision of a mythical young woman called Hope. He then accepts his fate with resignation, and the play ends.

The production is almost faultlessly rendered. The Theatre Guild has again made an impressive and original contribution to America drama.

The Love Child

Cohan Theatre

By Henry Bataille

*Adapted from the French by
Martin Brown*

Produced by A. H. Woods

Spurn if you will the outcast who knows not his own father. Nature compensates with endowments of wit, charm and nobility of Soul which are not always among the gifts of youth of orderly descent. Thus implies this interesting and excellently enacted emotional drama from the French.

Eugene Thorne, a young man of parts, handsome, chivalrous, and a talented artist, dwells in compulsory obscurity. Fame is arbitrarily denied him because of the notice he would attract to the irregularity of his mother's domestic relations. For many years Laura Thorne has lived in a luxurious home maintained by a politically ambitious newspaper proprietor. Paul Brander, the editor, despises young Thorne and when mother and son meet it is on the back stairs.

The boy lives in a studio and is in love with a model he plans to marry.

The insane wife of Brander, who stands in the way of his hope to marry Laura Thorne, at last perishes in her asylum. Laura, whose devotion and encouragement had made Brander what he is, prepares for the wedding. But the editor, who has accepted a political appointment high in the councils of the nation, brutally informs her that he cannot carry with him into his new circle a wife who has been his mistress.

Her pleadings in vain, Laura turns to her neglected son. He begs her to go away with him and give up Brander, but her reply is an attempt at suicide. Realizing the depth of his mother's love for Brander, Eugene resolves that the editor must keep his promise. He knows that Brander despises him and that his own importunings would be scorned. He gropes for a way, and suddenly remembers that Brander's daughter, who is about to be married, is, like every other woman he has met, acutely sensitive to his influence.

Eugene sends his mother away from the studio and telephones Helen Brander, inviting her to visit him. She responds, timidly, but controlled utterly by his wish. Once in Eugene's presence the susceptible but innocent girl is helpless. She places herself without reservation at his disposal. Eugene introduces a sleep potion in her wine and leaves her locked in the studio—unharméd.

At the home of Paul Brander the boy demands justice for his mother. The outraged Brander calls upon all the saints, including the police, to confound the intruder; and pauses only upon hearing his daughter's name from the lips of Eugene. Eugene explains where Helen is; and it is a dramatic moment when the boy hands the frantic father the key to the studio and suggests quietly that he send for the girl.

Brander rages while Eugene stands his ground with a composure that is unbroken until the editor reproaches him as the illegitimate issue of an earlier association of his mother with another man.

Stunned by the truth which he had not known before, Eugene gives up and de-

cides to hide himself in a foreign land. But before he leaves the house, he assures Brander that his daughter has not been harmed. With this example of honorable conduct before him, Brander's conscience persuades him to become honorable on his own account. He rejects the political appointment and marries Laura. The play ends with the "love child" about to sail but arranging to marry his model upon his return.

The Comedian

Lyceum Theatre

By Sascha Guitry

Produced by David Belasco

Mr. Guitry's new play discourses upon the eternal conflict between art and love, and the disillusionments consequent upon unwise mixture of the two. An actor, approaching the autumn of life with reluctance, abandons himself to the illusion of youth's springtime; and at so unseasonable a period of a distinguished stage career encounters a young girl who had become enamored of him in one of his roles.

It is a marriage of ambition for both. For the girl is in love not so much with the actor as with the stage; the actor less disposed to the girl than to the dash of color which she brings to his drab mirage of youth. But presently the comedian discovers, to his very great satisfaction, that he really loves his wife; and she persuades him against his professional instinct to give her a part in the play. This she does so abominably that he removes her from the cast; and here occurs the dramatic struggle between love of the theatre and love of the woman. Against all the wiles of the girl whom he idolizes, the old actor remains true to his art. She leaves him to pathetic and cynical reflections upon the fallacy of a counterfeit rejuvenation.

Lionel Atwill and Elsie Mackaye serve excellently in this interesting play of the theatre.

The Love Habit

Bijou Theatre

By Louis Verneuil

Produced by Brock Pemberton

M. Verneuil's farce was not "adapted

from the French;" it was merely translated into English with daring disregard of the conventions of the American stage. Instead of triumphing at the end, Virtue slinks abashed into West Forty-fifth Street each evening as the curtain goes down upon a sinful conquest effected with consummate technique.

A young Parisian systematically woos the favor of a comely Madame, whose husband is fat and in the perilous forties. But that inadequate man knows competition when he sees it and guards accordingly. He is also conscious of the effect of a bad example upon the domestic status quo, and is at pains to conceal his own iniquities. To outwit the vigilant husband is the problem, and in the very indiscretions which that unhappy person desires at any cost to hide, an ingenious solution is found.

There are, it appears, two establishments maintained by the fat husband, in the other resides a cabaret dancer. And when the young Parisian applies for the position of private secretary within the lawful household of our worthy squire he has only to mention the cabaret girl to persuade the man. He simply blackmails himself into a job suitable to his ends. Thus in control of the situation the youth wages an evil campaign; and the play ends upon completion of arrangements for the first rendezvous.

"The Love Habit" is typical French farce without expurgation and brilliantly written. New York may debate the propriety of its introduction in America, but at least the lines have not been vulgarized by the familiar device of adapting a frankly wicked play to conform to standards of decorum with which the author himself was not required to reckon.

Barnum Was Right

Frazee Theatre

By Philip Bartholmae and John Meehan

Produced by Louis A. Werba

Dexter Fellowes, who has had something to do with acquainting this generation with the lamented P. T. Barnum and the institution which he left to posterity, would have chosen another title had he

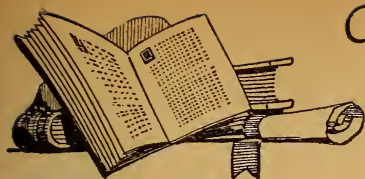
written this lively farce. For years the intrepid Boswell has disputed single-handed the popular assumption that the great showman originated and exemplified the thesis which forms the motif of Broadway's newest Cohan show. Although the authorship of the farce is credited elsewhere, Cohan is financially interested and it is so completely tuned to the Cohan vibration that he must have had a hand in the thing from the very beginning.

Whether the title does or does not traduce sainted memory, "Barnum Was Right" proceeds ably to establish the accuracy of a historic utterance. A youth loves and is loved. He must demonstrate to the girl's father his capacity to earn. Touched by the simple yearning of the American people to be humbugged, he schemes to satisfy it to his own profit. The medium is a broken down, debt-ridden colonial estate which he converts into a summer hotel. By judicious employment of a crack-brained hired man's wagging tongue, the countryside is set gossiping concerning buried treasure on the estate. The rumors spread and patronage is attracted up to capacity. Guests are privileged to explore their own rooms with any implements they choose on condition that the damage be paid for.

Here the performance settles down to a riot of fun. The premises are invaded by country folk with spades and pickaxes. A maid servant uses T. N. T. and unroofs the mansion. Guests destroy and pay exorbitantly for repair. Our hero collects profits while the hoodwinked patrons search in vain and enjoy themselves the while.

Not until the place is a shambles does the orthodox Cohan surprise complex come to save the young promoter the necessity of flight. Treasure is discovered on the premises at the last moment. A bandit who had once cached his loot within the walls was decent enough to go away and forget it. The lovers themselves are the discoverers and their worries are ended with the paternal blessing.

There are some superb characterizations and the action is swift and colorful throughout.



Facts about Fiction



THRILLS AND THRILLERS

BY H. BEDFORD-JONES

WHAT constitutes "thrill" in a thrilling story?

Of course you'll say, from the textbook, "Suspense!" But let's get away from that stuff. It ain't so, anyhow. Within the past few weeks I have been trying to settle that question for myself, with the assistance of some very able critics, one of them an editor of unexcelled critical acumen. I'll try to pass on the results.

Experiments have been in the making for some time. Having written every thing from nickel novels to *Adventure* stories, I thought I knew something about thrills, but found out my lack of knowledge. Being called upon for a thriller, I produced a sea story of the most lurid type. Some unhappy male or female was murdered in every chapter, pirates ran riot, the entire crew was hamstrung—and the result was not thrilling. It sold, of course, but it was a failure so far as the author was concerned. So I tried to master thrills.

The effort was made, so to speak, objectively—on the body of the story itself, on the plot and incidents. Without making it wild and bloody, I tried to make it thrilling in this manner. The editor who bought it wrote this criticism:

"We feel as if the excitement of the story had made us lose our better judgment. Why? It's hard to tell. We certainly don't want to lose the excitement of the story. What's the answer?"

"Add quiet relief scenes? Then you slow up the action of the story, lose its good sweep and rush. Fuller characterization would help a good deal, but wouldn't that, too, slow up the action? You might choose more probable material and situations. Yet, hasn't the bizarre and unusual its own charm? Perhaps my best guess is to add more detail in one spot, and less in others—that is, don't have so many crisis-incidents in a story. If you agree that there is any trouble, maybe eventually the two of us can unravel the mystery."

That was a valuable bit of criticism, yet it did not solve the mystery of thrill—of what constitutes thrill, salable and probable thrill which holds us in its illusion. It was a step in the right direction, however. A big step.

Then another critic got busy. He said I was working the wrong way. Instead of going about it objectively, I should be subjective—that is, depend less upon the plot incidents and more upon the universal appeal of the theme. When queried as to what he meant by this last, he wrote:

"I mean by that, some element of theme that will appeal universally. To put the old textbook stuff in another way—inject into each story an element deeper than

the mere excitement. Inject a character who hates another character vividly, for example. Instead of motivating the story by a hunt for buried treasure, let the treasure be incidental, and motivate all the action by the hatred of this character for another man. Get the idea?"

Sure, and it was a good idea, but it did not reach the heart of things. It was like a critic who, not recognizing the quotation as used, once said that my use of the words "full, perfect and sufficient satisfaction" was a horrible example of tautological English.

So, after much delving and groping on the subject, I have reached some conclusions on the matter of what constitutes thrill in a story. They probably are not right, yet they may be of some interest; they may not satisfy anyone else, but they'll have to serve me for a while until I reach some newer and later conclusions. And they are not offered as any definitive *dicta* on the subject either. They flatly contradict some of my previous opinions and remarks.

I got a clue on thrill from a man who has read dozens of my stories. Yet, every time I meet him, he mentions as the best, one that appeared in *Blue Book* about three years ago—and a story with an unhappy ending, so called. So I looked that one up. In it, probably by accident, I had managed to identify the reader very strongly with the hero of the story; so strongly that his final sacrifice of life carried the reader successfully over the whip-snap of the last paragraph.

There was a clue—identify the reader with the hero. Old stuff, of course, but no matter. The real thrill comes from inside. The most

real thrill comes when the reader is merged in the identity of the person about whom he is reading. This effect is gained simply by a manipulation of words. The reader can get as much thrill out of walking across the street as he can out of fighting a gang of pirates, if the wording is right.

Then there is the quality of surprise—the unexpected. Not, mind, as regards plot and incident, but as regards the hero of the story. Write a story that contains a surprise ending, let us say. The surprise may be worked in a number of different ways without gaining any thrill; but by identifying the reader with the hero, by making the surprise come to the hero with a genuine thrill, you bring it to the reader also. And you do it without making the machinery creak, without the effect of a trick play. In other words, the reader follows the mental processes of the hero so closely, that he receives all the thrill of surprise. The current *Blue Book* carries a story in which not only this was done, but a further and higher climax was reached by a second surprise.

Then, again, a quality of real thrill lies simply in appeal—in some elemental emotion whose sincerity reaches the reader. A great many stories, including many of my own, depend upon the glamour of odd settings; perhaps they are written around certain localities. They cannot be rewritten and placed anywhere else on earth. Yet, if they are to evoke any thrill from the reader, they must work from emotions, not from scenery. They must depend on the emotions rather than

on the setting. That is, of course, to get the thrill. A story may be a perfectly good story without any thrills at all, but we happen to be talking about thrills.

Many of us, by the word "thrill" mean excitement, danger, creepy horror. The above remarks apply equally well. If your hero moves like a stone man amid a graphically described series of horrors, the reader will also be stone-indifferent. Let the hero's nerves *jump*, and those of the reader jump. That is simply identification.

My friend Bob used to write nickel novels and long-drawn-out stories where every incident was milked dry of detail; where, if the hero stole second base, he took half a chapter to do it. Bob tried to work up in his trade, and abandoned this manner of writing in the effort to get over snappier stuff. He succeeded, but did it by putting in too much incident—by going to the other extreme. His hero stole second almost incidentally, in a single sentence. Bob's stories were crowded with all sorts of happenings, until he got to the point where, if he did not have a fight or a murder on every other page, he thought he was falling off. Then he had to readjust his viewpoint. He perceived that, after all, the old nickel novel manner of writing was not so bad, since it carried the reader along through every mental working of the hero. Bob finally effected a compromise in his work, and has

been getting along famously with it. Almost the same thing occurs in the editorial criticism first cited above.

Put the idea, generally, in other words: Film the story as you write it. To visualize a story exactly as though seeing a motion picture, while you are writing it, is a tremendous help toward attaining the thrill element or any other element. I'm not talking about selling film rights. I'm talking about filming the story as you write it—in the imagination. That's another thing entirely. The story unfolds like a film, it's pictured in your mind, and transfers itself almost automatically to the paper in the machine. The element of thrill is bound to be in that mental picture, unless the picture fails to impress you; and in the latter case, it's a failure.

I think the whole matter, then, boils down to this: The writer must feel intensely the thrill which he puts into the story—and he must be able to carry that thrill from his own mind to the paper, and thence to the mind of the reader. The latter half of the formula is of course a matter of experience, training or knack. Tools of the trade. The former half is a question of imagination, of the ability to picture a scene and visualize it in all five senses. Such, at least, is the general formula—but what's a formula in writing? Less than the dust. To write any story by formula is a mighty hard thing, or so at least I submit.





IN THE FOREGROUND

Brief Editorial Chats on Timely Topics

WILLIAM C. DE MILLE, noted Lasky director, talking: "Hereafter when I want a story I am going to a writer whose established reputation assures me that he knows his job. I don't want an amateur writer any more than I would want an amateur lawyer or an amateur doctor." This from an interview recently published in the *Los Angeles Times*. "Ideas? Certainly. Lots of ideas," Mr. De Mille goes on. "The world is full of ideas. To love or to be loved is a good idea. For a poor boy to become a rich and powerful millionaire is a good idea. But what good does that do me? What I want is a story with real ideas and situations."

Mr. De Mille adds that he has read at least ten thousand scenarios by amateurs, and implies that most of them are hopeless. In other words, this well-known artist and director is done with untrained writers.

This does not mean that William C. De Mille is in favor of adaptations of books and stage plays. Indeed, in an article in the March issue of *THE STORY WORLD* he says: "In the matter of material I much prefer originals, but I have been able to find more good novels and stage plays than good originals. Yet, I think that the only hope in the future for the screen is in the original story. The screen always will be simply a craft as long as it is only a means of adapting an art to another medium. To be an art full-fledged, it must be complete within itself; it must have its own writers that come out of the masses. That is what those who are sincerely training writers for the screen are doing for us."

There is a lesson in this for every would-be writer of photoplays. And that lesson is: If you are untrained, if you do not

know the technique of the screen, if you have ideas and are not acquainted with the methods by which they may be built up into really worthwhile motion picture dramas, do not waste your time in attempting to find a market. For Mr. De Mille is but one of many authorities who frown upon the unfinished work of the untrained photoplaywright.

Too many persons who long for fame and wealth and who believe the field of screen writing to be the pathway to these things, rush blindly into competition with those who are already well grounded in the profession. They have no more chance of success than one who has never studied law would have of winning a difficult case in an American court. They have no more opportunity of producing screenable material than the man who has never gone to a medical school has of successfully performing a difficult surgical operation. Work and study are the foundation of success in any profession. "Training" is the "open sesame" to all the arts. Photoplay writing is both an art and a profession. We are grateful indeed to Mr. De Mille for having brought up this issue, although it merely serves to emphasize what the editors of *THE STORY WORLD* AND *PHOTODRAMATIST* have been asserting for the past four years.

Mr. McCardell Speaks

ROY L. McCardell, well known journalist, is greatly aroused over the results of the recent *Chicago Daily News-Goldwyn* scenario contest. He particularly dislikes the photoplay written by the winner. In a letter to *The Student Writer* magazine he quotes a "confidential letter" from a member of the *Chicago Daily News* staff, implying that a story by himself—Mr. McCardell—was better by far than any

entered in the contest and failed to win a prize only because it had been decided to award all prizes to "amateurs and beginners." He states, furthermore, that, poor as he considers *Broken Chains* to have been, the remaining twenty-nine prize-winners were even worse.

We do not, of course, blame Mr. McCardell for feeling that the story he submitted, which he entitles *A Million a Year*, was the best story in the contest; and naturally, having acquired the habit of winning such prizes, he must feel disgruntled at his failure to receive even one of the smaller rewards. However, since William Wallace Cook and Anna Blake Mezquida, both well known, were in the money, it does not seem to us that any prejudice was shown against professional writers. William Wallace Cook far outdistances McCardell as a writer of fiction stories—both in volume of output and, in our opinion, for the quality of his work. Why then, if prizes were awarded in ratio to the obscurity of the authors, did Mr. Cook get "in the money" and Mr. McCardell in the list of "also rans?" We confess to believing that Mr. Cook probably submitted the better story of the two.

Setting aside any discussion of the ethics involved in Mr. McCardell's publication of information he alleges to have been given him in a "confidential letter," we wish merely to express our amazement that any one member of the *Chicago Daily News* staff should have possessed endurance enough to have read all of the 27,000 manuscripts submitted in the contest. We also are somewhat dubious as to the ability of this same anonymous correspondent to judge by himself as to which story was the best. Such decision was a matter for a committee composed of authorities. In any event, we certainly would mistrust the judgment of a man who would pass along to outsiders information presumably the business only of his employers. Undoubtedly it is well for the individual who wrote the letter to Mr. McCardell that the latter did not mention his name; for, despite Mr. McCardell's imputation, we have a firm belief in the integrity of the *Chicago Daily News*.

The editor of *The Story World* is holding no brief for *Broken Chains*. But,

whatever Mr. McCardell and certain other critics may think, it is proving, according to records obtainable in Hollywood, to be a financial success—and box office receipts, after all, generally constitute the acid test. We also have read two or three of the other prize-winning stories. While not the work of widely known professionals, they were turned out by writers who had evidently undergone thorough training and assuredly are more worthy of production than a number of stories now being filmed. If Mr. McCardell's story is as good as any one of these, he has been done an injury by those who awarded the prizes. However, we have our doubts.

Incidentally, Roy L. McCardell should know better than to burst into print with attacks upon the sincerity or ability of those who conducted the *Chicago Daily News-Goldwyn* contest. He has had enough experience with prize contests to realize that following all such affairs there arise wails of protest and thinly veiled insinuations on the part of those who failed to land in the list of winners. Indeed, sometime ago, when Mr. McCardell won a prize of, oddly enough, \$10,000, there were circulated some very disquieting rumors regarding the company that conducted that contest, the sincerity of the judges, and the methods by which they arrived at a decision. Mr. McCardell undoubtedly was highly incensed by this, probably unjust gossip. He should have remembered all this, it would seem, before issuing the statements accredited to him regarding the Chicago contest. In fact, Mr. McCardell reminds us very much of the average father, whose memory of his childhood peccadilloes becomes conveniently blurred when he begins to rear children of his own.

"Be Interesting"

FEW publishers have ever amassed fortunes equal to that left by the late Richard K. Fox. Starting with nothing but an idea, he launched the *Police Gazette* and built it up into one of the best paying and most widely circulated periodicals of America. Of course, little can be said in favor of the *Police Gazette* as a work of literature or of art. Less can be said of

the type of advertising it carries and has carried; but the fact remains that it is eagerly read by a certain class of people. Who has not seen it on his favorite boot-black stand or encountered its pink pages in a barber shop? Although we assuredly do not recommend the *Police Gazette* to any of our readers nor hold it in esteem, the fact remains that to achieve such wide circulation a publication must possess some element of popular appeal, and the man who conceived it must have been well versed in a knowledge of human nature.

Consequently, believing that lessons may be drawn from any walk of life, we recommend to *The Story World* subscribers who aspire to popular success the motto adopted by Richard K. Fox from the very inception of his career as an editor. Here is the motto: "Be interesting and be d——d quick about it."

This we believe to be the very essence of successful authorship. The public will forgive anything but dullness. The next time you sit down to your typewriter bear in mind that no matter how powerful the theme of your story may be, or how cleverly the situations are built up, your work will fail unless it interests those whom you wish to read it. We are not especially grateful to Mr. Fox for having left us the *Police Gazette*, but we are indeed grateful to him for this bit of terse, practical advice to writers.

Selling "Different" Stories

IF you are one of the many photoplay writers who possess unsold stories based upon really big themes, containing new ideas and original in treatment, and who wonder why it is so difficult to find a market, do not be discouraged. The motion picture industry is still in its infancy, despite the size to which it has grown. There are still in the ranks of the producers, a small number of men who are a detriment to it—men without vision, without more than ordinary background and without ability to grasp new ideas—or who are fearful of attempting something new even when it does appeal to them. These persons, of course, are rapidly being weeded out of the profession. The natural law of the survival of the fittest is taking

care of that. However, we realize all too well that many a writer is today discouraged and disgruntled because of the apparent callousness of those to whom they have attempted to sell out-of-the-ordinary stories.

But if you have a story that falls into the above category, you are eventually bound to win out. The truly big story cannot be kept forever in obscurity. It is due inevitably to find a far-sighted producer and to bring the author both fame and financial reward. In this connection it is interesting to note the history of Channing Pollock's play, *The Fool*, which is at the present time creating a tremendous impression in New York and which is undoubtedly one of the most significant dramas of the year.

In *The Editor* magazine of March 17th, Mr. Pollock relates in a most interesting manner the difficulties he encountered in finding someone willing to place his drama before the public. The Broadway producers would not, or could not, see anything worth while in it. Yet, at present it promises to bring its writer and the man who eventually did back him greater reward than any play that Mr. Pollock or any other dramatist, for that matter, has ever written.

We presume that by this time Mr. Pollock has been approached by motion picture producers with offers of anywhere from one hundred thousand to a half million dollars for the motion picture rights. And yet, in 1919, Pollock, while the play was being tried out in a Los Angeles theatre, was openly laughed at by picture magnates to whose attention the production had been called. They failed not only to sense the popular appeal in the idea upon which the play was founded, but some of them also failed utterly to grasp the significance of the most lofty passages.

To quote Mr. Pollock's own words: "That first night in Los Angeles I was approached in the lobby by a motion picture magnate who asked me: 'What's all this talk in your play about the Star of Bethlehem?'"

"I inquired: 'Don't you know what the Star of Bethlehem is?'"

"'Sure,' he replied; 'it's a star in the Milky Way.'"

"I told him it was the star that rose over Bethlehem when Jesus was born, and symbolized the coming of Christ.

"Well," he exclaimed, "You ought to say so in the play. People don't know about that!" "

Mr. Pollock goes on to state that this seemed to him pure comedy. To our minds it is anything but comedy; it is a tragic revelation of the utter stupidity and ignorance of certain Hollywood producers. We presume that this very magnate is one of those who are at present frantically wiring Mr. Pollock for the picture rights to *The Fool*, and we certainly hope that Pollock

makes the gentleman pay handsomely, if he permits him to buy them at all.

However, this producer is the rare exception rather than the rule. He is a relic of the days of the nickelodeon and is doomed to extinction just so surely as motion pictures are due to become the greatest art of all times.

You may have in your desk a drama as great as—or, perhaps, better than—*The Fool*. If it has been refused by the producers, do not, as we have stated, be down-hearted. There is always someone who knows greatness when he sees it. Ultimately your drama will come to the attention of that man.

THE USE OF WORDS

BY E. POLO PEARSON

WORDS plays an important part in our daily life. We live in words, we think in words, we do our diurnal pleading, petitioning, asking in words. What we want, and what we do not want, we can only describe in words; hence, a large working vocabulary is very essential to a student of vigorous, forceful, compelling, practical English. You should, on the contrary, study words in their context. Not only should you study them zealously, but you should know them as well. It is only by learning them that you will learn to comprehend some of Nature's secrets.

Master words, and you master men. Every wise-acre, or would-be writer, cannot devote too much time to the fascinating study of words. When discouraged, consult your dictionary; and there you will find faith, charity. New visions shall be disclosed to you. Your mind shall work diligently, deliberately. Originality shall predominate. And, while studying words, do

not be over-fastidious. Nor should you give your time solely to learning extravagant, high-sounding, unduly long, unusual words. You know as well as I do how badly they sound. This is all the more reason why you should avoid them. Cultivate simplicity in the use of words. Make words obedient to your will. Remember, that a large vocabulary is the only cure for slang and vulgarity.

Two words deliberately added to your working vocabulary daily would in ten years surpass that of Shakespeare's. If you would write successful, forcible photoplays; gripping stories, unusual in presentation, you must first acquire the dictionary habit. Do you ask to know words, to be thrilled by their significance? Learn to understand them, and you shall know them. Do you ask to acquire them? Make yourself a zealot, and you shall. But on other terms—No. If you will not master them, they cannot stoop to you.



QUESTIONS ANSWERED



Concerning the Writing of Photoplays

Q. I have been trying for years to write photoplays and have read books on the subject and taken a course of instruction. And still I cannot seem to get the "hang" of it. What do you suppose is the matter?—V. G.

A. We should judge that you lack the ideas or the ability to make use of the ideas if you have them. Still, as you seem to be persevering, why not keep at it a bit longer? Go to the theatres often and analyze the plays. View them several times, check off the incidents and situations, note how the conflict and suspense are created. There is no better method to ground you in the essentials of the photoplay than tearing them to pieces and examining the parts to see what makes the play go.

Q. A friend and I had an argument about comedy and drama. He said comedy was drama. Is that so?—T. C.

A. Your friend was right. Drama is divided into tragedy and comedy. Drama should portray life, and there is a great deal of comedy in life even in its most serious moments.

Q. When writing a photoplay, must I make my hero and heroine "goody-goodies" and the villain as bad as bad can be?

—K. W.

A. No, indeed. The fact is that a writer should avoid such unnatural characters. They were the popular melodramatic types, but the sophistication of this day and age recognizes their falseness. Photoplay characters should be human. There are pitfalls to be avoided, however. For instance, your hero

and heroine must keep the admiration and sympathy of motion picture spectators; so you must be careful not to have them fall from grace.

Q. In writing an historical costume picture, what is the first thing to be observed?

A. Accuracy of detail in regards to the movements and motives of your historical characters. Never take for granted that you may take liberties with well known lives of prominent people of the past.

Q. Is an author permitted to assist in supervising the production of his story?

A. Very seldom. There are instances where authors of great prominence have stipulated in their contracts that they be permitted to assist in this work, but the production officials at the studio are very much against the idea. Not one author out of ten thousand understands the peculiar conditions existing at the studios, and the many unexpected occurrences that arise to change the ideas of the director; all the author has in his mind is his story, while the director views the production from every angle.

Q. Is there such a thing as a "modern costume picture"?

A. Yes. Military stories dealing with the present day; modern oriental dramas; pictures where the peasantry of certain parts of Europe are used; these are costume pictures. In fact any story that calls for dress other than the accepted styles worn by the modern civilians.



THERE were two pieces of mail waiting on my desk the other day, the contents of which combined in hitting the oft-mentioned nail squarely on the head. In one was the membership creed of the National Committee for Better Films and in the other, the *Literary Digest* for January 27th, was an article entitled, "Curing the Stupid Movies."

The creed follows:

"I BELIEVE that the best way to improve motion pictures is to select, patronize and advertise the best.

"I BELIEVE in special performances for boys and girls and special 'family nights;' in educating parents to study their children and to regulate their attendance at motion pictures with intelligent care.

"I BELIEVE in the maintenance of the highest standards in the conduct of the motion picture theatres which I will attend.

"I BELIEVE in telling the exhibitor when I like his program and why, as well as when I don't like his program and why.

"I BELIEVE in the motion picture theatre as a community institution and in community co-operation with the exhibitor.

"I BELIEVE in the vast education, cultural and recreational values of the screen, and in my own ability to add a little to the forces working for its constant elevation."

In the *Digest* article the New York *World* is quoted as saying, "The morality of films and film actors has been a question occupying national attention when the real trouble with moving pictures is that they are vulgar and stupid."

Not all photoplays are vulgar and stupid—there is quite as much vulgarity and stupidity printed in books and magazines and shown on the stage as there is in moving pictures, comparatively speaking. There will be less of this sort of thing to object to on the screen when special performances are arranged for children and when parents regulate their children's attendance of the motion picture theatre with some degree of intelligence. Boards of censors who order cuts made in films on the basis of the average child's attendance are certainly and surely creating stupidity and boredom for adult patrons.

I agree with Mr. William G. Shepherd, who interviewed Will Hays, that the film would give "correct ideas of human life, of human character, and of human emotion." But "correct" ideas are those which delineate life, character and emotion as they are—not as some shallow, misguided persons would have Rollo believe them to be. There are smirking individuals of both sexes (delete the word "sexes") who prefer to attribute certain biological phenomena to the activities of the stork, a bird who probably has too many troubles of his own to be perturbed over the birth rate of the human race. At least this is the explanation that is given to Little Elsie in answer to her perfectly normal and natural questions. It is just the least bit difficult to foist the stork theory on the father and mother of a family of twelve sturdy children, censors or no censors. Motion pictures made for Rollo, Elsie and sexless adult Stork Folk, the shape of whose heads proves the lineage and inherited intelligence, do not resistlessly attract normal citizens to the theatre.

When the millions who patronize motion pictures live up to the creed of the

National Committee for Better Films, telling their likes and dislikes to their exhibitors and permitting their children to see the pictures that they deem proper for them and keeping them at home otherwise, we shall have less stupidity and fewer false ideas and ideals. I know of no producer who is motivated by any desire to exhibit obscenity or salacity on the screen. They do want the privilege of holding a mirror up to Life and the drama of life in order to obtain interesting and entertaining results on the screen. While the human race is as it is, the reflection in the mirror can be no different. It is the function of the mirror to tell the truth. Breaking glass or turning it over and exhibiting the fanciful and idealistic picture on the back does nothing toward changing life as it really is. Let those who would bring about reforms work on the world and its people, not on the mirror and the reflection therein. Meanwhile, let them remember that motion pictures are not made exclusively for children.

Just because the screen deals with action instead of words and phrases is no reason for writers to submit scenarios written in careless English. The function of the manuscript is to convey the story from the mind of the author to the mind of whoever is considering it. The writer who cultivates a graphic style—whose story is well delineated; clearly and vividly written—has the advantage over others. The graphic arts are those of painting and drawing. The photoplay is a story told in pictures. Therefore the writer who tells his story in such a way that the person who reads it sees it in a series of pictures is a graphic writer and will sell more screen material than one who stumbles through a maze of words and obscures his meaning in dull, unimpressive phrases. Epigrams, puns and play on words are not desirable in photoplay manuscripts—but clear, graphic description and character delineation will always help to sell a story.



“**O**NLY one person I have to make good—Myself.
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

“**H**EALTH, education and a chance—that’s all you need.
You can do the rest.”
—Elbert Hubbard.

“**T**HERE is no royal road to a successful life, as there is no royal road to learning. It has got to be hard knocks, morning, noon and night, and fixity of purpose. Never has there been a time in the history of the world when so much opportunity offered for the leading of a successful life as today.”

—Charles M. Schwab.

“**A**MAN should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong; it is but saying in other words that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.”

—William Penn.



FOR YOUR BOOKSHELF



The Latest Novels Reviewed

By HETTY GOLDRICK

"FUNDAMENTALS OF FICTION WRITING"

By Arthur Sullivant Hoffman

Bobbs-Merrill, Publishers Price \$1.50

BOOKS on how to write are a legion but I have never read any one which tells you as nearly how to do it as Mr. Hoffman's *Fundamentals of Fiction Writing*. Say what's in you, he counsels, and if there is anything there you can put it down on paper so that readers will read and editors will buy, regardless of all the rules of thumb with which most handbooks are cluttered. Rules as rules are good, he admits, but rules will no more make a story go than mere wheels will start an engine.

It is very refreshing to find that Mr. Hoffman has no pet and wordy theories to advance on the high art of literature, and that he does have a delightfully sane and original viewpoint on the workmanship of writing. He takes three elements, the writer, the story, the reader and shows how shamelessly the reader has been the neglected one of the trio. And his words are those of authority for he has been an editor and a writer for twenty years, is now editor of *Adventure* and has been the long-suffering reader of what must have been tons of stories. Instead of being soured by his vast experience he has cheerfully given hundreds of aspiring authors the benefit of what he has endured. The fruit of his labors is now gathered in this book on fundamentals. Every person in the writing business should have a copy.

"MYSTERY AT GENEVA"

By Rose Macaulay

Boni & Liveright, Publishers. Price, \$1.75

In the note prefacing *Mystery at Geneva* Miss Macaulay declares that "this book is simply a straightforward mystery story, devoid of irony, moral or meaning." We shall have to take her word for it but to my mind her method of breaking up the babel of a certain assembly of the League of Nations is the cleverest, most admirable coup I have read or heard of in a long time, and I recommend something like it to break up Congress in Washington on occasion.

This is the first mystery story I ever enjoyed. Miss Macaulay's mysteries are mysteries whose solutions do not give you a sheepish feeling of, "of course." But best of all her humor is sparkling, her satire searching. Her comments on the gathering delegates and the bombardment of telegrams from compatriots and societies at home are inimitable. For instance: "The Yellow Peril. Perilous because of the immense waiting patience that would in the end tire the restless Western people out." "There is this about Armenians: every one who lives near them feels he must assault and injure them. There is this about the Turks: they feel they must assault and injure anyone who lives near them. Neither of these nations ought to be near any other, least of all, each other." Upon feeding starving Russia certain delegates reply: "No one is sorrier than my tender-hearted nation for starving persons, but we have no money to send them and are not Russians always hungry?" Among the telegrams and cables which pour in for consideration of the conference on world peace are "Remember our dumb friends," from the Blue Cross Society. "Do not forget the colored race," from the

Negro Equality League, and the Constructive Birth Control Society urged, "Make the world safe from babies."

But the *Mystery at Geneva* is not all clever talk. The publishers earnestly request reviewers to refrain from giving the plot away and it would really be too bad to have the reader's pleasure thus spoiled. I dare say only this that one prominent delegate after another disappears from the Assembly. How they disappear, where to and by what agency is all quite astounding and done with exceeding ingenuity. The greatest mystery of them all walks through the pages entirely unsuspected of even being a mystery until the very end. If *Mystery at Geneva* had a dash of lovemaking in plain view, for flappers' sakes, instead of between the lines where it now is, it might make a good screen mystery.

"MAN'S COUNTRY"

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, Publishers. Price, \$2.00

In *Man's Country* Mr. Macfarlane has given us a story of business spelled with a big B. In the thrall of Business George Judson spelled love with a little l, while Fay Gilman insisted that it be a capital. The conflict all but brings tragedy but Fay learns in time that life is not lived alone by kisses and George discovers that Business with all its bigness can not fill the emptiness of a wifeless home.

Aside from the meteoric rise of George Judson the beginnings of the automobile industry is one of the most interesting parts of the story. The wonder of those days was the horseless carriage, but as one reads about it today the real wonders would seem to be the inventors and manufacturers who in the face of little capital, the skepticism of bankers and the ridicule of public opinion held to their faith in the ungainly, undependable, horseless wagon and by stubborn patience finally evolved its handsome indispensable descendant of today.

George Judson climbed from poverty by way of the newsboy route to the presi-

dency of the Judson Motor Company. There were obstacles in plenty all along the way but George surmounted them every one. No man outside a story book could do all he did, but what is a story for if you can not step into the hero's shoes and climb right up to success? When you come to and find that you are still that plain old dub, John Smith, instead of the wizard, George Judson, well, anyhow, you have been a wonder for an hour. George Judson could sell anything from a newspaper to a horseless carriage. And he could sell himself so well that old and experienced men wrote out checks for huge loans to him even while they shook their heads in dubiousness. But he always made good, that is, he made good as long as he stayed in his man's world. When he stepped into woman's world of love and marriage he got into trouble. Now if Business is a jealous god, so is Woman. George was not so quick finding that out as he was other things. Fay was a rich man's daughter and all that was lovely and delectable as well. She wanted her self-made husband to leave Business and play, not occasionally, but often. Sir Brian Hook, with plenty of time to play, gives you a fright for fear that he will use it to his own advantage while George is trying to weather a financial storm, and when Fay runs off to Europe leaving nothing but a note it looks as if all George's marvelous successes might as well have been failures. For George really loves his wife, though Business has kept him from telling her so often enough.

The War was a blessing to many an author and here it does Mr. Macfarlane a good turn. Fay, who was born to play, learns how to work in European hospitals. George goes to war, too, and comes back home to be plucked by his stockholders. But Fay returns also, not only a changed woman, but saves him from financial ruin. All these and many other happenings show him that man's country, without a woman in it, is a pretty poor country after all. As for the Fays who read George's story perhaps they will better understand what Business spelled with a big B does to a man. *Man's Country* ought to make an excel-

lent screen showing, having all the elements of self-made success which the American public so loves.

"THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMEN"

By Compton Mackenzie

Frederick A. Stokes Co., Publishers.

Price, \$2.00

This book is a good mirror for women to look into. In its reflection they will see themselves passing along the long road from infancy to grandmotherhood. It is a good mirror for men, too, because herein, as in life, men and women march through the years together, their destinies, whether sweet or galling, for better or worse, bound up within each other indissolubly from beginning to end. Mary Flower in her last age of grandmotherhood sits looking back at the vanished pictures of her life. Gone are friends, lover, husband and children. You might think this would be a bitter ending but Mr. Mackenzie is never truer to life in his whole book, nor more artistic, than at this finish. The years temper griefs as well as joys and Mary Flower, a placid old woman, watches the cycle of human existence roll on as youth comes dancing into her arms just as she danced into the arms of another grandmother a lifetime ago.

That other old woman was Lady Flower whose favorite son had married the gardener's blooming, red-headed maid instead of a lord's pale-faced daughter. Disowned by his family, Edward, the willful son, sets sail for Australia with his wife and baby, but the ship is wrecked early in the voyage, he and his wife are swept overboard and two rescued passengers bring the baby back to England. They communicate with the old Lord but that hard man will have nothing to do with the child except to pay for her care. However when Lady Flower becomes a widow and can do as she pleases she has the child brought to her in Paris. Mary is ten years old now. She has her Lady grandmother's hands and feet and her

farm-maid mother's hair. Old Lady Flower looks at her favorite son's daughter, the last sprig on the old Lord's family tree, and decides that a French school will best fit her for her position. Mary learns to be a lady and incidentally has Pierre, the gardener's son, for her best friend. Going back to London she enters maidenhood with its gaieties and suitors and is contented until she meets Pierre by chance in the park. Pierre is no longer a gardener's boy, but a rising young business man. Mary is more obedient than her father was and gives up Pierre for Jemmie, a man more suitable to be her husband in her grandmother's eyes. Children make up to her in a measure for what she has lost and it is they who keep her true to their father when Pierre again appears in her life. Jemmie has his own affairs but, whether he gets tired or repents, finally gives up everything else for golf and Mary.

The children grow up and do as children will, go far from home, or marry the wrong girl, or have shocking minds of their own, Jemmie dies and Mary has come from infancy, girlhood, maidenhood, wifehood, motherhood to widowhood. This is no breathless story but Mary Flower passing through her seven ages, her bright hair first dulling, then graying, her high spirits first faltering then accepting, is a touching picture and should be smiled upon and sighed over on the screen. Hope springs eternal and Mary steps into grandmotherhood smilingly, her lonely arms stretched out eagerly to the child of her own willful son and another wrong girl.

"TWO SHALL BE BORN"

By Marie Conway Oemler

Century Company, Publishers.

Price, \$1.90

It has come to be a rather old-fashioned idea that two shall be born, the world apart, and despite all the intrigues of earth and hell combined meet at last and find everlasting heaven in each other's arms, but it is good to find an author who believes in love unsullied and enduring. If the story leaves a rather sweetish

taste in your mouth there is always plenty of quinine outside of books.

This little countess, Marya Jadwiga, is the last of a noble Polish line and is the daughter of the famous scholar, scientist and secret revolutionist, Count Florian Zuleski. They live on an impoverished country estate, the Count spending his time in his library writing and receiving mysterious visitors. Among these are Russian agents and a German baron, whom he plays one against the other in revenge for bleeding Poland's wounds. Just before he dies he sends Marya to America accompanied by his old brother, Wenceslaus, Marya bearing secret documents which both Russia and Germany covet, in her bosom. In New York she and the old man go to the house of Franciszka, a relative who has been in America for several years, made herself over from a bold, good-looking peasant girl into a handsome, sleek madame and now runs a beauty parlor in a well furnished house given her by a Man Who Pays the Bills.

The Man Who Pays the Bills is old but he still has eyes for youth. Marya stirs the thin blood in his veins and she is lured by his fatherly manner to a meeting with him.

In the meantime Brian Kelly, the only son of Dominick, city boss, has walked out of his father's house because he will not marry the girl of his daddy's choice.

Brian had already caught a glimpse of Marya Jadwiga in the park with Wenceslaus and knew his fate on the spot. Knowing no way of earning a living he turns as naturally to the police force as an Irishman should, becomes known as an Apollo in a blue uniform and is forced into posing, during his off hours, as model for a determined spinster painter. Mrs. Oemler spreads it on pretty thick right here, but how the women will love it. Luckily Brian is on his real job when Marya, escaping from the house where she stabbed the Man Who Paid the Bills, is waylaid by a bold, bad villain. Brian rescues her in the nick of time and takes her to his boarding house at dear old Mother Callaghan's.

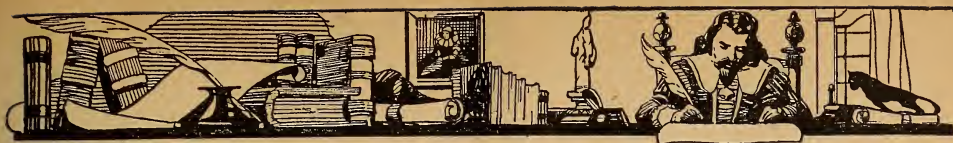
But the Baron and the Russian agents have tracked their quarry across the ocean and into her obscure hiding place. The Russians spirit her away. Brian appeals to his father who is all powerful. The little countess is rescued and Dominick succumbs to her charms immediately. The Baron wants to take Marya back with him as his wife, but Marya chooses her handsome policeman and all is as merry as a marriage bell which, to tell the truth, had rung some days before. As a picture, this story would make every woman, young and old, pine to be a countess. Moreover she would dream for a week that she had a lover just like Brian.



“*FAILURE* may be quite as important as success in character making.”—“*Success.*”

“*NO* book is worth anything that is not worth much; nor is it serviceable until it has been read and re-read, and loved and loved again, and marked so that you can refer to the passage you want in it as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs.”

—Emerson.



Good English AND ITS USE

A Department for Everyone who Writes

EXPRESSIVE ENGLISH

BY HAZEL W. SPENCER

DID you ever stop to think how perfectly some words express distance? How others express nearness? How still others express noise, and others silence? How exquisitely adapted are certain words for expressing fragile, delicate beauty, while others are just as capable of expressing power and strength?

Words do not come at call unless you have studied them from the standpoint of their appropriateness, and then only after long and patient *use* of them has developed within you the faculty of right choice.

There are so many words with almost identically the same meaning that you may only learn to choose the one infallible word for your purpose, by constant study and comparison of the writings of others, and by schooling yourself to *sound* each word as you employ it, until its possibilities for expressing power or delicacy, vigor or gentleness, melody or noise, have become entirely familiar to you.

Two lines of "Evangeline" come to my mind as an example of what I mean:

"Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded, . . .
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence."

These lines illustrate perfectly the expressiveness of *right* words. I have underscored the word *right* purposely for I do not mean words that are merely correct. There is a vast difference between correct words and right words; a word

may be entirely correct, and yet not at all right in the connection in which you wish to employ it. If it is right it will be the one word for that particular place and no other word can be so appropriately used.

Continuing with these lines from Longfellow let me call your attention to the first five words: "Loud and sudden and near . . ." Did you not start involuntarily at the sound of that whippoorwill? Is he not there at your very shoulder, compelling your instant gaze in his direction? *Loud . . . sudden . . . near . . .* words expressive of the bird's immediate neighborhood, his startling shrillness; so expressive, in fact, that you feel yourself thrilled as at an actual call.

But as suddenly as he has come he is gone! Farther and farther away! Farther . . . and farther . . . away! Say the words over to yourself. Do they not carry you into the depths of the primeval forest and send your eye gazing . . . gazing . . . down some dim aisle whither the bird has vanished? The picture of the forest, not only, but of yourself as a part of it, listening, straining your ear to catch the last faint echo of the bird's song, is painted as perfectly in those two lines as if it were before you on an artist's easel. And this is using words *rightly*.

We may use words rightly and still employ them in most unusual and unexpected combinations. This is in itself a mark of originality and artistic skill. Such combinations are illustrated by the phrase: "A man of fierce integrity." We do not ordinarily associate fierceness with integ-

riety, but that it may be so associated is manifest, and the single, unusual adjective in this case has emphasized and individualized the man's whole character. He is described in a phrase without verbiage or ornamentation, and we see him as clearly as if he had been given paragraphs or even pages.

An understanding of the value and expressiveness of *words as individuals* is responsible for this sort of description, and it does not become the property of any one of us except as we pay for it by study. The words are all in the dictionary and quite free to saint or sinner, artist or ignoramus, but it is only the true student to whom they reveal their glorious possibilities.

The true student, by the way, is, before all else, modest and teachable. He knows he cannot learn by assuming to possess all knowledge and he does not write to his teachers, as did a certain young man recently, to the effect that he could criticize the poets and understood the "interlectuals."

That young man has covered reams of good paper trying to convince a friend of mine that he is both a poet and a dramatist, but he fails to write correctly even so commonplace a word as intellectual. If he would spend in an intelligent study of words one-half the time he wastes in describing his own attainments he would become an authority on English.

He has a particular fancy for words of three and five syllables, yet he rarely uses one of them correctly. It is as if he were trying to cross the sea without a knowledge of navigation. *Words* he simply knows nothing about nor can he be persuaded to study them. They are the first and most important tools of the craft he desires to master, yet he scorns them as of no value, if indeed he thinks of them at all.

He is not alone in this. Many who should know better are equally culpable. What is it, I wonder, that makes us so careless of language? Do we imagine that we know all there is to know about it merely because we have been familiar with it for so long a time? We should never think of using machinery without first studying its mechanism, and no more

should we employ words without looking up their meaning in a dictionary and becoming satisfied that we had mastered it. Unless we do know their meaning we shall never learn to use expressive and individual English, and the English we do use will often appear ridiculous.

I cannot emphasize too strongly the very serious necessity for consulting a dictionary. Many of the words with which we imagine ourselves entirely familiar have meanings and shades of meaning that often surprise us to our discomfiture. We cannot afford to run the risk of blundering in an otherwise perfect piece of work merely because we have neglected to study a single and apparently unimportant word which may prove our Waterloo.

The more we know and the better we are educated, the more is expected of us and the more necessary it is that our work should be an example for others. The French phrase, "noblesse oblige," which is only another way of saying that from those who possess much shall be required, puts the same thing briefly and is particularly applicable to trained writers. Remember, it is not the unusual or peculiar word that proclaims your intelligence, but the word or words perfectly employed. If you are in the habit of employing words in this fashion you will sometimes originate a clever and unusual combination as if by magic, but it will have an effect of spontaneity quite impossible to the writer who picks his words primarily for their individuality.

If individuality is your goal before all else it is very unlikely that you will ever attain it. If, on the other hand, your first desire is for perfection, it is safe to predict that individuality will distinguish your efforts. The reason for this is simple enough: *conscious* effort is never creative; it merely imitates. The only truly creative work ever done is done *unconsciously* and without any effort at all. And such work is only possible to those who have mastered details until all work is in a sense automatic.

The best driver of an automobile is he who has been so trained in the proper method of handling a car that he does so without thinking. The driver who is for-

ever stopping to wonder which move to make next, which lever to adjust, whether to turn this way or that, is still an amateur and very liable to disaster.

So, if you know words, you do not stop to think whether this one is correct or that one, you simply array them all before you and *choose* with joyous certainty which you prefer.

Mistakes in spelling have happened to the best of teachers, but mistakes in meaning are unpardonable. You know a word or you do not know it; there is no half way. And if you say "unperturbable" instead of "imperturbable" it is not a matter of incorrect spelling but of plain ignorance. If you say: "He had reached the very *epitome* of success," as a woman said to me the other day, it is because you do not know what the word *epitome* really means. This is not a common word; at least it is sufficiently uncommon to deserve a glance in the dictionary before you have made it definitely your own. And there are so many such words; words we do not really know and yet make use of, to our own undoing and their belittlement.

Misspelling and mispronunciation are less objectionable than misuse, for pronunciations change and differ in different localities, and spelling may be the result of haste or any number of things. But misuse is nothing whatever but ignorance. You would not attempt to write music unless you knew the notes and you should no more attempt to write English unless you know words.

It is not true, as so many young writers seem to imagine, that *big* words are the natural complement of erudition; but they *are* the invariable accompaniment of literary snobbishness. The best writers of this or any other time are the simplest; the most beautiful English and the most forceful is that which describes and explains without pedantry, without pose, in words we may all understand.

The example I have quoted from Longfellow is perfect English, each word doing positively the thing demanded of it *and no other*; and there is only one word in the quotation containing more than two syllables, and that one, three. Only when you are writing a master's or a doctor's thesis and your object is to **display** the

variety and extent of your vocabulary is the use of "big" words permissible. They serve no purpose whatever in our common literature except to point the way which is *not* to be taken.

Here is a sentence by way of illustration: "The frustration and disillusionments which characterized her existence were of a nature quite incomprehensible to his intelligence."

How much simpler and what infinitely better English to say: "He could not understand the tragedy of her life."

Besides being entirely simple there is something in the phrase—"the tragedy of her life"—that immediately grips the attention. It is *real*. We all know intuitively, if not from actual experience, what the tragedy of life may be. But what possible sympathy may an author hope to arouse by the "frustrations and disillusionments which characterized her existence"?

Although our written language is commonly and quite properly of a more elevated character than our daily speech, it is not therefore essential that we should force the former into garments which are both unfamiliar and unbecoming. To the majority of readers inaccuracies and even vulgarities are far less annoying than stilted phraseology and, indeed, the latter has no place in popular literature. If you are thinking entirely of your sentences to the exclusion of human interest, in other words, if you care more for the perfection of your style than for the entertainment and instruction of your fellow-men, what you have to write is probably not worth writing in any case. Spontaneity is the very key-note of all that is really good in literature, and if we cannot have both spontaneity and accuracy, for pity's sake let us sacrifice accuracy.

But the delightful thing about the literary game is that spontaneity requires no such sacrifice. You may be both spontaneous and correct; charming, original, refreshing and yet entirely accurate. In the last analysis it is simply a matter of the heart. If you have something to say, and if you truly love the saying, the spontaneity and accuracy will go hand-in-hand; but it is with literature as it is with all professions or accomplishments under the

sun—the love of the work and the love of doing it absolutely precede all other considerations.

The work that succeeds is the work one has loved to do. Other work may be successful for a while or from a certain standpoint, but it is only *loved* work that makes permanent contribution to the world's possessions. If you love to write you will be successful, given patience and time; but if you are thinking first of the reward, choosing the career of authorship because it offers social advantages, or fame, or fortune, while vastly preferring another sort of occupation, you are wasting time that might be spent more profitably as well as far more happily. And the chances are that you will never sell a story.

These articles are written for those who love to write, and to them the little matters I have pointed out in regard to grammar and construction will seem neither superfluous nor tiresome, but, of course, if you are not interested in the superstructure you will pay little heed to the foundations. Words and their power and beauty will become more and more precious to you the longer you study them, but the music of language is like any other music, a science, and you master it by practice alone.

The crashing chords, the tender melodies, the love-notes and the cries of despair possible to operas, symphonies, sonatas, are possible also though in milder degree to drama, poetry, narrative. What is it that makes us weep or laugh with the characters of Shakespeare? The characters themselves, of course. But how was it possible to picture these characters except by words? The master musician is no greater than the master of language; they merely work in different fields. But the two fields combine more readily than any other two fields of art and their union is wonderful and lovely because each is so perfect in itself.

Therefore study words. Become acquainted with their derivations, their growth, their various vicissitudes and transformations. Learn their capabilities, their beauties, their significance as you would learn to know your best friends. Equipped with a knowledge of words and a respect for their evolution you are ready

to write anything, from a friendly letter to an epic, from a simple narrative to a dramatic masterpiece.

IN AND OUT OF THE DICTIONARY

A column of authoritative solutions to problems concerning the use of English, submitted by readers of The Story World.

“R. S. L., MIAMI, FLA.” Do you object to the use of slang if it seems to express your idea better than anything else?

Answer: Not at all. On the contrary, I find much of our modern slang very picturesque and to the point. There is, however, a class of slang which is mere colloquial vulgarity. This, of course, is neither legitimate in literature nor in our conversation.

“C. F. S., AUSTIN, TEXAS.” Will you please re-write this sentence correctly? “The doctor in restoring her brother to normalcy would reunite he and Edith.”

Answer: “The doctor, in restoring her brother to normal health (or simply ‘to normal’), would reunite him and Edith.”

I do not like the word “normalcy.” Although a word of distinguished origin it is not good English. The expression “restored to normal” is objected to by pedants, but it is so universally employed by scientists that such objection seems a little far-fetched.

The use of the pronoun “he” in the above sentence is incorrect for the reason that “he” is subject and what you want here is the object “him.”



IN a recent issue of the Exhibitor's Herald, Martin Quigley gives us some interesting information as to how things are getting along in our industry. He tells us that there are over 300,000 people employed steadily in all branches of the pictures; that the wages paid employes annually at the studios amount to over \$75,000,000 and the approximate cost of pictures produced last year amounted to \$200,000,000. More than 600 feature films were produced during 1922 and 1,500 short subjects, news reels and scenics. Of these about 84 per cent were made in California; 12 per cent in New York and 4 per cent elsewhere in the United States. It is estimated 50,000,000 persons attend motion picture shows every week in the 15,000 theatres now operated. The seating capacity for one show is 7,605,000 of these 15,000 houses. The paid admissions amount to \$520,000,000 annually. The number of persons employed in film theatres is 105,000. The average number of reels per show is eight. The average number of houses running six or seven days a week is 9,000; while about 1,500 are open four or five days a week and 4,500 only open one to three days.

The average cost of making a feature film is \$150,000 with the present cost of materials and high salaries. The film companies spend annually about \$5,000,000 advertising in newspapers and periodicals, and another \$2,000,000 for slides, posters and other accessories. It cost \$2,000,000 for lithographs and \$3,000,000 for other printing and engraving last year.

These are interesting figures and will make valuable data for the reader and for the exhibitor who wants facts and

figures for his local Chamber of Commerce, or Board of Trade. It will give them some idea of the magnitude of the film business. I would advise every aspiring writer to ponder over these figures. Such an industry is worth taking very seriously.

A gathering of gentlemen in New York declared recently that there was no art in the cinema. They wondered how art could be introduced into the moving picture. Apparently the problem weighed heavily upon them. We are rather curious about this, for this group is similar in respect of the value it places upon its own opinions, to the so-called intellectuals who solemnly declare there is no literature save that of the ultra-modern school to which, of course, they belong. They have waved aside all fiction from that of Victor Hugo to O. Henry. All the early playwrights, with possibly the reluctant exception of Shakespeare, they efface by one smudge of their inky fingers. For poetry they cite the product of Ezra Pound and his imitators. They like the poisonous playlet that oozes nastily from the pages of the current magazine. They are the futurists and cubists and impressionists of letters. They annoy but they do not instruct. To say there is no art in the cinema is to utter a denial of terms, for the production is all art; faulty as yet, sometimes, feeling its way tentatively to better methods of expression.

The trouble with the group, rendering with such easy confidence a verdict to the contrary, is that each has his own notion of the form in which that art should be presented. One suggested that the business should be taken up by select coteries, men of brains and character, probably of which the speaker was a fair example. He would have the pictures fairly luminous with the spirit of art as interpreted

by himself, and fit for the contemplation of such minds as the one he had the happiness to possess.

In other words, these men of bulging brow forget that not every brow bulges likewise, and, some actually present a backyard slant. Yet the pictures have to meet, in some measure, the varied demands of the vast majority. For the exceptionally endowed, there are available other methods of relaxation and instruction. The pictures that might appeal to them would be meaningless to the masses, and the masses do appreciate art. The masses like to see art interpret the life with which they are familiar. They are no collection of futurists. It is true there is a commercial side to picture production. There is a commercial side to sculpture; painting, music and book writing. Of what human activity may it be said there is no commercial side? Painters, famous when they had been a long time dead, but starving while they lived, were commercial failures. Their canvases were none the better for this.

The producer of moving pictures is not working for posterity, any more than the cobbler is making shoes for generations yet unborn. He is a figure of the present, working for profit, and with the intention of amusing people of the present. By the people he does not mean the isolated group with an exalted and largely erroneous estimate of its mental status, and artistic yearnings. There is art in the cinema. If we have no art, then why did we have *The Miracle Man*, *Earthbound*, *The Birth of a Nation*, *The Four Horsemen*, *Broken Blossoms*, *Robin Hood*? If the cinema has no art then such men as David Wark Griffith, George Loane Tucker, Rex Ingram and Douglas Fairbanks, have lived in vain. I am sure they have not. It is so easy to criticize.

To censor anything is a very simple task. But, it is indeed difficult to construct and uplift. We admire the man who can suggest means to improve us;

providing he speaks from the platform of experience; if he has made some sort of effort himself. Censors, as a rule, consist of people who have never made a success of doing anything, except criticizing. The moving picture has improved because the producers of them have seen where they could improve them, and they will continue to improve by that same method. All that we ask is that we be left alone. The producer wants to make better pictures, and he will make them, not because somebody who is standing on the sidelines says so, but because he has a desire to make them better and improve his art.

"Censorship," says Channing Pollock, author of *The Fool*, *The Sign on the Door*, photoplays, "is an idiotic institution for creating things that people wouldn't think of otherwise. The only cities where salacious plays are possible are those where there is censorship. After all it takes considerable cheek, to say nothing of self-satisfaction, for a man to feel that his neighbor is innately wicked and would be more so but for the restraining influence of his own personal purity." That puts it very nicely and voices the sentiments of the 50,000,000 of us who attend the moving pictures every week. I have always maintained that censors are people who have never made a success doing anything and are just plain sore at the rest of the world: especially those who are trying to do something. We don't need anyone to tell us when we are right or wrong, except God and our conscience, or, the good that is in us. Censor boards are, as a rule, political boards created as a political measure and maintained for and by politicians. They were made to give a lot of "failures" jobs. We very much resent having unsuccessful people tell us how to succeed, but we will take a big dose of advice from those who have made a good showing.



WHAT IS ART?

AN EDITORIAL

WHY does the average woman long for a gown created by Paquin, or some other famous designer? Why do you stop, at the auto show, to admire the custom-built car—and pass by those produced in quantity lots, along standard lines, with scarcely a pause? Why do you hear so often the expression, "It's only another movie?"

Beauty is beauty only by comparison. Art is art only because of its aloofness from the commonplace. And when a gown, an automobile or a motion picture plot has been duplicated it loses caste and drops into the rut of mediocrity.

A motion picture belongs to the realm of the artistic only when it possesses qualities sufficient to mark it as different from any other film ever before produced. It is regrettable to note that many of the current productions fall far below artistic standards because of this defect—that they are merely duplications of those that have gone before; that they are hackneyed, dull and commonplace, lacking the elusive quality that goes with exclusiveness. And the fault, as THE STORY WORLD sees it, lies with the present "factory" methods of production.

The "old guard" are afraid to launch out; they back timidly away from anything that has not been tried out by some person more alert and farsighted. They refer proudly to coming productions as "another Humoresque," "better than the Miracle Man," "if you

liked 'Over the Hill,' you will like this," ad infinitum. And later, they wonder, sadly, why these coming productions have not been artistic or box-office successes.

When the producer ceases to ask the author, "Have you a Miracle Man story"? or a "Humoresque story," or whatever stereotyped brand of plot and theme he may desire; and, instead, demands "*something new and different*," he will cease to be a mediocre producer. When, in addition, this same magnate gives the new, different story a new and different treatment, in the course of passing it on to the public, then will he be entitled to the title "artist." He will also, incidentally, make more money.

The present situation, of course, is far from being hopeless. In fact, during the past great strides have been taken by such artistic members of the profession as David W. Griffith, Thos. H. Ince, William De Mille, Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Ray, Richard Barthelmess and a number of others. They have "taken chances," as the old guard might put it—and have built up both their reputations and their fortunes thereby. These persons are always seeking new ideas—new stories—from which they may make new and "different" pictures. And the writer who puts as much real vision, study and thought into his stories as such men put into their productions is bound to gain similar heights of success.



Across the Silver Screen

THE LATEST PHOTOPLAYS IN REVIEW

BY Elizabeth Niles, A.M.

Fury

OF the many good pictures recently released, one combining more of the essentials of entertaining drama than any other is *Fury*. Though based on old situations, the treatment given it by Edmund Goulding, an experienced writer of screen plots, lifts it far above the average story. With full appreciation of the value of struggle in a drama, he has woven together three distinct conflicts, at the same time keeping the antagonism centered between but two men. The hero is sworn to avenge his mother who has been led astray and deserted by the man who embittered the boy's father and tried to win the boy's sweetheart. This interweaving of threads is accomplished without the aid of undue coincidence or artificial motivation. The action proceeds along the shortest route from Boy's pledge to his father to his winning his mother and his sweetheart and defeating his antagonist. The story will serve as an excellent working model for those who feel the urge to express themselves on the screen.

The novelty of the plot lies in the characterization. Richard Barthelmess as Boy portrays an idealistic youth harshly confronted with the problems of older, rougher men; he gives us another superb characterization which falls but little short of that of Tol'able David. The reaction of Boy's finer nature to the brutality all about him and in which he forces himself to take a part through his sense of honor and chivalry and his innate love for the very names of father and mother, form

the basis for an intense psychological character study.

In excellent contrast is Boy's sweetheart, Min, the slavy in a Limehouse tavern frequented by sailors. Admirers of Dorothy Gish will find much amusement in her interpretation—a comic exaggeration of the role. Personally I should have preferred a little more reflection of Boy's idealism; her love for him was great and pure enough to justify this without detracting from her personality.

Certain scenes in this picture will stand out in the history of films. Seldom has there been seen a more thoroughly amusing situation than that in which Min, in throwing her arms about Boy, inadvertently brings a bunch of feathers he has just given her into the visual range of the woman from whom her sailor lover had stolen them to give to Boy for Min. Again we cannot forget the tortured soul of poor Boy as, restraining his love for Min that he may keep his oath to his father, he tells her he can not marry her. He is too choked by his seething emotions to explain and she too frantic at the seeming loss of his love to sense his struggle and help him.

Above all other scenes, however, stands out that in which Boy realizes he is before his mother and looks and *looks* at her as if he could give her all at once the many years of love he has been storing in his heart. In direct contrast to this is the great fight scene. Of course it reminds one of Tol'able David's fight; but less prolonged and less brutal, it reduces the total of physical conflict and allows more emphasis to fall on Boy's continued determination to keep his oath even after this first defeat.

Thus aside from the two fights, the

latter very short—perhaps too short in proportion—this melodrama is without thrills so-called. It represents the newer type of repressed psychological melodrama which yet deals with elemental passions. It is the type which holds the interest of spectators of all classes through the predominance of theme in every bit of the rapid-fire action. The realistic depiction of the sailors and the habitués of the Limehouse tavern adds a picturesque touch and a distinctive atmosphere. Clever cutting with a fine sense for dramatic values, and beautiful photography of seascapes and the majestic sailing vessel give the film the polish of a finished piece of work. While not a perfect picture, *Fury* is bound to rank high in the best pictures of the coming year.

Minnie

In response to the demand from all sides for "something different," Marshal Neilan has built a picture based on a theme suggested by Walter Howie, the noted newspaper editor, in which both hero and heroine are marked by their lack of physical beauty. To play such roles required considerable bravery as well as histrionic ability on the part of Leatrice Joy and Matt Moore. The latter appears in freckles, spectacles, and an ill-fitting suit; the former with slicked hair, a wart on her cheek, and queer, old-fashioned clothes.

The picture also differs in its utter lack of lavish sets. The one beautiful scene on the Carmel coast but emphasizes the drabness of the interiors. Every scene in the country hotel with its plush-covered chairs and marble-topped dressers carries a hint of sordidness to which is added sheer ugliness in the newspaper office, and cold grewsomeness in the morgue. While humorous at times, a story against this background frequently touches the pathetic.

The story begins slowly due to too many commonplace incidents to show the forlorn little Minnie's unfriendly relations with the town's young people, and her father's inventions and latest marriage. The elimination of these elements reveals the slightness of the rather threadbare plot. Minnie invents a fiance and arouses the unkind

curiosity of the village. Her step-sister becomes suspicious and threatens to declare the lover a fake unless produced in body. Upon seeing a newspaper notice of the death of an unidentified man, Minnie goes to the morgue, proclaims the man her fiance, and plays chief mourner at his funeral.

Meanwhile a reporter with a reputation for lack of memory and personal charm had visited the morgue and, recognizing a ring on the dead man's hand, had asked to be notified in case of any identification of the body. After the funeral he comes to Minnie for the "story" of her engagement to a Chinese thief and murderer, and when she refuses to talk, he threatens to reveal the man's past. At length she tells how she came to claim the body as that of her fiance. Immediately the reporter begins a great human interest story, but remembering his own ugliness and forlorn childhood, he tears up his copy and "forgets" the story. The following Sunday he takes Minnie motoring and marries her before returning.

This motor ride arouses the risibilities because earlier in the picture an unpopular village youth and a chewing gum salesman had each brought Minnie to the same spot, proclaimed the same lack of gas, and proceeded to make proposals which had promptly sent Minnie home on foot. When the reporter's Ford actually stalls, Minnie doesn't wait for the explanation of "emergency tank's filling up in a minute"; her white slippers are changed to the boots brought for such a contingency before she realizes the sincerity of this escort.

In striving for novelty and the desired length, Mr. Neilan has introduced inventions for carrying power by radio and added an insipid ending in which modern plastic surgery is supposed to transform the already happy lovers into paragons of beauty forevermore. But despite its overloading, its anticlimaxes, and its comedic treatment of a tragic theme, *Minnie* remains a picture which will mark a transition in the art of picture-making.

The Hero

A stage play of only moderate success, the *Hero* was subjected to severe recon-

struction for the screen, that it might make the wider appeal necessary for the picture public. It is still not to the taste of those who revel in Roman orgies and daring raiment, but as a portrayal of the emotional verities of everyday life, it is pure drama without extraneous appeal. Its keen satirical exposition of the cultivation of weakness in men through being worshipped as heroes by romantic women may not appeal to smug self-lovers, but for the student and lover of good drama, the picture affords a human, poignantly real comparison of the toiling, humdrum, unrecognized hero and the weakling who is called a hero when he does something fine before he has time to think.

A ne'er-do-well brings home from overseas an entrancing uniform, a stiff knee, and several medals. Among his many feminine admirers are a Belgian girl in his brother's household and the wife of this commonplace, flat-footed brother who bathes his weary feet in the parlor. Only the small son arouses an unselfish interest in the heart of the hero too indolent even to take himself seriously. He makes love to the little refugee and drives her in desperation to demand his protection; he deliberately baits his sister-in-law until she attempts to sacrifice for him her husband's love and her own honor. Each woman resents the love of the other for the hero.

Then both discover him stealing some funds intrusted to his brother. Together they try to persuade him to return the money and thus save his honor. He defies them both and laughingly departs. Meanwhile his little nephew, while practicing a trick taught him by the hero, inadvertently sets fire to the school house. Without hesitation the hero dashes through the flames, rescues the boy, and goes back for another lad. After throwing him into the firemen's net, the hero is overcome and falls from a window.

Before the surgeon's final verdict, he expiates his deeds by asking his brother to send for a minister, and having his sister-in-law return the money, thus hiding his sins in the hearts of the two women whose love he had inspired. While emphasized no more than is many an heroic deed in actual life, the dramatic

comparison is brought to a climax in the brother's offer of his skin for grafting to save the acclaimed hero's life. Whether or not the public likes the message that physical courage is not synonymous with moral backbone, it is bound to enjoy the artistry of Gaston Glass and to feel the realism in the characterization and the novelty in a selfish hero and two humanly virtuous villains.

The White Flower

Could artistic background and odd superstition make a picture, the *White Flower* would have been a success. As it happens, however, the public wants a story. Betty Compson, the star, has seldom been more pleasing than amid the surf at Waikiki and the exotic Hawaiian vegetation. The dance with which she defies the patronizing visitors affords her yet another opportunity to please those who admire her—and hulas. Scenes from the daily lives of the old inhabitants of more or less Hawaiian blood add local color to the settings; especially interesting is the luau with its dog roasted among hot stones, its poi in small koa calabashes, its elaborate table service of tai leaves, and its native gourd drummers and hula dancers. Nearly all of the points of scenic interest in the Islands are beautifully photographed with the actors posed in the foreground. Just how scenes of carabao plowing in rice fields were supposed to be seen from the Pali where Miss Compson looked down over a thousand feet upon the pineapple fields on the north side of Oahu might puzzle anyone familiar with the topography, but no travelogue could be more entertainingly presented.

Nor were many of the well-known Polynesian superstitions overlooked. The plot is based on the belief that an Hawaiian priest can pray anyone to death. When Konia, the half Hawaiian girl, finds the man she loves is already engaged, she is persuaded by her native lover to have a kahuna put upon the fiancée. The unfortunate girl receives the notes foretelling her death and presently she is very ill. But Konia's better self rises at the crucial moment and she prevents the final scattering on the waves of the ashes of the girl's gloves and a lock of her hair.

She rushes to her to tell her she will live; the lover turns in disgust from Konia, but when his fiancée, having learned the beauty of sacrifice, breaks her engagement, he searches out Konia and saves her as she is about to sacrifice herself to Pele in the seething lava of Kilauea.

Another superstition gives the picture its name. Konia looks for her destined lover in the man who will give her a white flower, though there seems to be a confusion between any white blossom and the beautiful night-blooming cereus of the legend. Some remarkable photography gives the spectator an excellent idea of this famous cactus-like plant and the exquisite beauty of its huge, waxy, white blooms which open but once and then between midnight and dawn.

As a travelogue the picture proves a great success; as an appeal to human emotions or an expression of the beauty of love's sacrifice, it is nil.

The World's a Stage

If any spectator hopes to discover secrets of the movie-world through this picture, he will be sadly disappointed. True, he will see a director, camera-men, and mechanics posed much as he has seen them in fan magazines, and he will see the heroine in a Juliet costume slip from the garden set, modern purse in hand, to present her half-intoxicated husband with a roll of bills. He'll receive a thrill as a prop downspout, giving way without being so written into the script, reveals the unexpected dangers on a set. But the remainder of the story might be found in any society drama.

In fact much of it will appear quite familiar. When the neglected wife rushes through the rain to the bachelor's home and removes her slippers, I hardly needed the tall wooden screen to tell me that the husband would follow, fling the friend's denial in his teeth at the sight of the slippers and throw down the screen to reveal his unfaithful wife. Only she isn't unfaithful, for this is a censor-proof picture and auntie lives here too.

The beginning of the picture is somewhat better and the situations grow out of one another very smoothly. A girl of stage traditions and training, Jo attains the occasionally sudden success in films. Meanwhile she has chosen between two lovers, and married the one whose habits lead him to spend most of his wedding night with his congratulatory friends. Jo is disillusioned, but being an Elinor Glyn heroine, she realizes her husband needs her and tries to take up her life with the reprobate.

By a more or less usual route the story reaches the Juliet sequence in which we marvel at the artistry of the actress who can bewail her need for John's sympathy while seeming to express the Shakespearean lines of the balcony scene. Fortunately John is clever at lip-reading—it's getting to be quite a game with the jaded spectator of today—he goes to her but reminds her of his duty as well as hers to her husband. Meanwhile the husband is given a limited time to make good the money embezzled. As if this were not enough, he finds John's gloves on the divan.

After the screen scene comes the inevitable storm and pursuit in skidding motors. Through a terrific downpour and electrical storm, this chase, remarkably well done otherwise, is a bit amusing in that Hollywood, the named locale, was never known to have rain in summer—the men's hats are straw—or an electrical storm at any season. Naturally the husband is killed in the inevitable crash and time brings the happy ending. With descriptions of the emotions of the characters in Mrs. Glyn's inimitable, fervid style, this story would undoubtedly appeal in print, but it is too obvious for the glaring spotlights of the motion pictures. Would that fiction writers would study the difference between the printed page and the screen and give us in entertaining action the great emotional stories we have a right to expect from them.





The STORY WORLD'S SERVICE BUREAU.

A NEW compartment has been placed in our correspondence files for letters which we have recently received and red-penciled "complimentary." These letters have come from our readers unsolicited, thus indicating that they are genuinely proud of what we are offering them in the columns of THE STORY WORLD.

Several correspondents have commented in detail upon the individual departments. To be sure, some have offered ideas for improvements here and there. But none have other than praise for our new department, which we call the Service Bureau.

We feel sure that all of our subscribers sincerely appreciate the assistance we are rendering them by conducting this service. The list of photoplay markets, as we have tabulated them, solves that oft-repeated question, "Where can I sell my photoplay?" This list, of course, represents the most stable markets. However, there are many independent producers who are looking for original stories; and if, after looking over the column, you still cannot decide where to submit a particular story, write us, and we shall endeavor to inform you. In this regard we wish to state that we will not undertake to criticize photoplays or fiction stories. This is entirely out of our scope. In asking for advice concerning markets it is necessary only to give us a general idea as to theme and characterization.

We might also take this means to advise aspiring writers of the benefit to be gained by scanning the contents of the fiction magazines which appear regularly on the news stands. By so doing one can best become acquainted with the edi-

torial policies of the various publications and their respective needs.

Mr. Wiley still remains on our staff, ready and eager to answer your questions concerning the technical phases of motion picture making. He tells you—if you should ask him—whether or not a certain scene can be filmed. By this we mean whether or not a scene might be prohibited owing to limited studio equipment or difficulty in securing the specified location. Mr. Wiley is also prepared to supply information having to do with the mechanical possibilities of the motion camera in obtaining "effects," etc.

The motion picture studios are extremely active at the present time, and the most prominent producers are predicting capacity production for the remainder of the year 1923. It is needless to emphasize what this means to the writer.

FICTION MARKETS

The fiction market has changed very little during the past few weeks. However, prices remain high, and the writer with a properly written story will have little difficulty in disposing of it. The following list represents magazines paying for fiction upon acceptance. A double asterisk indicates those paying highest rates; a single asterisk, those paying two cents or more. Manuscripts should be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes, in order to insure their return to sender:

Ace-High—799 Broadway, New York.

Action Stories—41 Union Square, New York.

Adventure—Spring & Macdougall St., New York.

*Ainslee's Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.

*American Magazine—381 Fourth Ave., New York.

- Argosy All-Story Magazine—280 Broadway, New York.
 Asia—627 Lexington Ave., New York.
 *Atlantic Monthly—8 Arlington St., Boston.
 Black Mask—25 W. 45th St., New York.
 *Blue Book—36 S. State St., Chicago.
 Bookman—244 Madison Ave., New York.
 Breezy Stories—377 Fourth Ave., New York.
 Brief Stories—805 Drexel Bldg., Philadelphia.
 *Century Magazine—353 Fourth Ave., New York.
 *Collier's Weekly—416 W. 13th St., New York.
 **Cosmopolitan Magazine—119 W. 40th St., New York.
 *Country Gentleman—Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia.
 Country Life—Garden City, L. I., N. Y.
 *Delineator—Spring & Macdougall Sts., New York.
 *Designer—12 Vandam St., New York.
 Detective Stories Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
 *Dial, The—152 W. 13th St., New York.
 *Elks Magazine, The—50 E. 42nd St., New York.
 **Everybody's—Spring & Macdougall Sts., New York.
 Farm and Fireside—381 Fourth Ave., New York.
 **Good Housekeeping—119 W. 40th St., New York.
 *Harper's Bazaar—119 W. 40th St., New York.
 *Harper's Monthly—Franklin Square, New York.
 **Hearst's Magazine—119 W. 40th St., New York.
 Holland's Magazine—Dallas, Texas.
 **Ladies' Home Journal—Philadelphia.
 *Life—598 Madison Ave., New York.
 Live Stories—9 E. 40th St., New York.
 Love Story Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
 *McCall's Magazine—236 W. 37th St., New York.
 *McClure's—80 Lafayette St., New York.
 McLean's Magazine—143 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.
 *Metropolitan Magazine—432 Fourth Ave., New York.
 *Modern Priscilla—85 Broad St., Boston.
 Munsey—280 Broadway, New York.
 National Pictorial Monthly—119 W. 40th St., New York.
 People's Story Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
 *People's Home Journal—78 Lafayette St., New York.
 *Peoples' Popular Monthly—Des Moines, Iowa.
 *Photoplay Magazine—25 W. 45th St., New York.
 **Pictorial Review—200 W. 39th St., New York.
 *Popular Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
 **Red Book—36 S. State St., Chicago.
 **Saturday Evening Post—Independence Square, Philadelphia.
 Saucy Stories—25 W. 45th St., New York.
 *Scribners' Magazine—597 Fifth Ave., New York.
 Sea Stories—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
 Short Stories—Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.
 Smart Set, The—25 W. 45th St., New York.
 Snappy Stories—9 E. 40th St., New York.
 *Success—1133 Broadway, New York.
 *Sunset Magazine—San Francisco, Calif.
 Telling Tales—80 E. 11th St., New York.
 Top Notch—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
 True Story Magazine—119 W. 40th St., New York.
 Western Story Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
 *Woman's Home Companion—381 Fourth Ave., New York.
 Woman's World—107 So. Clinton St., Chicago.
 Young's Magazine—377 Fourth Ave., New York.

PHOTOPLAY MARKETS

The following constitutes a list of all reliable producers at present making pictures who offer possible markets for photoplays. It should be borne in mind, however, that the demands in the screen world oftentimes change over night, and because of this shifting of policies it is

impossible for us to guarantee that all these producers will be seeking manuscripts at the time this magazine reaches its readers. A number of producers also do not like to make public their requirements in advance, preferring to deal confidentially with reliable photoplay agents. In submitting manuscripts do not fail to enclose stamped, self-addressed envelopes for their return, as producers are not legally responsible for the return of unsolicited material. For further protection we advise all *Story World* readers to keep carbon copies of their work.

Eddie Lyons Productions—Care of Berwillia Studio, 5821 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Two-reel comedies for Eddie Lyons and Bobby Dunn.

Ben Wilson Productions—Care of Berwillia Studio, 5821 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Two-reel comedies for Monty Banks.

H. and B. Productions—Care of Bronx Studio, 1745 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.: Dramas, comedy dramas and all-star dramas.

Century Studio—6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Two-reel comedies for Jack Cooper, Baby Peggy and Fred Spencer.

Phil Goldstone Productions—Care of Chester Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.: Dramas for William Fairbanks and Snowy Baker.

I. W. Irving Productions—Care of Cosmosart Studio, 3700 Beverly Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: All-star dramas.

Harry Reveir Productions—Care of Cosmosart Studio, 3700 Beverly Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: All-star dramas.

Shell Craft Productions—Care of Cosmosart Studio, 3700 Beverly Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Two-reel comedies for Ted Henderson and all-star casts.

Clifford S. Elfelt Productions—Care of Fine Arts Studios, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Dramas, all-star casts.

Garson Studios—1845 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.: Dramas for Clara Kimball Young.

Goldwyn Studios—Culver City, Calif.: Big feature dramas.

Richard R. Seeling Productions—1442

Beechwood Drive, Hollywood, Calif.: Western dramas for "Big Boy" Williams.

Richard Thomas Productions—Care of Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: All-star dramas.

Douglas MacLean Productions—Care of Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Comedy dramas for Douglas MacLean.

Irving Cummings Productions—Care of Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Outdoor dramas for Irving Cummings.

Victor B. Fisher Productions—Care of Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: All-star dramas.

Courtland Productions—Care of Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.: Unusual dramas for Guy Bates Post.

Lasky Studios—1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Calif.: Comedy dramas for the following stars: Betty Compson, Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Joy Moore, Walter Hiers, and May McAvoy. Also all-star dramas.

Mayer-Schulberg Studio—3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.: All-star dramas.

Metro Studios—Romaine and Cahuenga Sts., Hollywood, Calif.: Comedy dramas for Viola Dana and all-star dramas.

Robertson-Cole Studios—Melrose and Gower Sts., Hollywood, Calif.: Western dramas for Harry Carey; dramas for male or female lead.

Joseph M. Schenck Productions—Care of United Studios, Los Angeles, Calif.: Dramas for Norma Talmadge and comedy dramas for Constance Talmadge.

Maurice Tourneur Productions—Care of United Studios, Los Angeles, Calif.: All-star dramas.

Principal Pictures Corporation—Care of United Studios, Los Angeles, Calif.: All-star dramas.

Universal Film Co.—Universal City, Calif.: Dramas and comedy dramas for Herbert Rawlinson, Jack Hoxie, Wm. Desmond, Gladys Walton, Hoot Gibson, Neely Edwards, Lon Chaney, Reginald Denny and Roy Stewart. Also all-star photoplays and two-reel comedies.

Warner Bros. Studios—5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Comedy dramas for male or female lead.



WITH THE *Producers*

BY AGNES O'MALLEY

ACTIVITIES IN AND AROUND THE STUDIOS

INCREASED activity still registers in all the studios. With many big productions in the making at the same time, some of the popular character actors are working in as many as four pictures at once.

United Studios

On the United Lot, whither Principal Pictures has returned, "The Meanest Man in the World" is well into production under the direction of Eddie Cline. This George M. Cohan stage success was adapted to the screen by Eleanor Coffee and John Goodrich. The cast supporting Bert Lytell, the star, includes Blanche Sweet, Bryant Washburn, Helen Lynch, Maryon Aye, Forrest Robinson, Lincoln Stedman, Frances Raymond, Ward Crane, William Conklin, Victor Potel, Frank Campeau and Carl Stockdale. The second Principal Pictures offering will be the first of the Harold Bell Wright series, "The Winning of Barbara Worth." "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will not be produced by Principal Pictures as was originally intended. It was learned that plans had already been made by P. A. Powers to produce this Harriet Beecher Stowe classic—which is available to anyone.

Arthur Edmund Carew has been cast to play Svengali in DuMaurier's "Trilby," which James Young is directing for Richard Walton Tully. The cast also includes Cleighton Hale, Maurice Cononge and Max Constant. Maurice Tourneur has begun filming "The Brass Bottle," which is another story, by F. Anstey, with a fantastic theme like "The Isle of Lost Ships," which Tourneur recently completed. Harry Myers is being featured,

and is supported by Ford Sterling, Tully Marshall, Ernest Torrence, Charlotte Merriam, Clarissa Selwyn and Ed Jobson. Norma Talmadge's "Ashes of Vengeance" is well into production. Josephine Crowell has been added to the cast. Constance Talmadge is in the midst of "Dulcy," her supporting cast including Jack Mulhall, Claude Gillingwater, Ann Wilson, Johnny Herron, Ann Cornwall and Andre de Beranger.

Arthur H. Jacobs' production of Tristram Tupper's "Terwilliger" has been changed to "Children of the Dust."

Goldwyn Studios

Eight well-known comedy players are at work on Eric von Stroheim's screen version of Frank Norris' "McTeague," which is being filmed under the title of "Greed." They are Gibson Gowland, Zasu Pitts, Dale Fuller, Cesare Gravina, Chester Conklin, Sylvia Ashton, Frank Hayes and Hughie Mack. Work has commenced on Elinor Glyn's first story to be filmed by Goldwyn, "Six Days." The scenario is the work of Ouida Bergere, and Charles J. Brabin is directing a cast which includes Corinne Griffith, Maude George, Claude King, Charles Clary and Myrtle Stedman. Jesse D. Hampton has added Sam de Grasse to his cast of "The Spoilers," which will soon be completed. Marshal Neilan is making the final shots on "The Eternal Three," in the cast of which are Hobart Bosworth, Claire Windsor, William Orlamond, Maryon Aye, Carmelita Geraghty, Bessie Love and Raymond Griffith. Emmet J. Flynn's first production as a member of Goldwyn's directorial staff will be "In the Palace of the King," by F. Marion Crawford. June Mathis prepared the continuity for this well-known historical romance, and work will begin shortly. Tod Browning's first

picture for Goldwyn will be "The Day of Faith," a Collier's Magazine story by Arthur Somers Roche. "Red Lights" and "Three Wise Fools" have been completed and are being cut.

Universal Studio

Col. Gordon McGee, Maurice Tourneur and Geraldine Farrar have been appointed technical advisers on "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." The Scenario staff at Universal City has been increased to include Zach Sanderson, formerly of the Putnam Publishing Company, Theodore Wharton of serial fame, Tommy Grey, author of vaudeville and comedy sketches, and Joseph La Brandt, author of many stage plays.

Work will soon commence on a series of two-reel racing stories written by Gerald Beaumont and to be made under the title of "The Information Kid." Nat Ross will direct the series. The first of a new series of "The Leather Pushers" is getting under way, with Reginald Denny in the lead. "Up the Ladder," in which Denny was to have been featured with Virginia Valli, is temporarily shelved until the completion of this new series of fight pictures. Hayden Stebensson, Ed Kennedy and Elinor Field will support Denny in this series also. Erle Kento will direct. "The Oregon Trail," in which Art Acord is supported by Louise Lorraine, has been completed. Hobart Henly is getting ready to direct Virginia Valli in "A Lady of Quality." This is an adaptation of Frances Hodgins Burnett's story of the same name, and the scenario is being prepared by Marion Fairfax. Sidney Smith's famous comic strip, "The Gumps," is to be made into pictures by Samuel Van Ronkel for Universal. Joe Murphy and Fay Tincher have been selected for the roles of Andy and Min. Herbert Blache is directing Herbert Rawlinson in "Twenty-Dollars," in which the star is supported by Tully Marshall, Katherine Perry and Doris Pawn. Ann Little has been signed by Universal Pictures to co-star with Fred Thompson in a forth-coming chapter play written by Theodore Wharton and entitled, "The Eagle's Talons." Hoot Gibson is still busy on "Shell Shocked" and Gladys Walton's "Crossed Wires," a story of a

telephone girl heroine, is nearing completion under the direction of King Baggott. Universal has purchased "The Acquittal," by Rita Weiman, but no announcement of cast or direction has yet been made.

Metro Studios

Bull Montana is "Breaking Into Society" under the sponsorship of Hunt Stromberg. Included in the cast of this five-reel comedy are Chuck Reisner, Kala Pasha, Florence Gilberg and Leo White. The cast for Rex Ingram's "Scaramouche," which is just well started, so far includes Alice Terry, Ramon Novarro, Lewis Stone, Lloyd Ingraham, Edith Allen (a new Ingram discovery), Lionel Belmore, Julia Swayne Gordon, Edward Connelly, George Siegmann, Kala Pasha, Lydia Yeamans Titus, Joe Murphy and Snitz Edwards. A French town has been constructed in the San Fernando Valley where much of the shooting for this production will take place. With the addition of Louise Dresser to the cast of "The Fog," which Max Graf is producing at his San Mateo Studio, the complete cast includes Mildred Harris, Cullen Landis, David Butler, Louise Fazenda, Ann May, Ralph Lewis, Frank Currier and Marjorie Prevost. "The French Doll" starring Mae Murray is nearing completion. Viola Dana is being directed in her newest comedy, "Rouged Lips" by her brother-in-law, Harold Shaw, who is a well-known English director. Rita Weiman wrote the story. Jackie Coogan is beginning on his first production for Metro, which is a screen version of Mary Roberts Rhinehart's "Long Live the King." C. Gardiner Sullivan and Eve Unsell are collaborating on the continuity of this delightful story. The cast so far includes Alan Forrest, Alan Hale, Ruth Renick and Rosemary Theby. Clara Kimball Young has started work on her newest feature for Metro release, "La Rubia." This is a well-known stage play by W. H. Roberts which Frank Beresford is adapting to the screen. Miss Young is supported by Albert Roscoe and Lewis Dayton; Thomas Heffron is directing. Allen Holubar has been signed by Metro for a series of four productions.

Lasky Studio

"Only Thirty-Eight" is the title of Wil-

liam De Mille's new production for Paramount. It is an adaptation by Clara Beranger of an A. E. Thomas play. The featured players are Elliott Dexter, May McAvoy, Lois Wilson, George Fawcett and Robert Agnew. George Hopkins adapted "The Woman With Four Faces," a Bayard Veiller crook story, in which Herbert Brennon is directing Betty Compson and Richard Dix in the leading roles. James Cruze is putting the finishing touches to his production of "Hollywood," an original by Frank Condon and adapted by Thomas Geraghty. Included in the cast are Lila Lee, Thomas Meighan, Dorothy Dalton, Agnes Ayres and Antonio Moreno. Cecil B. De Mille's "The Ten Commandments" is about ready to shoot after weeks of preparation. Jeanie McPherson prepared the adaptation. Leatrice Joy and Owen Moore are being featured in a Saturday Evening Post story, "The Silent Partner," by Maximilian Foster. The scenario is by Sada Cowan. Charles Maigne is directing. The cast of George Melford's "Salomy Jane" has been considerably augmented by the addition of Louise Dresser. Waldemar Young adapted this Bret Harte story of Northern California. Already in the cast are Jacqueline Logan, Maurice Flynn and William Davidson. Jerome Storm is directing a strong cast in "Children of Jazz," adapted from Harold Brighouse's play by Beulah Marie Dix. Theodore Kosloff, Ricardo Cortez, Robert Agnew, Eileen Percy and Estelle Taylor constitute the principal players. "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," Gloria Swanson's latest Paramount picture, is well under way. Sada Cowan adapted this Alfred Savior play to the screen; Sam Wood is directing. Huntly Gordon plays opposite Miss Swanson with June Elvidge, Irene Dalton in support. Rob Wagner, successful motion picture writer, is making his debut as a director in "Fair Week," Walter Hiers' third starring picture for Paramount. This is an original by Walter Woods. The cast includes Constance Wilson, J. Farrell MacDonald, Bobby Mack, Mary Jane Irving and Jane Keckly.

Warners Studio

Grant Carpenter is working on his adaptation of Grace H. Flandra's novel,

"Being Respectable," which will go into production shortly. Edmund Goulding, well-known scenarist lately signed by Warner Brothers, is adapting "Tiger Rose," in which Lenore Ulrich will star on the screen as she has on the stage. Sydney Franklin will direct and an excellent cast is being assembled. David Belasco will personally supervise the production. "Wolf Fangs," featuring the police dog, Rintintin, has been changed to "The White Silence." Claire Adams, Walter McGrail, Fred Huntly and Charles Stevens have the principal roles in this production. Julian Josephson is preparing an original story for Wesley Barry, "The Printer's Devil," in which William Beaudine will direct the youthful star. This instead of "Little Johnny Jones," will be Wesley's first picture since his return from his personal appearance tour. The Cohan picture will follow this.

Thomas Ince Studio

"Judgment of the Storm," by Ethel Styles Middleton, the first production of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, has been completed under the direction of Del Andrews. It is now being cut and titled, and will be released shortly. Those who have seen the "rushes" declare that it should be one of the really significant pictures of the year. Courtland Productions are starring Guy Bates Post in a James Oliver Curwood story for Principal Pictures release. It is "The Man From Ten Strike," and was adapted for the screen by Fred Myton. Mr. Post is supported by Cleo Madison, Grace Darmond and Mitchell Lewis. Chet Withey is directing John Bowers, Marguerite de la Motte and Wallace Beery in Sir Walter Scott's classic, "The Talisman," for Associated Authors. "Human Wreckage" is the new title which has been given Mrs. Wallace Reid's story of the drug evil. Bessie Love is playing a principal part in the picture. James Kirkwood has the lead and is supported by George Hackathorne, Victory Bateman, Claire MacDowell and Eric Mayne. John Griffith Wray is directing.

The Comedy Field

At the Sennett Studio Ben Turpin is busy on his comedy special, "Pitfalls of a Big City," which Roy del Ruth is direct-

ing. The cast includes James Finlayson, Priscilla Bonner, Dot Farley, Madeline Hurlock and Teddy, the canine. This will be Turpin's first picture to come under the Mack Sennett edict of only comedies with real story value and "legitimate laughs." Slapstick is no more on the Sennett lot. Billy Bevan is laying aside his grotesque make-up and will appear for the first time in straight character in a new two-reeler called "Domestic Economy." He will be supported by Harry Gribbon, Dot Farley and Billy Fay. R. C. Wallace and Allen McNeil are directing.

Activity at the Christie Studio is centered about "Winter Has Come," a story of rural New England and a daughter returned from Paris. Dorothy Devore is the daughter and is supported by Earl Rodney, Babe London, William Irving, Lydia Yeamans Titus and Victory Rodman. Scott Sidney is directing Bobby Vernon in a fast comedy entitled "Take Your Choice," written by Frank R. Conklin. Vernon is supported by Charlotte Stevens, Duane Thompson, Natalie Johnson and Gladys Baxter. Something unique in comedies will be "Roll Along," in which the Christie troop of fun makers will don burnt cork and enact the roles of Mississippi colored folks.

Other Activities

Mary Pickford's untitled picture is an original brought over here by her director, Ernest Lubitsch, and was adapted for the screen by Edward Knoblock. It is a Spanish story of the Empire Period. Douglas Fairbanks is still undecided as to what his next picture will be.

At the Hollywood Studios William Beaudine is directing Booth Tarkington's "Penrod and Sam" for First National. The cast includes Benny Alexander, as Penrod, Gladys Brockwell, Rockcliffe Fellows, William V. Mong, Joe Butterworth, Buddy and Gertie Messinger, Gareth Hughes and Victor Potel.

B. P. Fineman Productions have rented space at the old Vidor Studios, recently deserted by Principal Pictures Corporation. "Don't Marry For Money," an original by Hope Loring and Louis Duryea Lighton is in production there under the direction of Clarence F. Brown. The cast includes House Peters, Rubye de Remer, Cyril Chadwick, Eileen Pringle, Charles Wellesley, Christine Mayo, Wedgwood Nowell and Joseph Singleton.

Supporting Anita Stewart in "The Love Piker," which E. Mason Hopper is directing for Cosmopolitan Products at the Goldwyn plant, are Robert Frazer, William Norris, Fred Truesdale, Betty Francisco, Carl Gerrard and Mayme Kelso.



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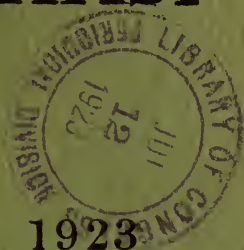
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THE EDITOR MAGAZINE
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THE STORY WORLD *AND PHOTODRAMATIST*

June



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The STORY WORLD

AND PHOTODRAMATIST

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J U N E

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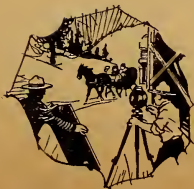
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Camera work on “*Judgment of the Storm*” has just been completed at the Thos. H. Ince Studio, and the production is now being cut and edited. This picture, which will be released shortly, is unique in that it was filmed from a story written by a hitherto “unknown” writer, Ethel Styles Middleton, to whom the Palmer Photoplay Corporation—following their recently announced policy—paid a flat price of \$1,000, plus a royalty on all profits accruing from the production for five years. Motion picture experts in Hollywood who have seen the unfinished picture state that it is destined to be one of the really significant screen dramas of the year. It will be reviewed at length in the coming issue of *The Story World*.

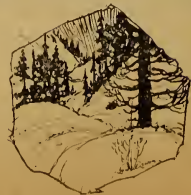


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The STORY WORLD

AND PHOTODRAMATIST

JUNE, 1923

Vol. IV—No. 12



ARE AMERICANS PEOPLE?

EMERSON HOUGH'S LAST MESSAGE

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Less than six weeks following the writing of the accompanying article, death stilled forever the pen of Emerson Hough, pioneer of the old West, and the author of such famous books as "The Sagebrusher," "The Covered Wagon" and "North of 36." What he has to state regarding the literature and the traditions of America is, consequently, of unusual significance.]

In the July issue, Sheldon Krag Johnson will contribute to this symposium. Mr. Johnson has some very "different" views on the subject of literature, and he presents them in his usual interesting style. The editors feel certain that no writer will wish to miss this coming feature.]

AN odd question, this the editor asks. It appears to have been answered—in the negative—with much enthusiasm and unanimity by many members of the literary group known as the Young Intellectuals. I argue myself unknown when I confess that many of the names of that group are unknown to me. I am not an intellectual man myself, and not a literary man. My real business is that of fishing with a fly. Occasionally I write a book, but that is only to make enough money to enable me to go fishing again. Some of my friends have been so kind as to call me proficient in my real art.

Others of my friends advise me that my forced labors in my avocation do not meet the approval of all the Young Intellectuals who have assumed the easy duty

of telling Americans what they should read, and how they should write. This is important if true, but I know little about the details. In sooth, so long as I could buy press clippings about myself at five cents, I was content enough; but when the Press Clipping Trust jumped the price to ten cents, I was obliged to drop the service. As to reading their magazine—well, they should be the first to admit that a quarter is a quarter, and that since I am not an Intellectual, I must husband my quarters, denying myself knowledge of what the hierarchy of cloaks, suits and True Literature may have thought or said of a humble angler.

I once patronized a lawyer who could talk louder than almost any member of the bar I ever knew. He once cost me ten thousand dollars. Since then I have been slow to admit the worth of mere vocal attainments in any art. It occurs to me that perhaps some of our Young In-

tellectuals may be more notable vocally than otherwise. Mayhap that thought may be worth pursuit in the endeavor to attain answer to the violent supposition that Americans may be people, as well as that only cocky aliens may be so denominated.

But why should any of us be agitated over the agitations of our friends, the Intellectuals? Once, in Trafalgar Square, in London, I saw one Sunday afternoon a number of groups of foreigners, each group under its own flag, and each rallying around an excited orator who spoke in a foreign tongue. This seemed to me a strange and alarming thing. I asked a bobby about it. "Oh, we pay no h'attention to them," he said. "They march and speak of Sunday hawternoons, and damn the King and all that. But then they march 'ome again. It mykes them feel better, and it 'arms no one."

This, to my mind, covers very exactly the case of many of the New Intellectuals aforesaid. Let them rally around their own flags. True, it is not our flag; but it makes them feel better. And they 'arm no one.

Of course, in certain circles, it is unfashionable, inept, deplorable to confess an American origin; yet I cannot deny that unhappy truth in my own case. Alas! I know my grandfather. My family dates back to 1683 in America. It is most unfortunate, but they did not come steerage from England—indeed, I think they owned an interest in the ship that brought them, when they came over with William Penn. Myself, I can have had no chance in letters, because my first American ancestor had no statue of Liberty before which to prostrate himself on the ship deck when he greeted the land of Liberty, Cloaks and Suits, and Literature. My said ancestor helped to make the village of Philadelphia. Obviously, I can have passed through no Melting Pot. Woe is me! I have had no chance. Like Mr. Eugene Manlove Rhodes, I have largely been debarred by unkind fate from the uplifting associations of Hungarians of adenoidal propensity.

It is terrible. Here am I, approaching years of discretion, and I know next to nothing of the "new culture." I do not eat spaghetti. I am not crazy over garlic.

I do not know the hang-outs or the runways of the True Intellectuals even in my own city. Lost! Lost!

But I am not wholly barbarian. Not so long ago, I had one of the Intellectuals pointed out to me on the street. I was introduced to him. I shed tears over my inability to admire him as I was asked to do; but in good sooth I did not admire his conceit, his boots, his necktie or his nails.

Neither do I admire the stilted self-consciousness, the smirking affectation, the grinning pornography which make the hallmarks of much the "new literature," the "new culture" of our country as depicted by some writers who for all of my knowledge may belong to the Young Intellectuals. The hair raised on the back of my neck as I viewed my example of new culture, I could see him in his home, in his bathroom, querulous after a night of writing. He pauses at the door of the medicine cabinet. "Wife, where have you put the salvarsan bottle? Come, come now! This sort of thing has got to stop—always moving things around! And I declare, I believe we are entirely out of my nerve tonic, with me right in one of the tensest scenes of my novel! It is too much!"

I say, the hair raises on the back of my neck, at the thought of such representatives of any American culture. To me, such men—such books—are utterly loathsome. I do not like them, do not need them. They are not, thank God! American in any true sense. And if the endorsement of any so-called "set," so-called "school" be shibboleth in literature today, I am content to remain of those who know little of adenoids or garlic, who need no aphrodisiac when they love or write of loving, and are not concerned with the sacred contents of the bathroom cabinet. I am content to take my chance with the sky and the hills, the people and the customs of a country which once, at least, was America.

But I fancy that my London bobby, when the time came for enlisting for England, walked straight through Trafalgar Square, marching through or over any alien groups and alien flags. I fancy also that when the time for trouble shall

come in this country—as I myself believe it one day will and that not so long hence—it will be the old frontier stock of America who will be found in the saddle running things. Our really great men in every line always have come from that stock and always will. Count your great writers. Of what stock? How many?

Be sure, when this republic shall have grown old enough to have a distinctive literature, that will be a literature of our people, for our people—and by our people. For this inthrust, transient, babbling, self-conscious, let us only say, rapidly, *ca passe, ca passe, ca passe!* It is our own fault that we have not before now ridded ourselves of the hallucination. The Young Intellectuals who are so loudly touted to us as the true apostles do not represent even a state of mind. They are largely a state of body. *Ca passe.*

Yet you ask, Are Americans people! Believe me, yes—the most criminally careless people in the world, the most easily gulled. A cloud looks to us monstrous like a camel, if that be suggested to us blatantly enough. We are persuadable that a Bubbly Creek phosphorescence born of stockyards offal is of the same luminence as that of a far clean star. We let men tell us of Russian cockroaches and Syrian garlic when we could lift up our eyes to tall hills, wide and sweet skies and men and women walking tall, strong—and clean.

Of course—and any great editor knows this—from the viewpoint of any actual literary art, or of actual commercial salability, it makes no difference when or where a play or a novel is located. The story is the thing. If you have a great story and can tell it greatly, you may locate it in Arizona or Kamchatka, today or in the day of the Scriptures, and the world will beat a path to your publishers' door. But not long may you employ egoism, affectation, eccentricity, uncleanness, instead of the great art of story telling; neither may you discard the play of natural human emotions, in favor of the phenomena of morbidity.

The great bulk of the reading public is normal. The great art of the world is simple. The great men of the world are direct, forthright, clean, easily under-

standable, plain with their words and their message and their work. The great stories of the world never were assigned by any doctor, never made or unmade by any self-elected critic. And always and always, a story is a story, no matter when, where or how.

As to Americans, they have become reticent, deprecatory, through the working out of a natural law of contact. The well bred man walks away from the ill bred one. In early days Americans did navy work and were not ashamed of it. At about midcentury last, the Irish began to do all our railroad section work—the Americans left it then. Later, when the South-Europeans came, the Irish withdrew from section work for the same reason that the Americans before them had withdrawn. If you wish to establish a cult, a school, a sect in literature, all you need do is to be worse bred, more socially impossible than your neighbor. He soon will leave you alone—and there you are, in your glory, and you may give yourself, your set, your intellect, any name you like.

The trouble with our civilization is that we have lacked courage to enforce rigid selection in our foreign immigration. Now, well nigh too late, we begin in that obvious duty. I don't know that we need set any absolute or arbitrary date in the past as the proper shutting down point—although, since my ancestor Richard Hough came over in 1683, I could not be blamed for the conviction that 1683 would have been a very good time to bar all further foreign immigration! Had we stopped all immigration in 1783, or in 1883, we would have today close to the same 110,000,000 population, and it would be a better population. The influx of latterday immigration has taken the roof from the home of the American middle-class woman, the fire from her hearthstone—yes, and the child from her bosom.

And you ask me, dear Editor, Are Americans people? Criminally careless—is that their one fault? No, I think they also have been guilty of criminal cowardice. Last summer, in the city of Denver, I was asked to address the Women's Press Club on this very theme of "Spineless

Americanism," and I may repeat or paraphrase some of the things I then said.

In the actual relations of business life, of political life, are we Americans always courageous? Do we find ourselves disposed to apologize for being Americans? Do we have any apprehension as to our treatment of those who are not Americans and never intend to be Americans? Are we influenced in our conduct by the fear of giving racial offence? Are we governed by the canny and cautious consideration of material profitableness?

I fear many of us must admit the impeachment. We are afraid to declare ourselves, because it might not be good business to do so. But, in all these displays of caution or of cowardice we rarely ever help our own business one whit; and we always do damage our country.

It is a grandiose gesture to call America the land of the free; to invite to our shores every item of dead broke and wholly inefficient humanity which could not make a living even in commercialized vice, at theft or highway robbery in any other country in the world. Drawing to us the dregs of humanity with yet another grandiose gesture, we always have declared the certainty of our remaining the greatest people in the world. No editor, no magazine writer, no preacher—and above all no politician—has dared say anything different from that. And that is cowardice.

I do not believe, if such changes really have been enacted in our American standards, that the fault was due to any great change in the true American character itself. I think it was the tremendous alteration of the population of this country. The lifted gates let muddy waters into our stream. We can trace back a great many American evils—a great deal of American discontent, uneasiness, anxiety, restlessness, apprehension, timidity—fear, if you please; fear of the future—to that one great cause. We have settled this country too fast, used it up too soon. In material ways the richest country in the world today, in the intangible, imponderable values we soon will be the poorest in the world. The old America is gone, and we shall see it again no more forever. No crusade can bring that back. Out

of the immoderate abundance of the richest table in the world we have only a half loaf left. And all that we can do today must be done in reference to that half loaf. Our patrimony is wasted. Soon we shall have nothing that the pawnbroker wants—we shall be bankrupt then.

This is the country of the great potlatch. As though about to die, we called in all the worthless and impoverished beggars of every tribe and flung away to them our possessions. We call ourselves rich. It is not true. Once we were rich in our undivided interest in America. Now that vast estate has been partitioned. We, as heirs, have each our distributed share of the estate. Look at it. It is a half loaf, no more. We flung the rest away, the most intoxicated, the most reckless people that the world has ever seen.

I think it was Mr. Israel Zangwill who was the proud author of that contemptible phrase, the "melting pot." Mr. Zangwill apparently still takes himself rather seriously. He goes wider than the regulation of our literature, and would run our government as well. I am shocked, pained and grieved that Mr. Zangwill no longer seems to like us! We must endeavor to bear up under it.

I have no special ambition to be a John the Baptist crying in the wilderness. But John the Baptist said, "And even now the ax also lieth at the root of the trees; every tree therefore that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire."

How can you and I do some good in the world? Well, it occurs to me that we could be useful if we could put before all the inhabitants of America, alien, foreign and native, a proposition or so like this: Let those who do not like America get out of America—we do not need them. Let those who cannot be decent citizens be *sent* out of America—we do not need them. Let those who cannot obey the laws of America, who cannot accept the flag of America, and who cannot in every way become actual Americans themselves, be forever *debarred from admission* to America—we do not need them. What we do need is a nationalism.

And for you and me personally, why should we not take to heart these state-

ments: A spineless private character means a spineless business morality. A spineless business morality means a spineless political morality. A spineless political morality means a spineless Congress, a spineless government, a spineless statesmanship. And these things mean a spineless country—one that shall be written as one of the failures, not one of the triumphs, of the ages.

You and I can take only our own modest places in the great picture. But you and I must think, and we ought to think fearlessly. For myself, I am not content to think of my country as the grab-bag, or the slop jar, or as the "melting pot" of the world. I detest that last phrase above all things in the English language. America, the melting pot!—is that all that our pioneers in America have earned by their courage and their sacrifices? Is that all that our writers and our thinkers may claim for their country?

I shall not call my country the melting pot of the world. But rather, one day if not now, I hope we may indeed—not attempting the impossible, not clinging to the visionary—but holding fast always to the great laws of nature and of God, call this America of ours **THE HOLY GRAIL OF THE CENTURIES**. And I do not ask Mr. Israel Zangwill's consent.

But as to the affectations and the pronouncements of those "Intellectuals" who erect their several cultural flags and open their several blatant mouths in our literary Trafalgar Square—really now, my brothers, is there great need we should take them seriously, as they do themselves? Why not let them go 'ome? As yet,

they've 'armed no one. There will always be enough hard riding Americans to clean out any Trafalgar Square which too much needs it; and I fancy that this may also go the literary way of the deck.

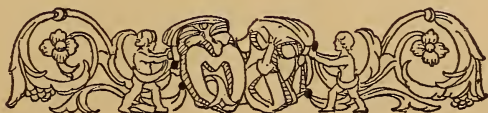
This must be one country, with one flag. We are young, inchoate, unformed, but one day we shall have the greatest literature the world has ever known. It will be a literature large, simple, clean and strong, free of all affectation, careless of praise or censure, speaking in the eternal verities. The literature of America's tomorrow is the one hope of the world.

Meantime, I think none of us who are Americans need apologize for the fact, nor much concern ourselves over these other flags and their agitated surrounds. They 'arm no one. Are Americans people? Some of them are, and are gutful enough to say so. I raise no forlorn flag of culture, by my fishing stream. For those who do not like my country and its ways, I am sorry, but suggest that Ellis Island gates open both ways now. For the malcontent I recommend a trip to Europe—and no return to this America which they so much despise. Mayhap Europe may give them universities, penitentiaries, a literature and an art which shall suit them better than do our own.

This, of course, product of a relatively illiterate and uncultured brain, may be treason in the eyes of many real intellectuals. I am sorry I may not further pursue the theme, but really, the trout season soon will open. I must attend to my real business. Thank God! my trees, my trout, are still American.

EMERSON HOUGH.

Chicago, 1923.



DO PRODUCERS BUY "ORIGINAL" PHOTOPLOTS

BY HUBERT LA DUE

Editor of *The Story World*

"DON'T waste your time writing original scenarios direct for the screen. The producers are not buying them. Practically every motion picture is an adaptation from a book or play." This statement was contained in a letter from the editor of a well known magazine that recently came to my attention. Were it not for the fact that it is but a repetition of similar statements that have been repeatedly made by so-called authorities in many periodicals published away from Hollywood, we would have but set it down as immaterial and unworthy of comment. However, there seems to have been a persistent, subtle propaganda throughout the country tending to discourage the art of photoplay technique, and it is high time that these misstatements be corrected and the truth placed before the sincere, ambitious persons who see in screen writing a profession of the highest dignity and who may have been misled by the pernicious untruths that are being circulated.

We realize, of course, that many of these statements—especially those that emanate from persons who are unacquainted with actual conditions in Hollywood, the center of production—are merely the result of ignorance. It has become popular to decry the art of photoplay writing just as it seems to have become popular to frown upon screen actors as persons of no character and light morals. At the same time it is significant that most of this "advice" to would-be screen writers comes from persons who are, in some manner, directly or indirectly, connected with the propagation of the undoubtedly dignified profession of fiction writing.

It is not to be denied that several of the biggest and most worthy pictures dur-

ing recent months have been adaptations of books or plays. But these are merely exceptions. There have not been enough books and plays containing real picture values to meet the requirements. Indeed, the backbone of the profession has been the original story.

Knowing this, *The Story World* has gone carefully into the records of the various producing corporations, with a view to ascertaining the status of the original story. The result has more than justified our belief and is an absolute refutation of the false assertion of the Eastern "authorities." Not only have originals been purchased and produced, but also the productions made from them have averaged as high, artistically, as have those from adaptations. And as to the number of these originals—we must confess that the result of our investigation was amazing, even to us, who have been in close touch with the profession.

We present herewith a partial list of original stories that have been sold within the past few months. It speaks for itself. At any time a reader of *The Story World* receives a letter similar to the one we have mentioned above, or reads in any periodical a statement to the effect that originals are dubiously looked upon by the motion picture industry and are not being purchased, we suggest that he, or she, refer the author thereof to this indisputable evidence. The list follows:

"The White Flower," by Julia Crawford Ivers, purchased by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation; "Back Home and Broke," by George Ade, Lasky; "Robes of Redemption," by Jane Hurrell, Allen Holubar; "Forsaking All Others," by Mary Lerner, Universal; "The White Tiger," by Tod Browning, Universal; "The Man Who Wouldn't Remove His Hat," by Phil Lenoir, Neal Hart; "Paths of Glory," by Clara Beranger, Lasky; "The Madonna

(Continued on Page 90)

AUTHOR! AUTHOR!

BY JOHN H. BLACKWOOD

Noted scenario editor and photoplaywright

OVER ten years ago,—in September, 1912, to be specific—when the infant, or motion picture industry, was enjoying its incipient infant successes, the editor of *The Photoplay Author* published an editorial, as follows:

"It may not be out of place to mention here also that we have refused to accept in advertisements, any reference to the article which appeared in the *Moving Picture World* some time ago by Emmet Campbell Hall, in which he wrote that he had made \$1,485 in one year writing photoplays. The fact that Mr. Hall made this amount is no reason why he should not receive all the credit in the world for his wonderful achievement, but when it is used extensively in advertising campaigns, it is misleading to the beginner, inasmuch as it makes it appear that the writing of really successful 'smashing' photoplays is only a matter of glancing at a few words of instruction and then a dash to the typewriter. The successful photoplay author of today is lucky if he averages \$400 to \$500 a year with his scripts, and it will be an everlasting long time before the average writers ever get that much, so in representing such profits in the business as \$1,485, it is no representing a common condition, but an extraordinary condition brought about only by the combined ability and intellectual ingenuity of Mr. Hall."

The same number of the interesting *Photoplay Author* also contained a list of film manufacturers which, to the present day generation of screen writers, reads very much like a list of marble slabs of the variety commonly found in cemeteries.

The list includes the names of such one-time popular motion picture companies as: American, Bison, "101," Broncho, New York Motion, Comet, Majestic, Reliance, Solax, Thanhauser, Gaumont, Champion, Rex, Imp, Milano, Nestor, Powers, Universal, Biograph, Essanay, Edison, Kalem, Lubin, Melies, Pathe Freres, Selig, Vitagraph, Eclair, Victor and a few of the other lesser independent organizations that had the courage to wiggle their celluloid fingers at the General Film Company, as the small group of film makers who sought to enjoy a monopoly of motion picture manufacture were known.

It is interesting to note that out of the rather imposing and very striking list of celluloid foundries of ten years ago there are but two or three that still are making motion pictures today, notably Universal and Vitagraph with Col. William Selig taking an occasional flier in the game.

Of the others, it is well to remember that they have passed away, have withered and died chiefly because they enjoyed the same opinion about the value of an author's prod-

uct that the editor of *The Photoplay Author* did—that he was lucky if his literary services for an entire twelve months netted him the handsome sum of from four hundred to five hundred dollars.

When the first writer of screen stories demanded more than the usual twenty-five dollars a reel for his product, he was looked upon as an iconoclast. He didn't have much luck at first, but at that he had a far greater degree of later good fortune than did most of the film makers who pooh-hooed his demands, because while he tucked his wares away in literary camphor balls and scenario cedar chests, they were forced to see their wonderful profits go to other companies—to newer and more progressive competitors.

Ten years ago the editor of *The Photoplay Author* had never heard of Famous Players, or Jesse L. Lasky and Cecil De Mille; the name of William Fox was unknown to him, as were also such present day leaders of the screen world as Rufus Cole, Adolph Zukor, Marcus Loew, Ben. P. Schulberg, Louis B. Mayer, Sam Goldwyn, Thos. H. Ince, Mack Sennett, Joseph Schenck, the Warner *freres*, Louis J. Selznick, J. L. Frothingham, Sol Lesser, and Richard Walton Tully—to name just a handful of the chief producers of our time.

Each of these big league motion picture producers commenced to be known, and to enjoy artistic and financial triumphs when they recognized that the basis of their efforts was the story—not the twenty-five dollar per reel affair but the honest-to-heaven, really, truly literary prod-

uct, written for the greater part directly for the screen.

When the first important price was paid for a screen story then and there the better class of theatergoers realized that the motion picture no longer was a "hall show"—a movie,—but a dignified entertainment, worthy of their time and attention—and admission price. It would be quite futile to believe that if Jesse Lasky, for instance, had haggled over the screen rights to "The Squaw Man," had insisted to the author, Edwin Milton Royle that his stage success was worth only twenty-five dollars a reel, the motion picture industry would occupy the enviable position it does today. Mr. Royle, the chances are, would have politely told Mr. Lasky to go the "sweet subsequently" with his celluloid and cameras, which would have doubtless have resulted in Hollywood still being regarded as a quiet little spot specially designed for the good people of Iowa who were tired of their native state and wanted to live elsewhere.

But the "big" men were God-blessed with imagination, ambition and courage and they didn't consign the authors to the eternal bow-wows, but welcomed them and their wares, paid them well for what they thought worth purchasing, invited them to write more stories and—well, today the theater managers of the country complain that the native dramatists have failed them, that they have turned their attention to writing for the motion picture producers and as a result, when the theatrical season of 1922-23 opens in New York City, in September, twenty plays of foreign parent-

age will occupy twenty of the most prominent stages of Gotham—and all because the native playwrights have found it more profitable and agreeable to turn their thoughts in the direction of writing stories that will have an especial appeal to motion picture audiences.

This is equivalent to saying that the dramatists have commenced to understand that what is good for the stage is not necessarily good for the screen, that the latter requires, demands and must and *will* have stories that are full of action, stories that “get away” with the first hundred feet of film, instead of dwindling away an entire reel—or act, to speak the patois of the playhouse—stories that convey a message, rather than being chock full of bright repartee of the sort that Oscar Wilde could grind out so prolifically and so successfully and which about every other author since the day of the literary parent of “Mrs. Windemere’s Fan,” “A Woman of No Importance,” and the rest of the Wilde output has been doing his level best to copy—and with such scant success!

Sol. Lesser, one of the motion picture industry’s successful producers-distributors-exhibitors (the original three in one fellow) in a recent newspaper interview came out flat-footed and said the great need of the screen producers at the present time is for stories that are not copies of their predecessors, for stories of original conception, stories that are away from the cut and dried formula stories that his audiences cannot know what the fifth reel will contain by a knowledge of the first reel . . . in short Mr. Lesser says

that the slump in motion picture attendance—and the most moronistically gifted of exhibitors will tearfully admit, if you catch him in a confidential mood, that there *is* an awful slump in box-office takings—will continue if the producers don’t look more carefully to their story departments.

My next door neighbor formerly attended a motion picture theater five nights each week. During the last year he has cut down this habit to two nights out of the seven. More recently, he devotes a single evening to motion picture entertainment. He is not suffering from any financial losses, so his absenting himself—and family—from the theaters cannot be fastened upon a desire to husband his resources. I asked him, recently, when he had last seen a good motion picture and what it was and where it was: Said he:

“I’ve only seen two good pictures in the last month and a half. I mean by good pictures a good *story*. I don’t care a hang any more if I see John Jones or Sarah Gimp in the leading roles. I don’t give a whoop in the other place for the ninny headed sweeties that a few of the film magnates are still starring.

“All I want to see is a good, straightforward story, rather well and intelligently told, a story that is not a carbon copy of a hundred others, and above all such a story expertly directed. I long ago learned that it doesn’t matter so very much who photographs the offering as all the camera men are pretty good artists. And it doesn’t make such a great difference who directs the picture.

"But it *does* make a difference whether it's a new story or one of those literary duds the producers have had laid away for so long they have become obsolete and not worth filming. I'm for the *story* now, first last and every time, and I'd spend my money five nights out of every seven if I knew where I could see a good *story* that wouldn't insult my intelligence—and I'm not overly endowed with gray matter, either.

"Every time I see the work of a new author advertised, I hurry and see it and my experience is that eight times out of ten it's a good picture . . . better than the average. The other two times when it seems to fall down or sag a trifle the chances are that some director who still thinks he ought to prove his literary talent by improving his scenario has been getting in some of his dirty authorial work."

It cannot be denied that the important producing companies realize this ever increasing demand for good stories. Recently Jesse Lasky made a trip that carried him to most of the capitals of Continental Europe, in search of stories that would lend themselves to screen translation. If Mr. Lasky's efforts prove nothing else, they go to show that he and his business associates are aware of the necessity of procuring *better story material* than the past year or so has afforded.

Some of these days Mr. Lasky and the other intelligentzia of the infant industry will awaken to the importance of the untried author, of the native screenwright, and who knows but somebody may relate to him the oft repeated tale of the farmers of South Africa who after admitting failure as agriculturists

and facing dire failure and famine, found that while they had been dilly-dallying with plow and pick, their infants had been playing marbles with diamonds of untold wealth. There is no particular moral intended here that Mr. Lasky and the other intelligentzia of the infant industry won't be able to discern without the aid of a close up.

However, as I said a few hundred words back, it is cheering that Mr. Lasky and his fellows appreciate the necessity for *better story material* and their pursuit of the elusive plot is eminently commendable. There is hardly any use of lifting up one's voice in prayer to express the hope that when better story material is discovered by the literary scouts the "higher-ups" will recognize its worth, and avidly seize it.

The fellow whose name adorns the advertising of a successful play hasn't any monopoly of the world's story plots. The author of the season's "best seller" is pretty sure to come a cropper when next he ventures to bat out a story on his typewriter.

The man who has had exceptional good fortune in disposing of his stories to the film makers isn't going to keep up his record forever. He *must* inevitably suffer a letdown.

Jesse Lasky, by his recent visit abroad, admits this. Sol. Lesser the noted producer-distributor-exhibitor sees the handwriting on the scenario wall, and shouts it with all the lung power and linotype emphasis at his command. Every producer of motion pictures is crying out: "Good Lord, never mind about giving us our daily bread . . . give us some *good stories* and we won't have to worry about our bread!"

THIS MONTH'S "PICTURE STORY"

"WINGS TO THE SOUL"*

BY G. HARRISON WILEY

There is told, in Mohammedan mythology, the story of Al Sirat, a bridge, spanning the bottomless pit of Hades. Narrower than the keen edge of a razor is this bridge, yet over it must pass the souls of those who would enter Paradise.

Burdened with the weight of many sins, the pilgrim soul may never hope to cross it.

OUTSIDE, all day a spiteful wind had swept the dark canyons of the city, whirling the cold, soot dirtied rain in ever changing ways. Gray the sky, dull and leaden.

Here, the little light that still fell through the crevice court, showed the one narrow window of a room, in its clammy, grimed and barren wall, as a faintly lighted smear.

And within this room:

A battered tin cup, half filled with the thin, bluish-white liquid that to some is known as milk, endeavored, in vain, it seemed, to catch and hold some bit of warmth from the fitful and ill-smelling heater that glowed in a corner.

Two small shoes, shoes that might have boasted, could they have talked: "One day we fetched all of four dollars to the man that sold us, . . . but then, we were fine and new!" tried quite as earnestly, and as unsuccessfully, to coax heat from the miserly flames.

In the shoes, there were two small feet. The feet were Andree's. Andree was lonely; she was lonely and tired and blue. She was wet, too, for the wind had lashed her mercilessly with the stinging, bitter rain; had whipped her thin ankles blue, and veined with blue the too white flesh of her delicate shoulders and immature breasts.

In all the room but one thing seemed to wear a smile. That one, perhaps, smiled only because he had been made that way. Of course, he *might* have smiled anyway, for it is to be admitted that he had a roguish disposition. Things only looked half bad to him, no matter how mean and evil they really were. You see, he had only one tiny, glass-bead eye with which to look at them.

A frayed little brown flannel puppy-dog, he stood,—not alone, for there were beside him a little lead Hessian and a drooping tissue rose, on a shelf above the once quite gorgeous imitation marble washbowl.

Andree, the rose, the Hessian and the puppy-dog, started life each, God alone knows where, nor did it matter to any other. But the puppy-dog came to Andree at a moment when her life had seemed done, from a barrel beside the street; the rose from a gutter where a street fight left it, and the Hessian from the grubby hand of a wee boy whose

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bruise she had kissed. Now, in fair weather and foul, they faced life together.

Sometimes Andree thought, when she looked up at the shelf through a mist of tears, that the rose nodded to her and would whisper:

"You too will live some day in a fine house and have people praise you, as once they did me."

Some times she thought that the little lead Hessian puffed out his chest and grumbled:

"Some day, too, a great Prince will claim you! *Him* I shall challenge!"

And once, she thought that the one beady eye was filled with tears, and that the puppy-dog whimpered:

"I suppose some day tiny hands again will pinch me, and pull my tail!"

That was only once, for mostly she thought he tried so hard to wag that tail, and shout:

"See, someone loves you! I love you, really I do."

But now, the milk would not even sing, simmering. Andree slipped the limp pumps from her feet and crept to the window. By pressing her cheek close 'gainst the pane she could see overhead between the crowding walls of the court a narrow strip of sullen sky. Below, down the slit of an alley, the corner of a park; one drenched and restless tree, a yard or so of sodden grass.

Of importance to Andree was the round yellow globe of the street light that stood on this corner. Often that light cheered her; it seemed such a friendly thing, standing so in

the rain to warn the hurrying crowds of puddles on the pavement and gutter torrents. More than that, it told Andree of the hour, for she knew that at just six-fifteen the light blinked on, and she must hurry away.

It penetrated, better even than the sun, on gray days the gloom of the court, and sometimes illumined in the windows that pierced the dingy brick wall opposite, faces pressed like hers against the panes.

Some gray and drawn, like hers, lonely; some cruel and bitter; some cynical, laughing, too much tinted. Last night, she remembered, there had been a new face. A nice face Andree thought, rather clean looking, and pleasant.

She had wondered what it would be like if he should smile; if his eyes would smile, too, or be hard and cold. And she wondered, . . . would he be there tonight? She peered. Ah! He *was* there. His hair was brown. It would be wavy too, she thought, were it not damp. But now it clung in disorder on his forehead. His eyes, were they blue, or brown? Andree peered more intently. His cheek too was flattened against the cold glass.

For a moment she thought it a trick of the rain streaked window, but no, his lips trembled, and on his lashes there glistened tears!

A faint little smile tried to force its way up from her heart and find expression on her lips and in her eyes. Neither amusement, nor scorn. A smile that should carry across the rain swept light court friendship and sympathy. For one brief moment their glances met.

Hastily a hand brushed the tangled hair into place, wiped furtively the lashes. And at last, he smiled.

Suddenly Andree realized that the yellow globe had been lighted for quite some time, else, she had not seen his tears, nor he her smile. Startled, she drew away from the window and snapped on the one dim light. Her shoes were not dry, and the milk was only lukewarm.

II

Now tears are not strange to many eyes, and sorrow has dwelt in too many hearts to be counted as curious. But tears in the eyes of the "Slicker Kid!" That's something else again.

Where the Kid came from, very few knew. Where he went, but one or two cared, nor was their interest more than official. Hard, debonair, crafty, he had traveled long the perilous road that lies along the precipice of actual crime, the way of the petty grafter. While honest men held him a crook, crooks thought him a piker; hated him for the tricks and games that won from them and from the unwary stranger a few evil odored, if not felonious, dollars. Dollars that, quickly spent, won few friends coming or going. Had he been a criminal, among criminals he might have had cronies. But only the police thought him worthy of watching.

Watch him they did, then, and in the season when his games and trickery should have been at their best, the merry prosperous days before Christmas, their surveillance had worried and hindered him. Word had come that they meant to "frame" him, lay on him the burden of a larceny they could not trace.

In their zeal they had closed to him even the haunts of the hunted; had passed the tip surreptitiously that he was a "peacher." So, as he had before, more times than he cared to remember, he laid low in this obscure room.

Yet neither shadowing, nor the isolation that came from the easy doubting of those who had never been friends, accounts wholly for the tears and trembling lips. The first, he had often endured, and knew now that he had eluded. The second, while it filled him with bitterness, came as no surprise. D—them! Wait, he'd show them if he was a piker!

But when, as the dim light faded he came to the window, there was in his hand a worn and grimy card. It had come to him through a dark and devious course, bent in many pockets . . . a trite and stilted season's greeting; a tawdry print of a sprig of holly, and one word, written,—"Mother."

The Kid stared at the narrow strip of cloud darkened sky. Faintly, and briefly through a rift in the gray, there shone a single star. What memories it wakened, what never-healed wound its feeble light probed, only the Kid knew. So, his lips trembled; to them there came haltingly the words of an old, old, childish incantation. And to his lashes, tears. In an instant, aggressively ashamed, he glanced toward the window opposite to discover if his weakness had been witnessed. A tender, warm, and understanding smile had greeted him.

A smile that the Kid could not class. There had been for him in

life, only three kinds of smiles. That given to little boys when they are good; that of the crafty, and the smile of those who merchandise. It was long since the Kid had been given the first. The latter two, in his hard schooling, he had learned to meet with bland and cynical indifference.

A pinched, child-like face across a wind and rain lashed light-court. Thin, whimsical lips; eyes pathetically hollowed, yet kindly. Strangest of all strange things, those eyes had dropped before his gaze. He wondered . . . had there come to the cheeks, white cheeks, a color? He wished that she had not run away. He wished, oh, so very much, that she would smile again.

After Andree left the window, the Kid stood and stared. Through the two narrow openings, just a bit of her room could be seen. This bit he watched intently, not to miss the moment when she should pass.

Standing so, lo, the drab and sorry child seemed to him to vanish, and before him stand a radiant being garbed in flowing robes of white. His thoughts were riotous. Was this a trick of his nerves and a rain blurred window pane? Or, had then his half whispered wish been heard, the prayer confided to a momentary star?

His knees shook, and bent involuntarily under him. His forehead rested on the sill. His lips muttered other words that were strange there, his hands sought an attitude to them awkward.

"Oh, God. . . I'm sorry."

His voice was lost in a sob. After a time, he lifted his face toward the window across the court. Behold!

In her hands "the angel" held a lip-stick and a pot of rouge. The Kid swore, softly. Then he laughed.

III

A mellow saxophone at the lips of a jazz frenzied negro, moaning the refrain of the newest "Blues." Swaying forms in tight embrace; limbs, close pressed to other limbs, flashing as one through intricate steps; warm, moist cheeks clinging to other cheeks, red full lips, parted in ecstasy, whispering, laughing.

Faster, faster the song, a weird and savage chant. Brasses blare and shriek, a tom-tom rolls and kettle-drums thunder. Whirling, circling, shuffling, bending, unrestrained, tense and trembling bodies move. Heaving, white half-naked breasts, heavy lidded eyes.

The insistent delirious blare softens to a sweet and crooning melody, the dancers drift into slumbrous rhythm. Encircling arms relax, moist fingers rest more lightly. The music dies away, and, two by two, the revelers desert the glassy, pit-like floor.

"*Cafe le Ciel.*" No more mad, mocking name could have been given it. A dome of vivid midnight blue on which sparkle a myriad of tinsel stars. Walls; soft, cloud-like folds of creamy velvet. Columns of brightest gilt. Terraces carpeted with rose pearl; gilded, harp-backed chairs. At the end, a dais; on which there sit enthroned, "The Fallen Angel" and his troupe of impish tempters.

Between the tables, in gauzy robes, a cigarette girl glided. Only when an uncouth hand clutched at her arm, or a leering mouth mut-

tered an obscenity, did the mask of hilarity she wore fade, to reveal a wise, weary face.

The music began again, the lights dimmed, and apparently down upon a light beam to the dancing pit, a figure floated, a figure lithe and graceful,—Babette! She swung into the measures of a dance, stately, chaste. Her, Andree watched, fascinated.

In this one all her own ambition epitomized. Babette the beautiful, Babette the adored, famed, fortunate. The exquisite symmetry of her form, the intoxicating perfection of her features, the marvelous dexterity of her dancing, were the talk of the town. Flowers countless perfumed her dressing room, and snappy motors awaited her bidding.

That she, drab and undernourished little waif, might ever be half so lovely, Andree never dreamed. But that she might some day so dance . . . They would say of her, not: "How divinely beautiful!" but surely: "Such dancing is inspired!"

Unconsciously, as Babette posed and gestured, Andree followed. Her arms too responded to the rhythm of the melody, and her sandaled feet strove to mimic the toe-work. Until a patron, seeing, nudged his companion, who looked and laughed. Andree's thin cold hand sought her burning cheek. She turned and fled.

The dance grew wild, no longer chaste and stately; ended in an abandoned orgy "The dance of the Fall of an Angel!" The lights came on, the tempters cased their instruments and the diners began to drift away.

At his desk in the office at Le Ciel, there sat a swinish, pursy man. To him Andree returned her tray of unsold wares, and counted out a pocketful of money. And when it was counted, it chanced that he looked at her. He saw the flush that still warmed her cheeks and the pain mirrored in her eyes. He chuckled.

"Kid, it's New Year's! Tonight—you keep your tips. Happy New Year from Abie."

For a moment Andree studied him, and tried, hard, to nod a refusal. He knew, without asking the thing in her mind. He chuckled again.

"Don't get me wrong, Kiddo. Abie's still got his sweet momma, an' he's stric'ly sober. Now Chris'mus don't mean nothin' to me,—but it's New Year's, ain't it?"

Andree couldn't thank him.

The globe of the light at the corner of the park was dark as she crept homeward. Her sandals, the pretty white ones she wore at the cafe, she carried under her arm. On her feet were her own damp shoes, and over the flowing robes of the "Tobacco Angel," her own threadbare cloak. Coming home so, she saved a great deal of time, and it wasn't really very far. The cold, she was used to. The wind had gone down, and the rain only drizzled.

Day after tomorrow, or rather, day after today, the silver that jingled in her purse would buy—oh, what wouldn't it buy? A dozen possibilities she checked; a new pair of shoes! (if she shopped for them). A warm, new night gown, or a picture for her room! Each thought held a glorious thrill.

The mouth of the alley loomed darkly before her. Always she hurried by that, and now, absorbed in thought, she failed to remember the loose cobble in the curb. Her heel caught, and she fell,—right into the arms of the "Slicker Kid!"

It may not be guessed of these two which was the more greatly startled. For in his hand, the Kid held a small, blue thing, of steel.

In the moment that Andree lay limp in his arms, fragile, sweet, though he knew it not, something happened to the Kid. Hard, and careless as he had been called, tenderness had little place in the Kid's being, nor panic. Yet panic there was in his heart, till her eyelids quivered and the breath came once more to her nostrils. The Kid murmured:

"Poor, skinny, little tike, too bad I scared her!"

When her eyes flickered open, it happened that they looked straight into his. It was very dark, and she wondered, vaguely,—were they blue or brown? Consciousness came slowly. She lingered for just a wee time in his arms. They were comforting, and she was tired, so very, very,—weary.

Her glance wavered, drooped and fell upon that which he held in his hand. Memory returned; memory of a lonely, salt stained face in the window across the way; memory of her fall, and fright. She swayed to her feet, and her fingers clutched at his wrist.

"No! No, you musn't do that!" she half sobbed.

"Oh, please! Life is too good, too beautiful! Please, please, let me help you!"

The Kid could only gasp.

"Hel—lp me?"

"Yes, yes! Oh, I can. There is nothing that can't be helped, if—if someone wants to!"

Her free hand fumbled in the pocket of her cloak.

"See," she pleaded, "I have money, and you can have it all! Just—give me *that*, and promise that you won't!"

Andree shuddered. The word she thought, refused to come. The "Slicker Kid" reddened.

"Aw, lissen, kiddo, don't be scared. I won't hurt you, an' I won't take your coin, either!"

"But you *must* take it! I've got—plenty, and sometime you can pay it back."

Then the Kid swore softly, a gentle oath this time,—and he laughed again, neither wildly nor bitterly.

Monotonously a clock ticked off the paces of an approaching day. Less regularly, but with maddening persistence, cold, muddy rain-water beat a tattoo within the drain pipe just outside the window. His shoeless feet crossed, and hidden in the recess of a roll top desk; his body slumped, filling and overflowing the black, leather covered chair, a man, sandy haired and beefy of face, slept, snoring sonorously.

Beyond a massive door, at intervals, had this man been awake, he might have heard the slow tread of heavy feet; the muffled sound of heavy voices.

At last, as of long habit, he stirred. His ponderous eyelids lifted; he peered toward the clock above him, yawned and recrossed his feet. Then, as in answer to the same habit, he reached for the telephone.

It burred hoarsely; he mumbled a word into it, listened, mumbled again and set it aside. His eyes sought the door. It too opened mechanically and a burly man in a poncho cape stepped within.

"Still rainin'?"

"Yeh! T' beat Hell!"

The burly man slipped his poncho and threw it carelessly across a counter. He dropped into a convenient chair.

"Say."

"Yeh?"

"I bumped into th' 'Slicker Kid' 'n hour or so ago."

The shoeless one swung around in his chair.

"Is tha' so! How long's he been in town?"

"Aw, say, he never left. Moved too fast for Bryan's all. Lissen, he got wise we were tryin' to ring him in on th' Lopez deal, yuh know."

"Yeh?"

"Yeh! Tha's th' kind of a bone-head Bryan is. But here's what I can't figure. Th' Kid's dough must'a been low. I don't think he ever pulled a real fat job, an' we queered that C. O. D. package gag o' his by watchin' him. An' too, that there line about squealin' cut him out o' any money at Kelly pool. Yet he hid out fer a couple o' weeks, and on top of that, annexed a skirt!"

"So tha's his game now, th' damn little cur!"

"Lemme tell yuh! Th' skirt seems t' be straight. She got th' Kid a job, an' he's a workin'!"

"Yeh?"

"Yeh! At Abie Goldman's place. He's a hatboy an' th' girl sells cigarettes. Abie says she dragged him in

about a week after New Year's. She's a cute little trick, an' Abie says, 'All to the good!'"

"Umph! Abie ought to know!"

"No foolin'! Well, I tells Abie t' keep his eye on th' 'Slicker' an' wise us if anything looked funny. Yuh know, that there skirt proposition puzzled me at first. Th' Kid never played 'em before, an' a guy tha's broke don't usually have much luck in that line!"

"You said it!"

"But, damme, if I don't believe it was him bein' broke copped her. She's sort o' motherin' him, from what Abie says, a steerin' him straight."

"Mebbe. But that Kid never liked work no more'n any other pool hall sport. Mebbe he never pulled nothin' real crooked, but if there ain't no law against usin' your wits an' your luck to get somethin' fer nothin, there oughta be! Anyhow, watch out fer him. I'm bettin' he gets tired of this job and goes back t' th' easy money."

"Yeh?" The burly man carefully donned his poncho.

"Still rainin' out."

"T' beat Hell! See yuh later."

The shoeless, sandy haired and beefy faced twisted in his chair for another snooze.

IV

When, reluctantly, the "Slicker Kid" surrendered to Andree that which she asked, there began for her a new life. Not, to be sure, a life more easy, but with new interest, new purpose, less lonely.

The flannel dog, the Hessian soldier and the rose, upon their shelf, had long reigned supreme in her affection. Dolls first they had been,

and then in a life from whose bitter cup, brewed for her in the blood whence she came, she drank the knowledge that none may be trusted, on them the instinct in a *woman's* breast spent its devotion. They had been her first, and were her only lovers.

Till, in sorrow too, or so she believed, had come to her the Kid. Neither cloth nor tissue nor lead, but living, breathing, thinking, talking, hearing, and—weeping.

So, as the burly man in the poncho told, a week or so after New Year's she took him to Abie at the "*Cafe le Ciel*." She was proud of him, too, when he donned a hatboy's uniform, prim and snappy, of blue gray cloth with gold braid and buttons! His eyes were *brown*, and his hair *was* wavy, and polished almost like patent leather! Nor had she been mistaken about his face. It *was* clean looking, and pleasant. Of course, if one were looking for faults, perhaps his chin was a bit weak, his—but then, ruefully she remembered her own unloveliness.

As for the Kid, he had been too surprised at her mistake and at her offer, at the time, to resist. Later, he wondered vaguely what she would do and say when she discovered his true purpose in the alley, and was, it may be said to his credit, as vaguely shamed and apprehensive.

That, in the mornings, waking, her first thought was to throw about her shoulders the threadbare cloak, slip to the window and softly call across the court his name; that at night, just before leaving for the cafe, she crept quietly through a long, dark and winding hall to the

door of his room, there to take from him his promise that he "wouldn't even think of—IT!" (for never had she named the thought), held a throat tightening thrill for the Kid.

For, as the burly man in the poncho said, "skirts" had touched his past but lightly. Their words and their advances were as their then to him known smiles, to be met with bland and cynical indifference. But this strange little creature asked neither questions nor gold, only *gave*. Of her scanty purse, of the little cheer she had, and of the great courage, hope. She held him and led him, as neither he, nor any other had known he could be held or led.

A new life had begun for the Kid.

V

Nearly an hour later, but then that mattered little, for on Sunday nights the crowd was late as well as light, Andree slipped into her place at the cafe. Bright were her eyes; her cheeks and lips had needed little color in dressing.

For this day in early spring, she and the Kid had voyaged into the world beyond the confines of their usual horizon. To the hills adjacent to the city, at an hour when the damp earth steamed under a new sun and bushes, suddenly parted, showered them with scintillating jewels, they had gone together.

It had been her suggestion. Of late, the Kid had given her a deal of worry. His little cross words and easy irritability, led her to wonder if, and fear that, he was slipping. Slipping from the slender grip she had on him back into a longing for old days and old ways. For though she had kept from him with care the knowledge that she

knew those ways, she long had known. Gently, for her own and for the "Slicker's" good, Abie Goldman told her. Ah, Abie had been, oh, so good, to her!

It was her hope that the beauties of the wide world in springtime might kindle in him a love of the beauties of righteousness; that from the pregnant, courageous earth might be born to him new strength and courage. A nebulous hope, indeed, and one that she might not have named. A further hope, that she could have named but never would have, awakened with the notice that his eyes rested often and with delight on the fair Babette.

When the day drew to a close, regretfully they crept hand in hand along a canyon trail, willow screened and sycamore shadowed. So, they came to the crossing of a creek. Earlier, the Kid had grumbled crossly when a boulder turning here, plunged his foot deep into the icy water. He watched more carefully this time, gained the far side safely and turned to offer aid to Andree. She jumped. Her heel slipped on the slimy surface of a rock, and—she fell, again into the arms of the "Slicker Kid."

VI

The Kid, too, was gay; with an unusual keenness he scrutinized each patron that entered, had a ready word for each well known face. His hands deftly felt as they folded each cloak and coat. Men thanked him for the thought that prompted him to say:

"Your purse, sir. You forgot?" or:

"The lady left her vanity!" Or yet again:

"This flask, sir, you—wanted it?"

At times, as he watched from his post, through an arch, the whirling couples on the dance floor, he bantered with the pompous head waiter of their foibles and follies. And at times, he bent his mind to the inaudible repetition of curious number and name combinations.

But when Babette danced! His eyes never left her. Avidly his gaze followed her intricate steps, dwelt with pleasure on the soft, subtly displayed curves of her flesh. He drank, as of sweet wine deeply, of her purposed appeal. The studied sensuous grace of her flashing limbs, the taunting crimson fullness of her lips intoxicated him, fanned desire; desire to which, this day, another's lips had been but the cold clay of a crudely modeled image, held only because in it might be fancied a resemblance to a long beloved face.

Had Andree seen him then, she must have read the truth.

But not until closing time did she come to him. It was her custom, if after settling her account with Abie, the Kid was still employed, to wait with him until his racks were clear and he might leave. Together then, they walked to the dingy house that each called home.

"Check, sir. May I help you with your coat? Nice evening! Thanks!"

Such the burden of his pleasantries as the revelers departed. But in his thoughts, again the curious name and number combinations, repeated and laid aside, as though filed.

"Check, sir. May I help you with your coat? Splendid evening, sir. Seems earlier than usual, but I suppose you're ready for some rest!

No? Yes, they dance there until four. About five miles out, on the Ocean boulevard, sir. Thank you, *very much!*"

And such the conversation that the frequent or regular patron warranted. That the Kid displayed a more than casual interest, not even Andree noticed, as she stood for a moment while he bundled a bibulous gentleman into a costly great-coat.

But that his dismissal of her was only casual, she *did* notice. He told her only that he would be late, she had better run on.

The day had brought too much happiness for her to let such a trifle spoil it! As she passed the dark mouth of the alley once again, the memory of the two times when for all too short moments she had lain in the embrace of the Kid's beloved arms, was strong within her. And as she stood, once again, with her cheek pressed against the window, her eyes saw in the empty one across the way the face that so long ago on a rainy night, she had first seen there. The eyes in which had then glistened tears. Stronger was the memory of that face as she had seen it in the gathering dusk of this day; above her, the lips parted in a word of endearment. In the eyes, those dear brown eyes, was a soft and tender smile.

That in those eyes there had been the vision of another face, she could not know. That the whispered words, addressed to her, were murmured in fancy into another's ears, her own ardour obscured from her, as an ageing courtesan hides her shrunken charms and withering limbs in garments of silk and jewels.

VII

A clock monotonously ticked off the paces of an approaching day. Beyond a massive door might be heard at regular intervals the slow tread of heavy feet, the muffled sound of heavy voices. A telephone burred hoarsely, and a man, sandy haired and beefy of face, his shoeless feet crossed on the desk before him, answered it briefly. A door opened, and a burly man clothed in dark blue entered.

"Cold out?"

"Colder'n Hell!"

"Umph!"

The burly man dropped into a convenient chair.

"Say!"

"Yeh?"

"Got a line on th' 'Slicker Kid' 'bout'n hour ago!"

"Is tha' so?"

"Yeh. Lissen. I told you he was clever. Well, he is, but he tripped on a skirt."

"Thought you said she was a motherin' him?"

"Lemme tell yuh! That ain't th' skirt a-tall. She's all t' th' good, like Abie said. If th' Kid had a stuck t' her, he'd be jake. But lissen, he fell for this here dancer called Babette. Well, she wouldn't look at him, him bein' only a hatboy. So th' Kid, though he's been steered straight fer a while, gets restless for some real coin. Figgers if he c'n flash a roll, this Babette'll lissen to his talk."

"Yeh?"

"Yeh! Well, he's offa th' old line, account th' way th' gang turned against him 's bein' a piker. *But*, in handlin' th' coats, th' Kid gets some good dope on th' folks that

comes into th' cafe, see? They leaves truck in their pockets!"

"An' th' Kid, he grabs it, huh?"

"Naw! That's too risky. He knows somebody'll squeal an' that we're wise t' where he's at. But lissen, s'pose sometimes these birds leaves key rings, an s'pose th' Kid lays 'em in chewin' gum."

"Umph!"

"An' there's sometimes cards in their pockets, with addresses, or they got their names in their hats."

"Yeh! Easy. An' he gets the number from th' phone book."

"Uh-huh. Well, s'pose one night one 'o them tips th' Kid off that he's goin' out t' a road house or somewhere, fer th' rest o' th' evenin'. An pretty quick th' Kid's through an' beats it?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Well, a little while ago I ran onto Abie Goldman. He tells me, like I ast him, that las' night th' Kid showed up flush. An' he goes on t' tell, how after this dame Babette puts on her hootchie kootchie show, th' Slicker gives th' other youngster th' bye-bye an' slips back t' th' dressin' rooms. What happens there, Abie only guesses. Pretty soon th' Kid is shoved out on his ear, an' after while th' skirt comes out sore. She gives Abie an earfull 'bout fresh help, who think her virtue c'n be boughten fer a paltry piece o' glass!"

"Oh, mommer!"

"Funny, ain't it? Well, Abie tells her o' course that he'll can th' Kid. That, an' th' Kid's havin' th' roll, 's how come he hunts me up. Well, I got real interested, an' began t' pump him. He let somethin' slip he didn't mean to. Sunday night, Sammie Macklyn, th' guy whose house

was frisked of a lot o' diamonds, him bein' a broker of jewels, was at Goldman's place with a skirt, an' pretty well soused. His wife's suin' him fer a deevorce's how come he reported bein' a' th' Athletic Club. Abie says he heard him tell th' Kid he was goin' down to some joint on th' Ocean boulevard when Lee Seal closed. Th' Kid gets off early Sunday nights, an' last night, he showed up with th' wad! an' a *paltry piece o' glass!*"

"I get you. Send Burke out an' bring him in. An' say, mebbe this here whats-her-name dancer can tell us how th' ice looked, if he ain't got it on him. Better send 'round after her in a couple a hours!"

"Say!"

"Yeh?"

"If that there stone *was* one o' Macklyn's, th' joke's kindda on th' skirt, ain't it?"

"You said it!"

And the beefy faced man twisted in his chair for another snooze.

VIII

When, as the burly man told, at closing time that night the Kid had again given her the "bye-bye," Andree had not really minded. At home there was work, begun in the morning after a hurried shopping tour, that her fingers were impatient to finish. It was suggested by almost the first words that the Kid spoke, aloud, after the incident at the crossing in the canyon. Silk shirts, though ever so gorgeous, are not the most comfortable and wise for picnicking. Poor boy, he had been cold!

After a great deal of very cautious bargaining, she found a piece

of thick warm flannel shirting that came within the limit of her purse, and, most of the day, with a puzzling paper pattern spread out on the floor, she pinned and marked and cut. Snip, snip, her tiny scissors went; between cloth and her ears the sound changed uncannily to "For him, for him, for him!"

Yet, so tired was she, her fingers seemed all thumbs. After a while, with the fear that she might spoil the work already done, she turned out her light and began to undress for bed. She saw the light snap on in the room across the court. Then the Kid was in. She slipped to the window to blow toward him from her finger tips a gay good night caress.

The Kid she saw was a stranger to her; his face distorted by rage, or pain. In his hand he clenched some object that she could not see, and, as he stared at it, seemed to give way to hysterical despair. For he laughed, bitterly, and with his laughing mingled sobs.

Her pulse for an instant stood still, and icy fingers of fear clutched at her. Had he—gone back? Perhaps he had been hurt! Mechanically, she groped for her shoes and dress, not in modesty that her own poor body should be held from him; for, save that habit led her unwilling fingers and limbs, she would have flown to him, heedless of all but that he suffered, that he was in danger—that her presence, her very life if need be, must shield and help him.

Through the dark and winding hall she sped to his door. He answered not. Frantically she tried it. The latch gave and she entered, to find all dark. Her fingers found

the still, warm bulb of the light. The Kid had gone.

On top of the bureau there lay that which he had clenched in his hand, a heavy ring of antique design, with a crystal setting carved intaglio. Andree touched it with nerveless fingers.

"For me!"

Dully, to her mind came other words that never formed on her lips. She knew, without being told, that he could never have bought it. Then, *he had taken it!*

Her fingers toyed with the trinket inanely; her hand crushed it till its sharp edges cut the numbed flesh.

"For me."

Crooning the words, she slipped it onto her finger, turned it proudly, lovingly in the light, lifted it to her lips, only to snatch it away in sudden fury.

From the lethargic heap into which she sank, on *his* bed, after the tension of her anguish relaxed, she was aroused by the slow cautious tread of heavy feet in the hall.

They knew! They had come for him! The thought struck her that *they* musn't find this; musn't—'get the goods on him!' She glanced anxiously around the room. Quietly, quickly, she opened a drawer in the bureau. She was startled. Before her lay the cold blue automatic the Kid had once surrendered to her. This too! It dawned upon her that *they* would search his room, long and thoroughly.

In the instant before they entered, without knocking, she slipped the ring back again onto her finger and dropped into the open collar of her dress the thing of cold blue steel. It pressed and burned against the

white flesh. Defiantly, she faced them.

IX

Still the clock ticked monotonously. But the feet of the man with the sandy hair were no longer shoeless. Nor did they rest on the top of his desk. For his pen was busy with a pile of papers. The door opened and the burly man again entered.

"Say!"

"Yeh?"

"Th' 'Slicker Kid' went out a while ago without leavin' word 's to when he'd be back."

"Yeh? Well, tell Burke to find him!"

"Yeh, but lissen! He had company whilst he was gone!"

"Tha' so?"

"Uh-huh. Th' little steerer! Burke brought *her* in, 'stead o' th' Kid. She had th' piece o' glass, smart as could be, on *her* finger. An' the cutest little Colt's again' her chest!"

"She booked yet?"

"Yeh. Suspicion. Thought I'd call up Abie an' tell him he's a bum guesser. I'll call Macklyn, too, an' have him come in t' identify th' ice."

"It was real, then?"

"Boy, yes! Th' property clerk says it's antique an' worth a lot. So far's looks go, I don't blame th' dame that frosted it. But lissen, here's th' joker in th' deck. This youngster claims she got it her ownself. Swears up an' down th' Kid had nothin' t' do with it."

"Yeh? How's she account for th' fact that th' Kid offered it to this dancing party?"

"Well, I don't know as she's wise t' that layout. Course it ain't known

fer certain that it's th' same stone. There was several in th' lot."

"Better phone Macklyn now."

"Yeh."

In an hour or two more, there were gathered several very excited persons in the central office. First had come Abie Goldman, puffing and perspiring. Then, a stern and pompous individual whom all called "Chief." Followed, the bibulous gentleman mentioned as Macklyn, and next, a snarling and indignant kitten named Babette.

Last, guarded by a harsh and hatchet-visaged matron, Andree, pale, frightened, yet defiantly courageous.

To Abie Goldman's effort to effect a settlement out of court, the man called "Chief" had offered little objection. Nor had Macklyn been unwilling; the nature of certain testimony, if heard in another court, might prove to him embarrassing.

First, the official record of the "Slicker Kid" was read. This, to Andree offered little that she did not already know; had known, how long or what more, none save herself knew.

And, from the time that she brought the Kid to him at "*Le Ciel*," Abie told what he had seen and heard. Hard though he tried to shield her feelings, his story tortured her.

". . . then, he fell for Babette. But she wouldn't look at him. . . . Last night, he sent Andree along, and went to Babette's dressing room!"

Each word was a white hot iron. *They* thought that she would betray him, because of these lies, him, the Kid who loved her, the Kid, whose

kiss but a day or so ago brought to her life happiness beyond their comprehension; the Kid who had—slipped! *But only for her!*

Babette was called.

" . . . after my very special dance, he came to my room. He tried to make love to me. It was awful funny, at first. Then . . . he got fresh . . . an' I chased him . . . honest . . . Yes, that's the one, I remember it, sure. It was queer, an' looked like glass!"

Andree listened to all this defiantly.

They had her *ring!* They handled it with their foul hands! She shuddered. *Her* ring! And *she* had said that he offered it to her!

"Oh, God! D—n her! She lies. He got it—I *tell you I got it for him!*"

She was very, very still, there on the floor. Her frail little body just crumpled up in a heap. The clock ticked, slowly, loudly.

Abie Goldman was the first to speak.

"Sammie. You got the best one back, ain't you? How much you ask for the others? I buy them, now!"

X

On a shelf in the corner of a gray, drear room that looked out into a light-court, there stood a tiny lead Hessian. Beside him, there were a faded tissue rose and a frayed little brown flannel puppy-dog with only one beady glass eye. A waif of a girl stood at the one narrow window peering up at a narrow strip of star scattered sky. Wistfully, she looked toward an empty window across the way.

Then, gently, the door of this drear little room was pushed open. His face was a nice face, really. His hair was brown, and wavy; his eyes were brown, too, and in them there glistened tears.

It will never be known for certain, but *perhaps* the little brown puppy-dog had heard how the lad had met, and squared accounts with three grim men. And, with the few thin coins that were left in his pocket, purchased the trinket of gold-washed brass that he brought humbly as a gift.

For in a moment, the puppy-dog, as he looked with his one glass eye, *almost barked!*

"THE cost of a thing is the amount of what I will call life which is required to be exchanged for it, immediately or in the long run."

—Henry David Thoreau.



To Name Contest Winners

BECAUSE of the exceptionally large number of contributions to the contest on the subject, "The Best Original Photoplay I Have Seen Since January 1st, 1923," the editors have decided to postpone announcement of the winners until the coming issue. At that time the names of the fortunate contestants, together with the names of the photoplays voted as the best, will be printed in these pages.

OUR MONTHLY "FICTIONIZED SCENARIO"

"THE VERDICT OF THE SEA"*

BY ALBERT D. BARKER

THE water front of Palmer Cove lay peaceful in the sun. In the doorway of his blacksmith shop Ben Thurlow stood and gazed steadily out to sea. He was a powerful figure of a man, stern and uncompromising of feature, with deep-set eyes in which sombre fires continually burned. Slowly his gaze swept the sunlit waters, and although there was no sign of ship or man within his range of vision, the deep lines of his rugged face gradually softened.

To Ben Thurlow the sea was a living thing. It had been the love of his youth and the confidant of his old age. Its varying moods of calm and storm were pregnant with meaning for him. In eternal values it stood next to his Bible. But while he read his Bible with the fierce intensity of the zealot, he looked upon the sea with awe and reverence—looked upon it almost as the mouth-piece of God, placed on earth to shape the destinies of man.

His grizzled head lifted abruptly at the sound of shouts and laughter. He stepped to the end of the low frame building that had shut off his view of the village and glanced down to the curve in the shoreline. On the battered old wharf the people

were crowding—drab-garbed housewives, a sprinkling of fishermen, romping children. Riding lazily at anchor were the two fishing schooners, the *Roamer* and the *Nancy G*; and beyond these was a tiny black speck that he knew was the little passenger boat from the city.

Thurlow's lips drew down sourly, while the hint of softness in his face vanished. To him this hilarity on the part of the fisher folk was not caused entirely by the expected arrival of the fishing fleet. On the passenger boat was Ben's daughter, Faith, returning after three months "in town." And on each of the two schooners, that had raced home ahead of the rest of the boats, was a man who wanted Faith Thurlow for a wife. That the Cove should make such sport of the rivalry for the hand of his daughter angered and disgusted Ben.

Without haste he unbuckled the straps of his leather apron, dropped it beside the door, and strode down to the wharf.

From the schooners two men had put off, each in a dory. As Ben reached the wharf and halted in the shadow of the warehouse, the first dory slid alongside the ladder.

A tall, dark man, with keen but arrogant glance, clambered up into view. He nodded casually to the

*"The Verdict of the Sea" was one of the prize winners in the Chicago Daily News scenario contest, and copyright is owned by that newspaper.

group and turned to gaze at the fast approaching passenger boat. His nod was returned by several of the fisherman, but no one spoke to him. Captain Alec Palmer, of the *Roamer*, was deferred to by the inhabitants because he was the son of Old Abner Palmer, the big man of the Cove; but he was disliked for the cool assurance with which he went after what he wanted, and for the almost insolent ease with which he usually succeeded.

From the second dory climbed a sturdy chap, of frank, cheerful countenance. The faded grayness of his rough clothes—coarse wool sweater and blue overalls—was relieved by a red kerchief knotted loosely about the neck, the knot draped with debonair carelessness on one shoulder. This touch of color lent an air of youthful recklessness to his appearance, a touch belied by the straightforward gray eyes and the authoritative squareness of his shoulders. He was warmly greeted by several who came forward to shake his hand and wish him luck. Tommy MacKibben, mate of the *Nancy G*, although he was severely frowned upon by the church-going element of the community, was liked by the same element for his wholesome boyishness.

The little passenger boat from Boston glided alongside the wharf. A radiant girlish figure up forward waved gaily. A chorus of shouts greeted her. Motherless Faith Thurlow was loved by the people of the Cove, from the toddling youngsters to the chair-ridden old men.

But as she stepped lightly from the gangplank, to be almost smoth-

ered by greetings, a number of prim faced women began to frown and draw down the corners of their mouths. The trim, tailored clothes of the girl stood out, bizarre and incongruous, against the dull background of homemade, gray woolen and faded calicoes. The wide, drooping hat, with its bright cluster of yellow flowers, lent a touch of alluring mystery to the laughing face—that to the straight-faced fisher folk was almost indecorous.

Foremost among the welcomers was Captain Alec Palmer, to whom Faith primly gave her hand. She freed herself laughingly from his over-ardent hand-clasp, searched for a moment with eager glance, and darted forward to the side of Tommy MacKibben. Tommy had held back, his eyes shining with love. For a moment the boy and girl stood, oblivious to the crowd, silent, only their hands and eyes speaking.

Suddenly aware of the smiles and winks of the onlookers, Tommy turned to tuck Faith's little old-fashioned trunk under his arm. Captain Alec had taken her handbag and was striding ahead. Faith followed at Tommy's side, a shadow of doubt on her face, her eyes a little fearful.

Ben Thurlow had watched with impatience the warm welcome given his daughter, an impatience that changed to a smouldering fury at the tender greeting between her and Tommy. Trembling with the effort to control himself, he stepped from the shadows to intercept Captain Alec.

Firmly he took the handbag from Alec's hand. "Such haste is unseemly, Alec," he said tersely, but

not unkindly. "If you wish to see Faith, come to my home this evening."

Alec's dark eyes flashed for just an instant at the rebuke. He bowed apologetically as Thurlow stepped forward to meet his daughter.

The girl reached up both arms to her father's neck. He bent coldly and kissed her. She straightened the collar of his rough shirt with nervous fingers, smoothing it with little caressing pats. Her action seemed almost an attempt to hide some inner agitation.

With a quick turn on his heel Ben seized the trunk from Tommy and threw it to his own broad shoulder. "My daughter is of God-fearing people, MacKibben," he said sternly. "I warned you once before to go your way. She shall have nothing to do with the unregenerate!" He swung the handbag outward in a brusque gesture of dismissal.

Flushing beneath the tan of his clean-cut face, Tommy took a quick step and faced Ben squarely. But he did not speak. His mouth that had opened for a hot retort, closed tightly. He turned away to face the good-natured smiles of the crowd.

Old Ben strode off without a backward glance. Faith, lips quivering, cast a troubled, wistful look after Tommy, and slowly followed her father.

Isolated from the rest of the village, and close to the shore, stood the little gray-shingled cottage of Ben Thurlow. A tow-headed boy of twelve advanced shyly from the gate along the path. Ben passed him with a grunt. Eyes on the ground,

the boy held out to Faith a ragged bunch of wild flowers.

"It's—they're for you," he stammered, digging his bare toes in the sand. "I knew you was coming home today, and I—I jest wanted to —"

The girl leaned impulsively forward, gathered the boy into her arms, flowers and all, and kissed him. "That's splendid of you, Frankie! I'd rather have these posies from the meadows than all the hothouse roses in the city!"

Frankie Campbell squirmed and dug his toes deeper into the sand. Embarrassed, blushing furiously, he wavered for a moment, then bolted down the path.

Inside, Ben stowed away the little trunk, and turned with a frown to watch his daughter as she ran eagerly around the meagre living room, renewing acquaintance with each of its plain furnishings. Sensing his displeasure, she came timidly to his side. He met the wistful pleading in her eyes with a head-to-foot glance of cold disapproval.

"Are you dead to shame, young woman?" he demanded. "What devil's teaching has your aunt allowed you to pick up in the last three months? Take off that little girl's skirt and put on a modest garment!" He stalked from the house.

When he returned later for the dinner she had prepared, he nodded glumly at sight of the gray, ill-fitting old frock she wore. But in his brooding mind had been born the conviction that his daughter needed rigid disciplining, and that drastic measures must be taken, if neces-

sary, to counteract the evils of her visit to the ungodly city.

After the dishes were cleared, he brought forth the big, brass-bound family Bible. With ceremonious slowness he opened the book and began to read solemnly, page after page. Faith sat stiffly across from him, her wistful eyes gazing through the narrow window to where the lights of the village gleamed palely in the moonlight night.

The reading was interrupted by a knock. Faith opened the door to admit Captain Alec. Ben got to his feet, gave the visitor a hearty handshake, and motioned for him to draw up a chair.

"Before the things of the world can be considered," he declared fervently, "we must make sure that we tread the path of righteousness." He turned to Faith. "After we have read in the Book, Captain Alec would speak with you. What he will say has my full sanction."

With apparent humility, Captain Alec joined the Thurlow circle. His devoutness, however, did not prevent his making sly advances to Faith, while Old Ben became more and more engrossed in his reading. Faith, while obviously not sharing her father's fervor, was vexed at Alec's irreverence and frightened at his covert love-making.

On and on Ben's heavy voice droned. He was entirely oblivious to his surroundings, utterly immersed in his beloved doctrines of the Old Testament. But gradually his grizzled head began to nod. His words became halting and finally trailed off into the regular breathing of slumber.

Captain Alec ceased his fidgeting, softly tip-toed to the living room, and beckoned to Faith. The girl obeyed reluctantly.

Alec lost no time. "Faith, I want you for my wife," he declared passionately. "I've wanted you for years!" Before she could utter a protest, he had seized her and drawn her into a close embrace.

"I can't marry you, Alec!" she protested, struggling vainly against his encircling arms. "I don't love you! And besides, I'm already——"

"You will love me," he broke in confidently, as he tightened his hold. "You couldn't make a better match. I've got the high-line vessel out of port. My father owns not only the fishing fleet, but the whole Cove. When he dies, I get it all.—Even Tommy MacKibben will take his sailing orders from me then!" Exultantly he drew her closer.

The girl was fighting silently, with the courage of desperation. Putting both hands against his leering face, she exerted all her strength and broke from his grasp. He lunged after her, stumbled against a chair, and knocked Faith's handbag from the lounge. The clasp of the bag flew open, spilling the contents over the floor. Halted momentarily by the accident, he reached the doorway in time to see her speed lightly past her father and disappear into her room.

Alec swore softly and turned back to pick up the scattered articles—gloves, sewing, spools of thread. Bits of lace and bright colored silks—samples that Faith had gathered in the city, bits of finery dear to her feminine heart which she could never have afforded to buy . . .

Alec stopped as something dropped from the folds of a handkerchief and rolled across the floor. He retrieved it and examined it with growing suspicion—a plain band of gold.

He stepped to the doorway for a quick glance at the sleeping man, then returned to make a thorough search of the handbag. He drew forth from the bottom a rolled paper. His eyes closed to mere slits and the hot blood surged to his temples, as he read the marriage certificate of Faith Thurlow and Thomas MacKibben.

His lips tightened to a hard line. He placed the ring and the certificate in an inside pocket, neatly rearranged the contents of the handbag, and stealthily left the house.

In her room, Faith sat on the edge of the bed, trembling. She had fully intended this evening to tell her father of her marriage. But now, with the memory of his coldness, his uncompromising sternness, fresh in her mind, she felt her courage slipping away.—If only he would show the least bit of affection for her, some hint of tenderness!

Vividly she recalled the meeting between Ben and Tommy just before she had left for Boston. She and Tommy had been sitting in the swing and had been seen by Ben as he stepped to the door of his shop. She remembered her horror at sight of her father striding up to Tommy with uplifted sledge-hammer . . . Tommy's defiant, cool voice: "Does your Bible teach you that, Ben Thurlow? . . . Ben's astonishment, his fierce denunciation of the boy, his harsh command to get off the

place and never to speak to his daughter again . . .

She had been forced by her father's unreasoning antagonism toward Tommy to meet her sweetheart in secret. Then, the hurried marriage in the city and the brief week of happiness before she went to her Aunt's. . . . The thronging life of the streets, the brilliant lights, the enchanted shop windows that were like scenes from fairyland! And the magic of that first night at the theatre, with Tommy holding her hand tight in the dark balcony, his cheek brushing hers while they watched the tragic love story of Romeo and Juliet! . . .

A low whistle, thrice repeated, startled the girl from her reverie. The rosy color leaped to her cheeks. Softly she arose and stole from the house.

Down on the beach, close to Ben's two dories, stood a tall, youthful figure, plain in the moonlight. She ran swiftly down to him.

"Tommy—Tommy!" she cried, a sob of joy in her voice as his waiting arms closed tightly about her.

For a short, sweet moment they held each other, with the moonlight flooding upon them, and the surf pounding in their ears. Beyond them, the long, even swell of the waves rose and fell in endless rhythm. Nothing in all the world mattered to these two except each other.

Tommy lifted his face and gently stroked the brown head nestling against his shoulder. "Faith—sweetheart!" he exclaimed boyishly. "It's been almost three months since I've seen you! Tell me—what did you do? Did you have a good time

at your Aunt's? Did you buy that rose colored dress you liked so well? Did you miss me?"

"My, what a lot of questions!" teased the girl. "What did I do? Well, once or twice I thought of you, Thomas MacKibben, and between times I visited with Aunt Mary and went with her to museums and lectures. Did I miss you? A little bit——" Her voice broke, the banter changing to a quivering intensity.

"Oh, I did miss you, Tommy, I did miss you! I thought of you, wanted you, every minute!"

She looked up at him presently, her eyes shy. "But I didn't buy that rose colored dress," she confessed. "I—I just couldn't spend that money for a dress, Tommy, even though you gave it to me for that purpose. I'm going to save it, Tommy,—for our little home."

"Little wife," he whispered, his voice husky with tenderness. "When are we going to look for that little home?"

Into the girl's face crept the old shadow of doubt and fear. "Oh, Tommy," she murmured. "Father has grown so stern and hard. I'm afraid to tell him."

"But can't you see, sweetheart," he pleaded, "that we can't go on like this. We've got to tell. It's the only square thing to do.—I know that your father thinks I'm lost because I don't go to church. My mother taught me to read the Bible and to believe it, but I'm not going to play the hypocrite by going to a church where I'm not wanted. I'd do anything to make you happy, Faith, but we've got to play square!"

The girl nodded her head a bit

doubtfully, and snuggled closer. "We'll tell him, Tommy," she whispered. "But I'm afraid for you; not only of what father will do, but of what Captain Alec might do. Alec could turn his father against you—ruin your chances—make you leave Palmer Cove forever!"

"Don't you worry about Alec's father. Old Abner Palmer is a regular czar, all right, but he's straight and sound as the *Nancy G.*—You must run in now, dear. Tomorrow at three I'll be waiting for you in the little cove. And when your father comes home from work, we'll go to him." Tommy laughed happily.

She smiled up at him brightly, although her lips quivered. She felt somehow as if she ought not let him go, as if some dreadful thing were destined to occur before they met again. She clung to him wildly for an instant, eyes fixed on his, then sped away.

Captain Alec Palmer sauntered into the little blacksmith shop of Ben Thurlow and stood watching the old man hammer a strip of red hot iron. There was a look of cool calculation in the young man's dark eyes; his glance was furtive with hidden purpose. As Ben dropped the iron into a tub of water and turned, Alec lowered his eyes and shifted his position with well simulated embarrassment.

"Good afternoon, Alec," greeted Ben. And then, as the other made no reply: "You have something on your mind? Speak up, lad."

"I—I wouldn't say anything if I did not think it my duty." Alec paused, his brow furrowed as if in

pain at his unpleasant task. "Perhaps I am wrong and unduly suspicious, but I feel that you should know——"

"What's wrong?" demanded Ben, a trifle bruskiy. "Didn't she fall in with your plans? Speak out, lad!"

Still Alec hesitated. "Tom MacKibben was in the city," he began reluctantly. "He was there while Faith was at her Aunt's. It was only rumors I heard, but they—were seen together. Of course, she can explain, and there is nothing wrong, I'm sure——" Alec stopped, almost frightened by the change in the old man.

Ben Thurlow had straightened to his full height, a dynamic figure of wrath. The veins on his powerful arms and neck stood out like tangled cords. All color had fled from his face, giving to the massive features the appearance of being hewn from gray rock.

Slowly he placed the heavy sledge on the anvil. There was something terrible in the deliberate steadiness of his hand. It was as if, knowing the intensity of his passions, the man was not quite sure of his ability to control them, and was testing his strength. Without speaking he left the shop and made his way along the sandy path to his cottage.

Faith was not in the house. In her room he found a crumpled note. He smoothed it out with that strange, slow steadiness of the hands, and read:

"Darling Faith:

Frankie Campbell will get this to you some time this morning. Meet me at the Cove at one o'clock instead of three. For I sail at two-thirty as *master of the Nancy G.*

You were wrong about Captain Alec. He is our friend. It is through his influence that I have been put in command of the *Nancy*. —More when I see you.

Lovingly,

Tommy."

"At the Cove," repeated Ben evenly, and strode toward the door.

But the door opened before he reached it. Faith, gaily swinging her wide-brimmed straw by the ribbons, eyes and cheeks radiant with happiness, stood on the threshold.

"Shut the door," commanded Ben.

Some of the gladness vanished from the girl's face, but she smiled up at him bravely, her hands nervously twisting at her hat.

Ben pointed to a chair and, when she was seated, glowered down at her silently.

"Did you meet Thomas MacKibben in the city?" he snapped out suddenly.

Faith gave a little gasp, half of fear, half of relief. Concealment was no longer possible.

"Yes, father.—Tommy and I were married."

Ben swallowed convulsively, his words choking in his throat. "You married that heretic, that unbeliever!" he thundered. All the dislike and suspicion he had borne for Tommy suddenly crystallized into black hate.

Faith shrank from him. Her eyes pleaded vainly with his accusing ones. "Please, father," she whispered. "I have been so happy."

"And you, my daughter," he went on harshly, "brought up in the fear of God! You have been living a lie since then!" He paused, assailed by a new and terrible doubt.

"The proof!" he demanded peremptorily. "The ring—the marriage papers!"

Awakened hope sprang to the girl's face. "Of course, I have them, father," she sobbed brokenly. "Just a moment."

She darted to her room, to reappear with her handbag. Confidently she knelt beside it and reached to the bottom where she had hidden her treasure. Not finding them, she dumped the contents of the bag upon the floor—the bits of silk, the pretties she had hoarded—and began a feverish search.

Slowly she sank back on her heels, her hands falling listlessly to her sides. "They're gone," she breathed incredulously. She continued to stare at the disordered heap, her mind refusing to accept the appalling discovery.

"But I put them there, father," she declared almost with the plain-tiveness of a child. "I—I can't understand. Someone must have taken them."

"Taken them!" croaked Ben savagely. "You wanton! You never had them!" He took two quick strides to where she sat huddled upon the floor, and raised his big fist above her head.

The girl shrank at the epithet, eyes wide with terror.

"Father!—Father, you don't believe . . ."

For an instant Ben Thurlow stood rigid, his face working with passion. Slowly his muscles relaxed. He reached down with one hand, took the sobbing girl by one arm, and lifted her easily to her feet. The very gentleness of the act startled her. It was as if the man had sud-

denly thrust a solid wall before the tidal wave of his passions. The ensuing calm was awesome, ominous.

"The shame is mine, too," he said huskily. "The shame is mine, too. The world shall never know of it. And you—shall sin no more. . . . Go to your room."

In the long days that followed, Ben Thurlow went his way, self-possessed, stern, righteous. Each morning as he left for work, he locked the doors behind him. To those who inquired for Faith he gave an abrupt, evasive answer. He read his Bible more ardently than ever; he blew the fire of his forge to a whiter heat; and he spent long, brooding hours staring out upon the sea.

The fishing fleet had been ordered to follow the *Nancy G* to the fishing banks. Captain Alec would have liked to disobey the order, but he did not follow this desire. Old Abner Palmer's word was law in the Cove.

Only little Frankie Campbell, the village orphan, came to the Thurlow cottage. His friendship was ideal, perfect. He asked no questions, invited no confidences. He brought her wild flowers. He ran errands for her, bringing from the store the goods for her sewing. He acted as her lookout. He reported to her the first glimpse of every ship that appeared on the horizon, and later came to shake his head dolefully. No, it was not the *Nancy G*.

Faith watched and prayed for the return of her husband. The time was approaching when he should be present at her side. As the weeks dragged by, her hopes dwindled. A set look of terror grew in her face.

—What if Tommy did not return before her father learned . . .

But Tommy did not return.

The day came when Faith remained in bed. Old Ben brought her breakfast to her without comment, and departed. At noon, when he returned for dinner, Faith was still in bed.

He stood in the doorway of her room, a look of perplexity on his face. Faith had never been ill a day in her life. Something in her face made him look more closely. He stared fixedly at her, a horrible suspicion pounding in his brain. Abruptly he snapped out a question.

Faith's eyes lifted steadily to his. Bravely she answered: "Yes, father. My baby—Tommy's and mine—is coming."

For an instant Ben Thurlow was stricken mute with the shock and horror of his daughter's confession. The shank of the doorknob under his hand snapped. He remained motionless, the muscles of his bare arms swelling into great knots and bunches. It seemed ages to the terrified girl cowering on the bed.

At last he spoke, his eyes staring into space, his voice almost hushed. "Judgment cometh from the Lord. He shall judge you."

He crossed quickly to the bed. He reached out both hands with convulsive, unsteady movements, scooped up the girl, bedclothes and all, and stalked from the room.

Frankie Campbell, building sand houses behind a boulder, looked up with startled eyes to see Ben emerge with his burden. Straight down to the shore the old man hurried.

He placed the weakly struggling girl in one of his two dories and

threw the oars out to the sand. With a mighty heave he pushed the boat out. Wading behind it, he sent it with a vigorous shove out into deep water.

Faith staggered to her feet as the boat leaped ahead, and stretched out her arms to him. Ben's voice, vibrant and hoarse, rang out:

"God will judge. If the sea brings you safe to shore, you shall again be my daughter!"

The girl tottered and collapsed between the thwarts. The offshore wind, blowing strong, caught the high-sided dory, sending it scudding out to sea.

Frankie Campbell raced for home as if the devil were at his heels.

The villagers scoffed at the boy's story. The group about him increased in numbers as he reiterated his statements and begged them to do something. It was dusk before Abner Palmer heard Frankie's story. Old Abner sent immediately for Ben Thurlow.

"What is this weird tale of Frankie's?" demanded Abner. "Where is your daughter?"

"Daughter of mine no more!" retorted Ben stolidly. "She has sinned. She is in the hands of God."

"You will answer for this, Ben Thurlow!" Abner turned peremptorily toward the dumbfounded villagers. "To the boats!" he cried. "Night is coming and the wind is rising!"

The boats went out and the night wore on. Abner Palmer, with a handful of villagers, stood in the dim light of the post office. The boats returned one by one. As each new man entered to report, Old Abner drew him into the circle of light

from the hanging lamp and peered into his face. And each newcomer shook his head. The search had been fruitless. Somewhere in the night, an open boat tossed on the sea, with the wind rising steadily, higher and higher.

Dawn came, but the sun was hidden behind banked clouds that massed themselves in solid formation to sweep slowly upward across the sky. The wind changed and blew in fitful, ominous gusts. The small boats were driven in. The search for Faith was abandoned.

Down by the battered wharf the fisher folk huddled, conversing in low tones. In view of the hurricane that threatened, the fishing fleet should be homeward bound, with every stitch of canvas spread.

It was late afternoon when the first mast was sighted. A few moments later the whole fleet was discernible. They drew on apace. A shout of recognition went up. The *Nancy G*, scuppers foaming, led all the rest.

Ben Thurlow, from the doorway of his shop, saw the *Nancy G* heave to, and stalked down the path toward the wharf. Again he stopped in the obscurity of the warehouse.

The slack was scarcely out of the sails of the *Nancy G* when a dory put out from her side. A moment later Tommy MacKibben struggled up the ladder to the wharf. In his arms he carried a limp, unconscious form.

"It's Faith," he blurted out. "Get Doctor Dan quick!"

Bare feet padded on the rough planking of the wharf, and Frankie Campbell's small form darted away

toward the village with the speed of the wind.—Frankie's idol, Faith, needed Dr. Dan. And it was Frankie's business to get Dr. Dan with all haste.

With the still form held close, Tommy hurried up the street toward his mother's house.

Ben Thurlow, standing grim and silent in the shadow of the warehouse, watched his daughter being carried by. He made no movement.

"God has judged," he muttered.

In the MacKibben cottage Doctor Dan led the distracted Tommy back to the door. "Go and walk," he ordered. "Leave her with your mother and me."

Tommy, haggard, scarcely aware of what he was doing, walked back to the dock. Frankie Campbell ran by his side, pouring out his story of Ben Thurlow and his crazy "test."

The boats from the other schooners were beginning to arrive. On the wharf, Captain Alec was listening to the excited accounts of recent events. He watched Tommy's approach with narrowed, hate-filled eyes. He was bitterly aware of his own defeat, but he could not forego one last taunt at his successful rival.

He waited until Tommy was almost to the edge of the group, then stepped forward to confront him. With an insolent gesture he pulled from his pocket a plain gold ring and a rolled paper.

"Better take these," he sneered. "You'll maybe need them to show that everything's square and regular."

Tommy stared with uncomprehending eyes, while a silence fell upon the crowd.

Back in the shadows, Ben Thurlow gave a choking gasp. His eyes widened with horror as they fixed themselves on the two objects in Alec's hand. Faith's ring and marriage certificate. . . . A prolonged shudder ran through his body. He staggered forward a few steps and stopped, swaying. Slowly he turned; with uncertain steps, like a man stricken with a deathly sickness, he made his way along the beach toward his home.

Back on the wharf, Tommy MacKibben stood as one petrified. Alec's insult had bitten deep, but it was a full moment before the full significance of the words penetrated Tommy's dazed mind. His voice burst forth suddenly in a hoarse cry of anger:

"Then you—you were the cause of this horrible thing!"

With a leap he was upon the other, his clutching fingers darting into Alec's throat. He shook him like a sack of loose bones, bent him backward until Alec's eyes started from their sockets,—while the villagers stood by transfixed. Even old Abner Palmer, Alec's father, stood stonily, and refused to interfere.

And then, as Alec's face began to turn purple, and his body grew limp, Tommy loosened his hold and straightened up. At the height of his passion, the man who never went to church had remembered words read to him by his mother: "Thou shalt not kill." A grim, twisted smile played at the corners of his mouth as he looked down at Alec, crawling away to safety.

Down the path from the MacKibben cottage raced a bare-footed, fly-

ing figure. Straight to Tommy he ran.

"She's all right, Tommy," he cried breathlessly. "And she wants you!"

Ben Thurlow saw nothing of the fight, nor did he know that his daughter lived. His huge frame was bent as his halting feet stumbled along the gravel path. And as he went, he muttered to himself, with little convulsive jerks of the head.

"Judgment of God . . . But she was innocent! Why did God let her die? . . . The verdict was not just . . ."

Staggering and stumbling, he reached the cottage. But he did not go in. He turned down to the beach, where he stood with the breakers sloshing at his ankles, his face lifted to the gray void of the sea.

The wind had again shifted. There was a menace in the steadiness with which it blew, as if it were holding back some gigantic reserve of power. He braced his column-like legs against it—but he was not aware of his act. A flash of lightning zig-zagged across the sky—lighting up his gaunt face drawn with suffering.

. . . The verdict of the sea was not just. And he, Ben Thurlow, had demanded that verdict, had put his daughter to the mercy of the waters. He must answer to his God for that act, even as Abner had said. . . .

The black clouds had marshaled their ranks into a solid wall that was rapidly blotting out the light. But the man gave no heed to the growing darkness. He raised his great arms, hands outstretched in

prayer—a mute cry for help, for understanding. A second lightning flash showed for a brief instant the agony stamped upon his features. —Somehow he must pay, must answer. . . . How? . . .

To a mind steeped in the fiery doctrines of the Old Testament—"An eye for an eye"—there could be but one solution.

His arms dropped slowly to his sides. His shoulders straightened. A strange calm seemed to descend upon the wind-whipped body.

With deliberate movements he fought his way against the wind to where his second dory lay beached upon the sand. His actions were

unhurried but decisive, as of a man who has come to some final decision. A mighty heave sent the boat into the water. Without haste he followed, pushing it steadily toward the deep water, holding it with his great strength against the force of the breakers. Slowly he climbed in and threw the oars out.

A few drops of rain fell. The wind caught the high-sided dory with a shriek. Just before the deluge of the storm began and the hurricane broke, a final flash of lightning revealed the massive figure standing between the thwarts, legs braced, arms folded, face set toward the open sea.

The July STORY WORLD

FILLED and teeming over with inspiration for every person interested in creative writing. That describes the coming issue of THE STORY WORLD. Among the more important features will be an article by Lemuel L. DeBra, for fourteen years a government internal revenue agent and one of the best known fiction writers, who will make clear the manner in which U. S. Government agents and their work may be treated in fiction. Carl Clausen contributes another of his interesting articles on the short story. Possibly the most helpful and interesting feature of the coming issue, however, will be the publication of an original photoplay that has recently been purchased by one of the big producing corporations. This will be printed word for word, exactly as constructed at the time of its purchase. It will be a valuable work of reference for every writer who is interested in screen drama. The regular popular departments will of course appear as usual. Don't miss the July STORY WORLD!

SALABLE POLITICAL STORIES

The Heroes Must Be Honest—But They Must Know the Game

BY J. FRANK DAVIS

THERE is a certain editor of a big magazine who not only knows exactly what he wants, and why, but can tell you very succinctly. He also knows what he doesn't want, and why, and he can tell you that just as crisply and concisely—maybe more so.

Assuming that it fills his requirements in other respects, he has a final test for accepting any story, which he expresses something like this:

"Does it touch the life of Tom, Dick and Mary—the little, average merchant, the young fellow who is learning to be a salesman, the girl that works in a laundry, the automobile mechanic, and the woman at home in her kitchen? Can a considerable number of these, reading it, say, 'This applies to me?'"

Across a luncheon table, one day, he was telling me what kind of stories he likes to have submitted to him, and what kind would be more profitably offered somewhere else.

"No use sending me political stories," he said. "People in general in America think they are interested in politics, but they aren't. They don't give a hoot. If they did, we'd have a different kind of government in our cities. And if the average man doesn't care enough about politics to participate in them, political

stories aren't going to impress him as having any personal application. 'Politicians?' he says, when he sees the story. 'What have they got to do with me?' And he isn't interested."

This editor is an exceptionally able man but he is not, of course, infallible; nobody is. His judgments, based on successful experience, are usually sound, but is he altogether right in this one?

It is true that the number of men and women who understand the technicalities of the political game as it is played by professional politicians is relatively very small. If only those who care to read political yarns are familiar with the chess-like moves of inside politics, it would follow that he is wholly right.

When you stop to think of it, you don't see many political stories in the magazines, and these are practically all by not more than four authors. Is it because other editors have the same opinion as the one I have quoted and turn down the stories because of their subject? Or does the answer, perhaps, lie elsewhere?

There is a certain proof of fiction puddings, and I feel somewhat warranted in discussing the political kind because a good many of mine

of that variety have been eaten—editors have passed their plates for more. I have known several successful editors, and I have never observed that any of them keep on buying any type of story that they are not convinced their readers like. Therefore it seems to me that my experience justifies me in believing that some people—fairly numerous—are sometimes interested in reading some political stories.

There is a catch in this thing somewhere. My guess at it may be as good as anybody's.

If you are a fiction writer and if, before you worked at that, you were a newspaper man—as so many of us were—I ask you to remember that first fiction story you ever wrote and sent to the magazines, which came back and came back and came back.

Do you recall it?

It dealt with the cub reporter who triumphantly beat all the old-timers.

You ignored the fact, which you well knew, that not once in a generation does any cub reporter beat the old-timers except by some sheer accident—and accidents are no more allowable in accounting for a fiction hero's triumphs than coincidences—and therefore your story was insincere and wouldn't have rung true to the reader even if it had been well written. You used the newspaper background for a poor story because it was the background with which you were most familiar. You wrote the story poorly because at that moment you hadn't learned to write any story well.

Since then, you have often said—and you have heard many other

writers say—that a newspaper story won't sell. That isn't true; Irvin Cobb has proved it. You may have observed, however, that Cobb's newspaper heroes aren't cub reporters, and that his stories are so written as to hold the reader's interest whether he knows much about the inside of a newspaper shop, or little, or nothing at all.

This sounds a bit as though I had got off my subject, but I haven't. Because three-quarters of the political stories which are written—and do not sell—have the cub reporter motif.

The hero is a sturdy young reformer. He knows nothing whatever of practical politics and he would scorn to learn the tricks of that trade. He matches his honest, uncompromising wits against the dark powers of politics—all practical politicians in a story of this sort are in league with dark powers—and single-handed and alone he wins.

The editor who scans this manuscript knows that there isn't any such animal. The reader who understands politics, if the story ever got printed, would sneer at its improbability. The reader who doesn't understand politics wouldn't like it either, because it doesn't ring true.

There is one writer in a thousand who can write about places and people that he really knows little or nothing about and make them sound plausible. If the other ninety-nine hundred and ninety-nine of us write about a subject we don't really know, our readers sense it instantly to the extent of not liking the story, even though they know nothing of the subject themselves. Somehow,

we haven't succeeded in making the yarn convincing.

As a matter of fact, the "reformer" in real-life politics is sometimes a comedian and occasionally an assistant to the villain, but very, very rarely is he a hero.

He is often honest, but almost never practical. Typically he is like the amiable but exasperating person who confronts the problem of how to limit the possibilities of war and its horrors by saying, with a smile of rare but maddening tolerance: "Let us set an example to the world by totally disarming. No one would ever attack us: they would be ashamed to do so. No, the discussion of mere limitation does not interest me, because, you see, I am for peace."

He is for better city or state management, your typical reformer, which, like peace, is an excellent thing to strive for—a thing, incidentally, that a surprisingly large number of practical politicians are trying to achieve. But he disdains to understand the practical workings of politics.

He promises, and he usually believes it, that all that is necessary to secure good government is to elect him and his fellows. He wins, sometimes, and the gods have a good laugh, perhaps, but the people who elected him do not. The politicians who work at the game three hundred and sixty-five days in the year tie him up in double bow-knots. He tries methods of reform in various lines that have been unsuccessfully tried a thousand times before, although he didn't know it. He promises to reduce the tax-rate, but

things get away from him so that it goes up.

In other words, he rattles.

Or, in rarer instances, he really does, after a time, learn by harsh experience something of the business of politics. Whereupon, although he is still the honest man, although no longer impractical, there straightway arises another set of reformers—not uncommonly they are more or less unconsciously in cahoots with the gang that he defeats—who call him a rascal and demand that he be turned out forthwith.

But most of them never learn the game. They flit noisily across the stage, try to do the things they promised to do, fail more or less spectacularly, and are shoved into the discards, whence they emit shrill excuses which place the blame anywhere and everywhere except where it rightfully belongs.

The average American, down in his heart, respects these impractical reform persons as individual men and women, but not as officials and leaders. His sentiments toward them as politicians is one of good-natured contempt. And because your story reader must be able to visualize himself as more or less the hero of the story he reads, he isn't going to enthuse over a tale that has one of them for its star.

The heroes of my political stories have been skilled, practical politicians, every one of them. Some of them have been leaders of the kind that sometimes are referred to as "bosses." They have played politics as real politicians do. Usually they have been members of that

horrible thing commonly called a "machine."

That doesn't mean that they have been crooks, or grafters, or bad citizens. On the contrary.

They have been honest men, such as all story heroes need to be. They have fought opposition machines that had evil aims. In this conflict, they have played the game as it is played, which means that sometimes they have had to fight fire with fire. Always, however, they were for what was, relatively, the right. If the issue was between good and bad, they were for the good. But in actual life things aren't always dead black or pure white, as some of our reformers seem to believe. Sometimes the thing to be fought for is the lesser of two evils.

These heroes of mine have schemed, and traded, and played interest against interest. Honest men, but practical. As Lincoln was, and Roosevelt, to use two great examples out of the many who have ornamented American politics.

They have been decent, conscientious, good citizens—but they knew a political hawk from a handsaw when the wind was southerly. There have been times, in my stories, when they have found it necessary to let some other fellow get a small dirty bite in order that they could get a large clean mouthful. They have played some pretty shrewd political games—games that were necessary to win and justified, because if they hadn't played them the other side would have won and the city or state would have been the worse for it.

I have tried to make these heroes real, likable, human people, with

something worth while to do and the ability to do it; the kind of people you yourself know and think well of, in your own town. The kind, it naturally follows, that the reader is glad to think of himself as being, when he reads the story and unconsciously assumes the role of hero of it.

The background has been true to life and the technique of the political game, without being unduly emphasized, has been developed as real leaders would develop it in real political crises. And each story has dealt with swift, sometimes ruthless conflict—with, when possible, the sharp snapper of twist and surprise at the end.

Ah, you may say, but that is merely the recipe for all short stories.

And I am guessing that therein lies the catch.

Not many people understand the technique of civil or mechanical engineering, yet some pretty successful stories have been written around the conflict of overcoming natural and human obstacles in the building of bridges, dams and skyscrapers.

Most magazine readers, if confronted with them, wouldn't know a fore-topmast-yard from a binnacle gimbal, yet stories dealing purely with life on sailing ships get themselves printed.

I read, not long since, a short story that was saturated with the making of steel, and laid it down with the feeling that it was one of the best yarns I had read that month. And I will declare, and maintain it against all and sundry disputants whatsoever, that nobody in America and all foreign coun-

tries, including the Scandinavians, can possibly be less interested in politics than I am in steel mills.

The background and atmosphere of that story were convincing, its characters were all human, it dealt with tense conflict which moved ever more grippingly to a satisfactory and logical climax—and its hero was a hero that any reader would be willing to be.

When these elements are present

a story is readable, and hence salable, whether it deals with copra gathering in the South Seas, a chemical formula that refuses to jell in the little back room of a West Side drug store, or the way a coterie of plotting business men get checkmated when they try to work a city council into slipping a hundred thousand dollars into their pockets by voting a lot of street improvements where they are not needed.



“*SO a message that is worth broadcasting clear around the world is this: handicaps such as a poor or unusual physique, handicaps such as being a hunchback, or a stutterer, or cross-eyed, or bow-legged are not real and honest handicaps in this twentieth century. Everyone can do more work with less fatigue and reap the rewards from his greater industry if he wishes to do so. If you haven't a good incentive but would vaguely like to amount to more than you do, go out and get an incentive. It may take the form of a girl you want to marry, a car you want to buy, a farm you'd like to run or an income for your old age. The only essential is to find something you really want and go after it.*”—Harold Cary.

“*WE begin to see now what an intricate affair is any perfect passage; how many faculties, whether of taste or pure reason, must be held upon the stretch to make it; and why, when it is made, it should afford us so complete a pleasure. From the arrangement of according letters, which is altogether arabesque and sensual, up to the architecture of the elegant and pregnant sentence, which is a vigorous act of the pure intellect, there is scarce a faculty in man but has been exercised. We need not wonder then, if perfect sentences are rare, and perfect pages rarer.*”—Robert Louis Stevenson.

"UNKNOWN" WOMEN of FILMLAND

Number Three of a Series

BY ALICE EYTON

LIKE the proverbial Melting Pot, the Moving Picture Industry has taken unto itself men and women from every walk in life, of every class and type of mentality. These are making its history, and, in turn, being made over by its voracious demands for versatility. So, when we find in its ranks descendants of old world aristocracies, the natural inheritors of conservative tradition, we should not be any more surprised than when chauffeurs and porters are discovered as famous directors. To be sure there seems to be greater opportunity in the work for the proletariat than for the aristocrat; because, as yet, the aristocracy of mind is scarcely recognized in our midst, or, if recognized, is curiously regarded as a menace to democracy; whereas it is really a bulwark of the same, its clear vision yielding a higher concept of democratic ideals than the political systems ever formulate.

For this reason it is refreshing to find at studio desks such persons as Miss Lucille de Nevers, who, a few years ago, was faced by the necessity of earning her living in a new field. Having been trained as a singer, and subsequently losing her voice, it was quite a problem to know exactly where to break ground for a fresh sowing. In this dilemma she turned naturally to her second

love—books. She sought and obtained a position in the Hollywood Book Store, where, after nine months' hard work, she was promoted to the position of store manager. In the ensuing two years she was often called upon to assist well-known agents, and other Moving Picture people, in the selection of screen stories. Hence, after a nervous break-down, and a long period of rest in the Mojave desert, her thoughts naturally turned to Moving Picture work; and she applied to Miss Eve Unsell, then of the Robertson-Cole outfit, for a job in the scenario department. After some vicissitudes she was admitted as a reader; and, when the firm later changed hands, she was fired three times, on three consecutive days of cleaning up the work, had an argument in the dining room with one of the heads of the firm concerning a story under consideration, was taken on again, and, finally, promoted from reader to head of the department.

Miss de Nevers, as her name implies, comes of an old French family (that of the Duc de Nevers), but does not see why that should be held against her in America, the land of her birth, or why it should prevent the full exercise of her mental abilities. Though at times, doubtless, she has been made to realize what an awful offense against the nation

and the individual is compassed in that bugaboo word "high-brow." From such a stigma, from correct speech, polite manners, just dealings with one's fellow-man, and the *esprit-de-corps* of genuine workers, the loud-mouthed pretenders flee as from the plague. Hence in this, as in every other great business, there is a very real battle for the ultimate good of the work, as well as for individual self-respect. And the scenario departments, being, occasionally, rather heavily over-lorded, are apt to feel the pressure of this subjective battle more than the other departments—departments that contain less temperament and more exact definition.

To keep an impartial mind, to analyze, to be free of personal prejudice, to decide what is, and is not, picture material, to avoid the cheap tendency to laugh at the ignorant (who are so fearfully pathetic in their strivings), and to raise one's work to the dignified status it deserves, is a consummation Miss de Nevers recognizes as fully worth while. That money was not her sole object in entering the Moving Picture field is proven by the fact that she started at a smaller salary than she could have commanded elsewhere. Upon the chances such as she has of climbing upwards depends a great deal more than the superficial observer will admit into his static consciousness. The life of any progressive business is a fluidic quality, giving ample scope for continual change; and the business that tries to keep its workers in tabulated, changeless niches, has signed its own death-warrant. Its death may be a lingering one; and it may

drag many an otherwise active imagination down to nothingness with it; but the Mills of God grind on, giving accomplishments both of death and evolution in their grist.

Considering all of which it is time both experts and fans thought more of the thousand and one obscure, personal and impersonal, factors of picture-making. From many of the unknown persons in the business will come the subtler word, the life-nuance that our pictures still lack. From a wider knowledge of the unknown factors of studio life will come a deeper appreciation on the part of fans the wide world over. I remember in an old English Standard Reader there was a lesson describing the myriad activities that, directly and indirectly, went to the making of a plum pudding. How much more interesting pictures might be if a certain amount of technical knowledge were disseminated amongst the fans. To give rapid screen views of the various departments of the Industry is useless if audiences have not a basic foundation knowledge relative to each activity. It is like trying to pass the camel through the eye of the needle. Public perception has not been sufficiently enlarged to enjoy the process. When it is, the public may possibly leap ahead of the producer in a realization that out of writers can be made directors, out of readers, writers, out of writers, readers, out of all, enlightened cutters, and so on ad infinitum. The various departments of a studio are so co-related that each one should be made a training ground for the others, and no portal should be so closely guarded that workers

cannot pass on. "Raise the status of the unadvertised worker!" might be a good slogan to introduce into the studios, and might prevent much seething discontent of which the front office is usually ignorant.

It is seldom that such cheering news as the steady advance of Miss de Nevers, logically from one step to another, reaches the ears of the ambitious, who are so used to seeing extraordinary jumps over the heads of many competent, but little known persons, that they are apt to lose all hope and initiative. To look, for a second, on the reverse side of the picture, it must be admitted that Miss de Nevers has, while watching for her opportunity, kept her mind very much alive, and very interested in all the larger affairs of life and books. Her very intimate association with that distinguished little group of "Intelligents," who meet, at intervals, in a small restaurant not so very far from the Lasky Studio, proves that she will not allow herself to become buried in the picture world, to the loss of her work therein. It may be interesting to note, *en passant*, that this group

comprises writers who have "arrived," readers, cutters, secretaries, etc., the only passkey to the sanctum where they foregather, being, not an arbitrary class one, but that indefinable recognition of one's own that belongs purely to the realm of thought, and is free of all vulgar striving.

In person Miss de Nevers is of medium height, smartly dressed, slight and animated, but with an undercurrent of seriousness that comes to the surface whenever she talks earnestly about her work. Her delicate, interesting face, and charming manners, together with her quick appreciation of the humorous side of life—particularly studio life—make her a charming companion at any time, and in any place; and I do not blame the "Intelligents" for eagerly seeking her society. If this makes you think she hasn't a frivolous side, you want to listen to her and one of her house-mates (of whom I shall tell you later) when they are teasing one another about drinking strong tea, or degenerating to lemonade, and so on.



NO matter how black the outlook or how iron your environment, positively refuse to see anything that is unfavorable to you, any condition which tends to enslave you, and to keep you from expressing the best that is in you.—Success Magazine.

"MAIN STREET" ON THE SCREEN

*A Good "Hokum" Picture That Will Please the Many
and Disappoint the Few*

BY DOUGLAS Z. DOTY

THERE is no doubt that *Main Street* is a better picture, that is from the box office point of view, than many who have read the book would have imagined. Yet, when you come to think of it, it was in one way an easier book to handle for the screen than most published novels. There are two reasons for this: Sinclair Lewis' rambling chronicle of small town life is crowded with homely detail that is picturable, and innumerable touches of characterization which, though exaggerated on the screen as the cartoon exaggerates life, nevertheless offer excellent material for a capable director and a well chosen cast.

The other reason why this book was easier to handle than most books is that there is so little plot in all the 450 pages that the scenarist, with merely the theme in mind, could go as far as he liked in developing original complications and melodramatic episodes, and this Julian Josephson has done. The difficulty in the adaptation of most novels to the screen lies in the fact that the adapter generally has to tear down the structure and reconstruct it to fit the demands of pictures—usually to a degree of distortion that leaves no resemblance to the original plot. Those who have read a good book are disappointed and bewildered by these necessary changes; those who have not read the book may like the picture.

In the May 3rd issue of *Life* Robert E. Sherwood, in severely criticizing two pictures adapted from novels, *Souls for Sale*

and *The Nth Commandment*, remarks: "I can't very well blame authors for the pictures that are adapted from their stories. In fact, the least I can do is to send them a note of condolence in their hours of grief."

Mr. Sherwood's exasperation is understandable, but though he absolves the author from all blame he should not be too hard on the producer either. The onus should not rest on the adapter any more than on the original author, but rather on the prevailing tendency of working over unsuitable material just because it has been published and therefore has some advertising value. May the day soon come when he who writes direct for the screen will have the same recognized position of dignity and importance as the dramatist who has written direct for the stage ever since the days of Shakespeare.

But to return to *Main Street*. We see the leading physician of Gopher Prairie marrying a wage-earning girl of the city, refined, educated, artistic, and somewhat a dreamer of dreams. We see her arriving in Gopher Prairie; we see the bride and groom received by the town band and most of the populace. The girl, Carol, is somewhat appalled at the "boobness" of the town and the people, and even more appalled at her new home, filled with the art atrocities of the General Grant period.

She tries to make the best of it, however, and her dream is to uplift Gopher Prairie and quicken it to some appreciation of beauty. Doctor Kennicott, because of his popularity, induces the leading citizens to meet his young wife, who has had plans drawn up for improving Main Street, but the general attitude is one of resentment, and Carol is thoroughly discouraged.

Her one recruit is young Eric Valborg, an assistant to the town tailor. Sensitive and impressionable, he is at once drawn to this pretty girl from the city, and she, recognizing in him for all of his crudeness more of the artist than in any of the others, smiles on him and thanks him for his interest.

Carol's "airs," as Main Street would say, has made the whole town look at her askance. Determined not to be too completely discouraged, Carol attempts to bring a little beauty and charm into Gopher Prairie, to open the eyes of the townsfolk as it were, by giving a Chinese soiree. She has had Chinese costumes for her guests sent from the city. Eric and Carol give a dramatic and somewhat impassioned reading from one of Stephen Phillip's poems. The audience is frankly bored; it is too high-brow. And when Eric slips up on his lines, the audience finds relief in hearty laughter. Eric leaves in a huff, calling the audience "boobs." Carol, quite furious, remarks sarcastically: "Now, we shall have something that appeals to you all—supper is ready."

The doctor, most uncomfortable in his Chinese robes, and feeling very much out of it, shows evidences of jealousy. After the guests leave, the husband and wife have a quarrel, which ends by Carol saying to her husband with great earnestness: "If only I could make you feel some real sense of beauty—the beauty of self-sacrifice."

We find that this "self-sacrifice" is baldly lugged in to point up that which follows. We are suddenly made aware that a blizzard is raging outside and Mrs. Valborg is frantically phoning for the doctor. Old Valborg has had his hand crushed under a falling tree out on his farm. Eric, eager to make his way in the world, has left them to live in the town.

The doctor starts out and Carol insists on going with him. Amputation of the hand is necessary and Carol has to administer the anaesthetic. She has begun to realize that a doctor's life is a matter of continual self-sacrifice—of giving; and in the common work of mercy they are once more drawn together.

Valborg, convalescent, is insanely fur-

ious at the loss of his hand, and not realizing that the doctor had really saved his life, vows to get even for his loss.

Eric comes to visit his parents, but he cannot make up his mind to sacrifice his future and stick with the farm to help his crippled father.

Carol, undaunted, makes another attempt to brighten up Main Street according to her own notions. She organizes a winter revel, with ski jumping and fancy skating. She and Eric sit on a sort of throne as king and queen of the revels, decked out in furs and crowns and jewels, to the open bewilderment of the doctor and somewhat to the scandal of the curious and hostile populace.

Valborg rides into town; sees his son all dolled up and talking intimately with Carol. He believes that the doctor has not only robbed him of his hand but, through his wife, is robbing him of his son. He makes a scene and starts a fight. The crowds gather and hear old Valborg's denunciation of Carol as a bad woman who is trying to ruin his son and then he is dragged away.

Outraged and disgusted, Carol returns home, vowing she will quit her husband and quit Gopher Prairie; she could stand it no longer. She says: "I am entitled to my own life and I am going to live it." And the doctor retorts: "I am also entitled to my life—and you are it, and you shall not leave me."

The next morning the doctor goes out on a case, wondering what his wife is going to do. Eric, hiding behind a tree across the street, immediately rushes into the Kennicott house after the doctor's departure, passes the maid at the door and on into the living room, where he commences to make violent love, Carol trying to fight him off.

Old Valborg, determined to get his son back, comes along, peers in the window, sees Carol in his son's arms, turns and rushes down to Main Street and invites the entire populace to come back and witness the scandalous scene, while a friend goes to find the doctor and bring him back. The entire town enters the Kennicott living room, while old Valborg at their head proceeds to hurl every insult he can think

of at the girl, taunting her with the fact that the doctor will turn her out as soon as he gets back.

The doctor bursts in and does just the contrary. He takes his wife in his arms and orders the crowd out of the house. Eric confesses that he is alone to blame for the scene and offers to go back and live on the farm with his father and mother.

Carol decides to abandon her attempts to uplift Gopher Prairie and devote herself to being a good wife and mother. Curtain.

As you will notice the story as built for the screen is rather trite and melodramatic. In its direction it is reminiscent of *The Old Homestead* and *Over the Hill*, especially in its mob scenes. It is the good old hokum and the very excellent acting that keep the audience in their seats. As far as the main story is concerned, there is none of the human heart appeal of the other two pictures just mentioned. You have not much sympathy with the wife; you have no sympathy with the townsfolk, and you are inclined to be irritated with the bewildered young doctor who very honestly loves his wife but doesn't know what to do about it all. The story interest sags with each fade-out and has to be revived. The whole thing is episodic. There is no slow, steady building to an inevitable climax which alone creates suspense. It is a psychological story told in the terms of hokum and it cannot be done convincingly. The motivation is often weak, as when Valborg decided to hate the doctor instead of showing gratitude for saving his life. It is quite possible that an ignorant farmer, brooding over his crippled condition, might go half insane and come to hate the man who had saved him. The workings of his tormented soul were depicted in a book, but it takes more than a title on the screen to put over such a state of mind so that you will believe it.

It is only the excellent direction of Harry Beaumont and the excellent hokum with innumerable bits of by-play and horse-play which keep the audience entertained, and which carry their interest over

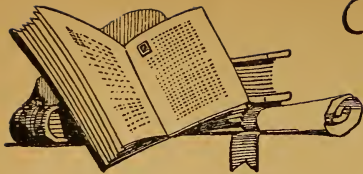
the artificialities and the lack of reality of the story itself. It is the subtleties in characterization which make *Main Street* a notable book; few of these subtleties have found their way to the screen.

To writers, the interesting thing about *Main Street* as a picture is that the screen version keeps close to the original in surface action if not in psychology. The picture is Lewis' story broadly cartooned—the more delicate characterization has been lost; the rather subtle motivation blurred over. This is no discredit to the clever scenarist and the capable director. There was no other way to handle the prolix material and get by the box office. No one that I know of, except William C. DeMille, could faithfully have translated *Main Street* to the screen; and his interpretation would have been over the heads of the average audience.

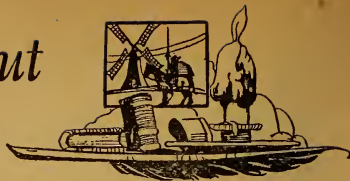
Lewis wrote of *Main Street*; the picture is *for* *Main Street*. The producers probably paid a lot of money for the screen rights to the book, and quite obviously they spent a small fortune on the production itself; but we cannot help but feel that if the labor and creative ability expended on this brilliant but diffuse narrative of small town life had been centered upon a story written direct for the screen, like Ade's *Back Home and Broke*, the result would have rung truer and the appeal would have been more warmly human. The picture *Main Street* is diverting hokum—but the biting satire and the poignant realism of the book—the soul of it, in fact—has not carried over to the screen.

The ending of the picture is banal and unconvincing, the wife suddenly deciding it is a nice town, even though the entire populace unceremoniously had entered her home to gloat over her humiliation. It is a "happy ending"—yet the thoughtful person can see no happiness in the future for this couple.

In the book the girl left her husband for a time before she could reconcile herself to going back to Gopher City which she would always hate, and it takes time to bring about such readjustment of ideals to sordid facts.



Facts about Fiction



HOW TO GET PLOTS

BY CARL CLAUSEN

“THE first consideration upon writing a story should be the dramatic worth of the action to be related,” says Coningsby Dawson. “Among modern writers, however, there has been a growing tendency to make up for scantiness of plot by high literary workmanship. The result has been not a short story but a descriptive sketch dealing chiefly with moods and landscapes.”

Plot or action then, is the prime requisite of a short story. The stories which have come down to us from ancient times prove this. In spite of their crudeness of style and lack of technique they have survived because they were interesting. Their authors had “something to tell.” The best proof of their worth is that writers of today are constantly borrowing from them.

In discussing a certain short story with a “Young Intellectual,” the Y. I. remarked: “Oh, yes, the story is well told and full of plot and originality, but it is not art.”

His reply reminds me of the Irishman who wrote to his brother in Cork the following classic letter:

“Dear Brother, America is a fine country. Come over at once. I get four dollars a day for doing nothing. All I have to do is to carry bricks up a ladder on my back. The man atop of the ladder does all the work.”

When we cannot get editorial attention for our stories, we shrug our shoulders and file the yarns away and label them, Art. Ten years later when we have made

a reputation we dig them up, smile, and say, Bunk.

Mark Twain said that he was never wholly happy except upon one occasion—when he had the measles and expected to die. The joy of holding the center of the stage and of having the whole family in tears was worth all the pangs and pains. Mark was a philosopher as well as a humorist. The trouble with some of the so-called Young Intellectuals is that they mistake an acute attack of paranoia for literary ability. A paranoiac is a person who craves attention, and, rather than go unnoticed, commits a crime, or goes to bed with something or other, or to press—also with something or other. Plotting, not the pounding of the typewriter keys, is the hard labor of story writing. All writers recognize this. Asked by his editor how he was getting along with his new story, a certain well-known author replied: “It’s finished. I begin writing it this evening.”

Quite often I find that a story which takes me a week, and sometimes two, to plot in my mind, “writes itself” in three or four days. The ability to handle words is a gift, closely related to the musical gift, but the ability to plot must be learned—just as surely as the building of a house must be learned. And nothing but, hard work will teach it. Art is sometimes merely an alias for unsalable stuff. At least, looking over, now, in my franker and calmer moments, my own early, misguided attempts at intriguing editors, I shudder when I think what would have happened to the magazine that had printed them.

To plot successfully you must first of

all train yourself to watch for dramatic material, constantly. Next, keep a note-book and jot down the occurrences that strike your imagination, at the precise moment *when* they strike it. This is important. Do not wait until the occurrence has become blurred by a lapse of time. Jot down precisely the circumstances responsible for its dramatic value, at once. A set of circumstances and conditions exactly like it will never arise again, and the central idea will lose its punch if the setting is forgotten.

If you follow this method, you will never lack material for the initial impulse of a new story.

You will pardon me if I again use one of my own stories to illustrate my point. The story in question is *Time—The Present*, Saturday Evening Post. The initial impulse for this story was given to me by an old miner who told me about a certain highwayman who had held up the sheriff trailing him across the Mojave desert, and had handcuffed the officer to a tree with his own handcuffs.

I came across this item in my file and began to weave a story about the incident. Fundamentally the situation was a humorous one, but making the fool of an officer of the law is not a popular sport with editors. Further it would be necessary to make the criminal a sympathetic character, another thing frowned upon by editors. The situation demanded that the highwayman be the central figure, so I made him a big city crook projected into a small desert town by circumstances. Being a man of unusual ability in his "profession," his idleness grew irksome, and the young sheriff's mild braggadocio egged him on to stick up the paymaster of the Lost Mule Mine.

He did not need the money. His motive was a more powerful one than pecuniary gain—pride in his profession. The job looked so easy that he decided to put frills on it. Manacled the sheriff to a tree with the officer's own handcuffs would of course have necessitated the crook's immediate flight from the town, so he conceived the bold idea of hand-

cuffing *himself* to a tree with the handcuffs, after having taken them away from the sheriff, making sure that the officer did not recognize him in the holdup man.

Upon being found by the sheriff handcuffed to the tree he told that officer a tale of being held up and robbed by a strange man after having entertained the fellow as his guest in his camp. To carry out this illusion he set the stage carefully, making it appear that two men had eaten dinner there that very day. He was particularly careful to take the time element into consideration. His story was plausible, his alibi perfect. He claimed to have been manacled to the tree for twelve hours. This agreed perfectly with the time of the sheriff's hold-up, and also the time consumed by the robber in travelling from one point to the other.

I was now ready to give my reader the big punch which I had prepared for early in the story by calling his attention to a certain dollar watch carried by the highwayman. The punch was briefly this—the watch was an old one and would not run more than seven hours without being wound. When he told the sheriff that he had been handcuffed, with his hands behind his back for twelve hours, his elaborate alibi crumbled to dust.

As the sheriff remarked:

"A man with his mitts handcuffed behind him would have one sweet time to wind a watch in his front vest pocket."

Thus, from a bare incident scribbled in my note-book, grew a story. I might mention here that my wife furnished the big punch in the end, when I talked the plot over with her. I always discuss my stories with someone while I am plotting them. More than once a chance remark from the listener has given me the key to a difficult situation.

A story written from material moided over repeatedly, usually turns out better than the average. An idea which persistently refuses to be discarded is pretty sure to be a good one. My best stories have been written from such.



Good English AND ITS USE

A Department for Everyone who Writes

SIMPLICITY: AND YET AGAIN—SIMPLICITY

BY HAZEL W. SPENCER

IN many of my articles on Good English I have emphasized the importance of simplicity; it is a quality so essential to all literature and particularly the literature of fiction that undue stress upon the subject is scarcely possible. Yet it is noteworthy that many young writers fall at the very outset of their careers into the habit of writing affectedly, verbosely, using three words where one is enough and losing themselves and their readers in a maze of flowery inanities.

Because, in spite of all warnings to the contrary, these foolish persons still persist in their literary malpractice and frequently lead astray the innocent and unwary whose literary withers are still unwrung, it seems to us advisable to go into the matter at some length, illustrating our contention by means of examples from the writings of the world's recognized masters.

As maturity, especially if it be the maturity of the educated, is prone to discard the fripperies and vanities of youth, so our literary veterans lay aside all superfluities of language and weed relentlessly from their manuscripts every unnecessary word, all the impedimenta of useless phraseology. They do not use three or four adjectives when one is better. They choose their adverbs cautiously and spend them with an economy bordering on stinginess. They have learned to value spirit above the letter and such let-

ters as they employ must clothe the spirit fittingly or be cast aside.

When we have very little to say yet wish to create an impression of profundity or at least of more than average intelligence we are very apt to express ourselves with unnecessary complexity, choosing words of interminable length and rioting amongst them till the spray produced by our extraordinary exertions has probably resulted in hopeless confusion to ourselves and all about us.

This same spray we are prone to regard as literature, but literature has as little in common with such extravagance as the rank growth of the wilderness has in common with an Italian garden. A meaningless jumble of phrases, word added unnecessarily to word, the whole multiplied and intensified until the effect is alphabetical Bacchanalia, is not literature; it is a form of dementia.

If you have a story to tell or a message to deliver art demands that you present it first of all truthfully, then delightfully or impressively as the case may require. But nothing confusing is ever artistic and when we find ourselves bewildered we may be sure that the workmanship is faulty.

The greatest writers of all time, from the authors of the Bible to O. Henry, have used the simplest language, expressed themselves with the least possible literary flourish. Let me, for your better comprehension, quote the following from the Gospel of St. Mark:

"Behold, there went out a sower to sow:

And it came to pass, as he sowed, some fell by the way side, and the fowls of the air came and devoured it up.

And some fell on stony ground, where it had not much earth; and immediately it sprang up, because it had no depth of earth:

But when the sun was up, it was scorched; and because it had no root, it withered away.

And some fell among thorns, and the thorns grew up, and choked it, and it yielded no fruit.

And other fell on good ground, and did yield fruit that sprang up and increased, and brought forth, some thirty, and some sixty, and some a hundred.

And he said unto them, He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

In sharp contrast to the noble simplicity of the foregoing is the following by a modern student of short story writing:

"The lovely, delicate, girlish face of the millionaire's daughter, set in its frame of golden hair like an angelic halo, smiled down upon the flushed and perspiring young man in the Khaki overalls from the pink silk sanctuary of her sunshade and immediately reduced him to a state of utter helplessness."

And no wonder! It is enough to reduce anybody to helplessness. A sea of adjectives and flowery figures is bewildering to the most expert literary swimmer, and to the uninitiated it must present obstacles not to be overcome. How much better it would have been to describe the young lady more simply. *Lovely*, *delicate* and *girlish* are charming characterizations for a face, but any one of them would be better alone than all three of them together. Used as they have been in the above quotation they leave the mind surfeited with sweetness.

Here is the same description shorn of its non-essentials:

"The lovely face of the millionaire's daughter, set in its frame of golden hair, smiled down upon the perspiring young man in Khaki overalls and immediately reduced him to a state of helplessness."

Has the sentence lost anything by the omissions? We think not. Rather it has gained both in picturesque quality and in literary value.

When one possesses a reasonably comprehensive vocabulary it is a temptation

to use it extravagantly, if for no other reason than to show that one possesses it; but this is a temptation to be shunned as we shun all self-indulgence and to be mastered completely at the earliest opportunity. Show your erudition and your good taste by your *choice* of words, not by their multiplicity; and if your temptations are greater than you can bear sit at the feet of the gods and try to imbibe the secret of their divinity.

Study the following little paragraph from one of Hergesheimer's stories:

"In his room a fire of coals was burning in the grate, with a faintly audible splitting and small rushes of gaseous flame. It cast a perceptible ruddiness on the immediate oak flooring, while the rest of the room was rapidly dimming; the windows, beyond which the familiar limbs of the elms on the street were sharp and black, showed only rectangles of cold gray; the yellow light had faded from the sky. Epes stood irresolutely, with his gaze lowered, his brow drawn with lines. He could just see his blue sea chest, sent up from the ship earlier in the afternoon; and the brass disks of a nocturnal, his chiefest treasure, hung, he knew, above the chest on the wall. That old instrument of navigation, for finding at night, through the North Star, the hour, seemed to challenge and mock his wretchedness and impotence. The latter word most perfectly held the essence of his tragic situation."

This paragraph is a perfect little etching of that room and of that character, and when you have finished reading it you will read it again, as you would look again at a picture you were fond of. From beginning to end it is so simple, so entirely clear and intelligible that you overlook for a moment the beauty of it in your instantaneous acceptance of the situation it discloses.

But that it is beautiful as well as simple you will quickly admit on reading it a second time, particularly the sentence containing the following clause: "the windows, beyond which the familiar limbs of the elm trees on the street were sharp and black, showed only rectangles of cold gray; the yellow light had faded from the sky." That sentence is so simple that

no one except an artist could have written it, but if you are *not* an artist you may wonder why I should have chosen it.

Simplicity of a more humorous character though not less striking is to be found in the following paragraph from the famous story by Edward Everett Hale, "My Double; And How He Undid Me."

"He was not shaven. He had on no spectacles. He was dressed in a green baize runabout and faded blue overalls, worn sadly at the knee. But I saw at once that he was of my height, five feet four and a half. He had black hair, worn off by his hat. So have and have not I. He stooped in walking. So do I. His hands were large, and mine. And—choicest gift of Fate in all—he had, not a 'strawberry-mark on his left arm,' but a cut from a juvenile brickbat over his right eye, slightly affecting the play of that eyebrow. Reader, so have I! My fate was sealed!"

If you know anything at all about literature you would see at a glance that this paragraph was not the work of an amateur. The very brevity and succinctness of the description which is at the same time so unmistakable denotes the hand of a master.

Here is another little gem from the story by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, called "The Revolt of Mother."

"Sarah Penn washed the frying-pan with a conclusive air. She scrubbed the outside of it as faithfully as the inside. She was a masterly keeper of her box of a house. Her one living-room never seemed to have in it any of the dust which the friction of life with inanimate matter produces. She swept, and there seemed to be no dirt to go before the broom; she cleaned, and one could see no difference. She was like an artist so perfect that he has apparently no art. To-day she got out a mixing bowl and a board, and rolled some pies, and there was no more flour upon her than upon her daughter who was doing finer work. Nanny was to be married in the fall, and she was sewing on some white cambric and embroidery. She sewed industriously while her mother cooked; her milk-white hands and wrists showed whiter than her delicate work."

By some peculiarity of natural selection this is the sort of thing very young writers are careful to avoid. To them its very simplicity proclaims it commonplace, trivial, and they shun the appearance of commonplaceness as they would pollution. But as a matter of fact this sort of "commonplaceness" is really very unusual. So unusual that it confers distinction upon anyone who is able to achieve it. And it is the sort of "commonplaceness" that an editor welcomes with a happiness almost too deep for tears!

Just simple, everyday, conversational English that no one needs to worry about or stumble over; words we all know perfectly well and use daily; familiar companions and old friends, yet used with the disarming naturalness that is the greatest of arts and indicates the widest possible appreciation and understanding of language.

As I have said a dozen times before it is the best writers who are the simplest, the least ostentatious; even as it is the true patrician who makes the least boast of family or possessions. The family and the possessions are his background; he does not hurl them at you like a hand-grenade.

IN AND OUT OF THE DICTIONARY

A column of authoritative solutions to problems concerning the use of English, submitted by readers of The Story World.

"H. F. D., Detroit, Michigan." When is it correct to say "compared to"; and when, "compared with"?

Answer: "Compared to" is correct only when used in the sense of *likened to*. When comparing the relative merits of two or more objects it is correct to use "compared with."

"L. H. H., San Diego, Calif." Which is correct: "That is because of my sis-

ter telling him to go"; or "That is because of my sister's telling him to go"?

Answer: It is correct to use the possessive case with the gerund (verbal noun). It would therefore be written: "That is because of my sister's telling him to go."

"W. G., El Paso, Texas." Is it correct to say: "He kissed her on either cheek"?

Answer: No. "Either" in the sense of *each* is incorrect.

"R. M. S., Mobile, Alabama." Is it ever permissible to conclude a sentence with "to" when used as part of an infinitive? Thus: "We do not go so often as we should like to."

Answer: This is not considered good English although used very commonly in conversation and in much of our popular literature. The sentence should read: "We do not go so often as we should like to go."

"M. L. D., Chicago, Ill." I find that it is not easy for me to tell a story in an interesting way and I believe this is mainly due to a limited vocabulary. How may this condition be remedied? I believe that a book on the correct use of English would help but I am looking for a book containing phrases which will be of help in getting my ideas on paper. I shall appreciate any advice you can give.

Answer: There is no particular book which will give you the power to tell a story in an interesting way. On the contrary, any book purporting to give you a list of clever and attractive phrases will be almost certain to destroy the only quality that makes story-telling worth while in the first place, namely, spontaneity.

They would not be *your* phrases, and if you endeavored to fit them harmoniously into your story pat-

tern the effect would probably be incongruous. Such phrases must first of all be made absolutely your own and there is only one way to accomplish this: the way of steady, persistent reading and assimilating until the words have become so much a part of your mental equipment that you will use them naturally and without effort.

If you try to store your mind with a set of phrases as you would memorize the figures in a mathematical equation you may be able to use them accurately but they are very apt to be quite without charm.

The only way to tell a story attractively is to tell it naturally, spontaneously, and you cannot possibly be either spontaneous or natural if you are trying to choose from a classified list of appropriate phrases the particular phrase of which you are in need.

To be sure all writing involves a certain amount of choice in the matter of words and phrases but this choice is not made from lists recommended and learned by heart; it is made from the sum total of your vocabulary, the latter being the slow and gradual accumulation of your entire life.

What you want, in order to tell your story attractively, is not a stereotyped set of phrases or even a very complete vocabulary; it is simply *to have a story to tell*. If you have not this no amount of words will aid you in the least; if you have it the words will come in response to your demand.





IN THE FOREGROUND

Brief Editorial Chats on Timely Topics

Emerson Hough—American

IN another section of this issue you will find what is probably the last written work of Emerson Hough, noted author and pioneer, who passed away at Evanston, Illinois, during the early part of May.

It is particularly significant that this last message should express, as has possibly nothing else he has written, the vigorous Americanism, the high ideals and the clean-cut philosophy of the man whose two most recent books, "The Covered Wagon" and "North of 36," rank with the best literature of the decade.

Despite his abhorrence of the influence of the European and "Modernistic" schools of writing upon the literature of America, it may be noted that the article we present is surprisingly free from the bitterness that is so apt to creep into a discussion of its type. And this is even more worthy of comment when it is borne in mind that, at the time he penned the article, Mr. Hough was a very sick man.

Indeed, in the letter that accompanied his manuscript, he wrote: "Were it not for the fact that I had already given you my promise, I would never have attempted to finish this paper for you."

We believe that this statement

sums up, as nothing else could, the character of this famous writer. Just out of the hospital, sick unto death, as it developed later, Mr. Hough completed and delivered his carefully written contribution—to live up to "a promise" that few persons, under the circumstances, would have for one moment considered binding.

America needs more writers of Mr. Hough's type. There are only too few of them left today—these sturdy pioneers—Eugene Manlove Rhodes, who was one of Mr. Hough's closest friends, Hamlin Garland—just a mere handful.

When they are gone, who will rise up to take their place?

Drive Out the "Fakes"

THE *Chicago Evening American*, one of the Hearst papers, is to be commended for the fight it has put up against "fake" concerns that pretend to sell scenarios or to teach scenario writing. In a recent editorial the publication in question quotes a letter from an illiterate immigrant girl, fifteen years of age, who, upon answering the advertisement of one of these companies, was informed that her "scenario" had been "accepted" but that she must forward thirty-six dollars for "expenses" before further action could be taken on it.

The *Evening American* states that the managers of such a firm "ought to be put into jail." And it is right!

It also declares that similar punishment

should be meted out to a number of so-called "scenario schools," who, with "fake encouragement," stenciled criticisms, and other illegitimate means, raise false hopes in the breasts of thousands of aspirants who by no stretch of imagination could be granted the slightest chance to succeed. Right again!

There are altogether too many of these concerns in existence. The sooner they are put out of business the better it will be for writers who really possess creative ability; for the motion picture profession; and, of course, for the few reliable, sincere institutions that discriminate between the fit and the unfit in the selection of their students, offer thorough, practical courses of instruction and back all this up with real service in the all-important matter of aiding those they instruct in getting their photoplays on the screen.

The editor of the *Evening American* is, however, wrong in one respect. In the same editorial he declares that "genuine moving picture concerns are not trying to get young people or old people to write scenarios. They are flooded with the work of experienced people."

Such a statement is undoubtedly the result of ignorance of existing conditions. The motion picture producers are trying to find persons who can write for the screen. The "experienced people"—to whom the *American* refers—are all too few. They cannot keep up with the demand for new material. No field offers a better opportunity to the trained person at the present time than does the photoplay profession. One agent alone, in Hollywood, was approached last month with requests for more than sixty stories.

But this demand must be supplied by trained writers who take their work seriously. Photoplay writing is not a "get-rich-quick" scheme. It is a dignified, highly specialized profession. And, as do the professions of law, medicine or architecture, it requires of one who would advance to the top not only a natural aptitude for the work but also intensive study and practice.

Progress

A FEW decades ago the aldermen of the city of Philadelphia, meeting in the Town Hall, listened to an indignant committee of citizens. Someone, it seemed, had inaugurated the idea of installing bath-tubs. The committee argued that bath-tubs were unnecessary, a waste of money and opposed to all the precedents handed down by their forefathers. They asked the aldermen to pass a law forbidding the installation and use of bath-tubs. It was passed!

Some years later another committee, composed largely of farmers, physicians and ministers, went before the legislature of Nebraska with a demand that railroad trains be prohibited from entering or traversing that state. The farmers stated that trains frightened their livestock and exposed their grain fields to the danger of fire. The physicians declared that this new method of locomotion was highly injurious to the public health. The divines put forth the plea that Almighty God did not wish men to travel by any such means—if He had, He would have stated so in the Inspired Word. The law was passed!

A physician in Scotland, who had discovered a crude anaesthetic, administered the pain-deadening drug to his wife during child-birth. A church committee met and decided that he had thwarted God's explicit decree that woman, because of Eve's original sin in the Garden of Eden, must bear children in pain. They demanded of the civil authorities that the physician be punished. He was. He was burned to death at the stake!

In April, 1923, two men made application of the Selectmen of Brookline, Massachusetts, for licenses to build and to operate two motion picture theatres in that town. Since there were no film shows in Brookline, they felt certain that their proposition would be eagerly welcomed. However, the result was somewhat different from what they had anticipated. It is contained in the following excerpt from one of the Boston newspapers:

"Three hundred Brookline residents gathered in the public library last night to protest against the advent of movies in the wealthy town.

"In effect, the protestants said the

town's traditional dignity would be no more if the movies were permitted. Among the speakers were Rt. Rev. Mgr. Michael T. McManus, pastor of St. Mary's Church of the Assumption; Eugene Smith, master of the Beaver Country Day School, Miss Mary McSkimmon, principal of the Pierce grammar school; Dr. John Mason Little; Rev. Ashley Day Leavitt, pastor of the Harvard Congregational church, and Benjamin F. Hough, of the School Board." The request for licenses was denied!

Further comment, we believe, is unnecessary.

At It Again!

ONCE again, in New York state, the professional "reformers" are busy. This time it is a so-called "clean books" bill that they have been attempting to jam through the legislature at Albany.

From speeches delivered by their pet political mouthpieces, it is evident that they are quite upset over the present situation. The country is bound for the rocks—the rising generation is headed directly for the demnition bow-wows! And all because of the books that people are reading.

Last year, oddly enough, all the crime in New York state was directly traceable to motion pictures. But film censorship did not fare well in the recent election; and since paid reformers have shrewd political minds, they have conveniently forgotten all they said regarding the screen, and have consecrated themselves

to the noble work of suppressing the printed page.

As usual, they put forth some very plausible arguments. Do the people want "lewd, lascivious" literature? Of course, they don't! No one but a moron desires such reading matter. Very well, then, they say, appoint a commission—at fat salaries—and such literature will be banned at once; the people of New York will be purged of all iniquitous thought and "your sons and daughters" saved from damnation. Good phrase, that—"your sons and daughters"—it generally "gets" them when all other arguments fail.

There are one or two flies in the ointment, however. The commission, including, of course, the fat salaries, is one. The other is the queer habit that thinking Americans have formed of deciding for themselves as to what is good or bad for them, including their sons and daughters. This latter attitude is quite annoying to "reformers." It has, indeed, often been a decided stumbling block in their carefully mapped out road to political and "moral" domination.

It is not improbable, however, that the "clean book" bill will eventually be put through. In that event, the result will be interesting to watch. We should enjoy nothing better than to be within earshot when a commission composed of, for example, a college professor, a clubwoman, an ex-saloonkeeper-politician, a retired farmer, a minister and an author get together to decide what books to suppress.

After all, every man knows what books should be censored. Certainly—the ones *he* doesn't like!



MEN who have blazed new paths for civilization have always been precedent breakers. It is ever the man who believes in his own ideas; who can think and act without a crowd to back him; who is not afraid to stand alone; who is bold, original, resourceful; who has the courage to go where others have never been, to do what others have never done, that accomplishes things, that leaves his mark on his times.



I RECENTLY made a round trip of the State of California for the purpose of informing those interested how we natives of Hollywood write for the "movies." The gentleman under whose auspices I made this remarkable lecture tour certainly went to great lengths to invite sundry people who had nothing in particular to do on various evenings to come and hear what I had to say. But, it is very evident that a whole lot of people didn't care what I said, or when and how I said it, or else they all had previous engagements. After learning the advance sale in some of the towns I was convinced that somebody must have spread the rumor about that the ticket sellers were afflicted with some terrible contagious disease. I have absolute proof that there are fifty millions of our general population going to fifteen thousand moving picture theatres each week, but that the majority of that quota in each of the cities I visited must have been out. I received such a cold in each town that it will take me two years to get over the coughing. I hold the much coveted distinction of being the only lecturer who appeared in places where no lecturer had ever appeared before. The majority of theatres wherein I made my bow had seating capacities which ran all the way from fifteen hundred to twenty-five hundred. I also have the additional honor of having appeared before the greatest number of vacant seats. Furthermore, I have the satisfaction of knowing that it cost more to bring me into the average sized city than it did such organizations as first class musical comedies including twenty principals, a chorus of fifty, eighteen musicians and six truck loads of trunks

and scenery! In Sacramento it cost me three hundred and fifty dollars before I opened my mouth, and ten dollars extra for transporting my trunk and one bag to the hotel! It required a greater expenditure of weather proof cash to usher me into Fresno than it cost to bring the entire Barnum and Bailey Circus to town, including the feed for the wild animals! And so, after speaking to the eight or ten in each town, I came to the decision that it costs some people money to talk, and I decided to quit talking for an indefinite period and confine whatever I had to say in the future to the screen. I am firmly convinced that as a box office value I have a natural ability as a first-class waffle moulder. As far as I am concerned, I have concluded that those fifty million people who go to the pictures every week don't care to know a gash ding about them, as far as I am concerned, so I am going to leave them to figure it all out for themselves. In the meantime, I am thoroughly convinced that as a platform chanter I'd make an excellent vocalist in a deaf and dumb asylum!

A chap came to me the other day with a story. In fact it wasn't really a story. It seemed more like the delirious ravings of a troubled mind. It consisted of a series of wholesale killings, each one more barbarous than the one that preceded it. He had submitted it to a studio and was surprised that it had come back home to roost. It was the first story he had ever written, and I didn't doubt it as I read it. Why he expected to sell it is something which I will never be able to fathom. Show me the writer that sold his first story and we will take his script and preserve it in oils in one of our museums of natural history. And yet, this amateur author was completely amazed, astounded, because he re-

ceived that script back. He really believed he had a great story. He had a right to believe that: he wrote it. The idea came to him one night and he rushed to a typist the next morning and had her write it for him. Then he took it to a producer and asked him to buy it. Naturally, the producer was sane, and he politely handed it back to him, after reading it. After reading it, I decided that producer must have been a most gracious individual. It made me angry. It made me angry that any individual would have the audacity to submit such an unfinished piece of work to a producer and expect him to buy it. No writer can put the best that he has in a piece of work in that length of time. It's an insult to the producer and the entire industry for such an author to presume that such a shiftless work will be sold. The sooner that the amateur writer realizes that the moving picture industry is not a joke, or receptacle for slipshod efforts the better it will be for all concerned. Good stories are not written in a day. They are the result of the author's effort to do something really worth while. The public is making a lot of fuss about "The Covered Wagon," but that script made the usual rounds of the studios before it was finally purchased. If a writer spends months in writing a story and sells it a year later his efforts have not been in vain. There's no need to hurry. A writer is different from an actor in that he has a limited time in which to enjoy his popularity. Nobody cares how he looks: how he photographs doesn't interest anyone. In fact as he grows older his work improves. Some authors have done their best work after they reached fifty.

Don't be afraid. While I was chautauquing recently I became conscious of several ailments with which the amateur writer is afflicted, and the most serious one is timidity. A lot of people seemed to be ashamed to admit that they have the writing instinct. A woman came to me while I was in Fresno and sought my advice. She was particularly anxious to maintain secrecy and confided to me that she had never permitted anyone in that city to discover she was trying to write photoplays.

She said she was afraid that they might think she was reaching for the moon and would laugh at her. This woman is one of the most prominent women in that city and had been in the habit of spending several afternoons each week playing bridge or whist. Suddenly, she decided that she wanted to spend her spare hours doing something really worth while. So, she started writing stories. She has been writing them for several months, and she has been so timid about letting her friends know about it that not a soul in the town knows it. This is nothing more nor less than timidity and should be overcome. In some cases, it almost reaches the extent of shame. And yet, I cannot understand why anyone should be ashamed of writing. It is rather a nice thing to be able to create. Not many people can do it, and, if God has given us that gift we should never be ashamed of it. It seems to manifest a doubt, and, where there's a doubt there's a scarcity of progress.

I think every story should start off with something vital. A good story is like a bomb. We light the fuse in the first scene and it burns and sputters and gains in rapidity as it goes toward the big climax. The trouble with many of us is that we put the bomb in the center of the fuse and the thing explodes before we have completely told our story. The amateur is inclined to put his biggest punch in the beginning or middle of his story and then he hasn't anywhere to go. Save the climax until the end of the story. Start the story with something vital and interesting: to hold the interest of the audience. Then build it up gradually until you reach the climax, and make that climax big enough to reward the audience for its indulgence. So many stories are told before they are half over. The biggest physical situation should be saved for the end.

"One of the chief troubles with the motion picture is that it is the work of too many cooks," according to a recent issue of the New York Morning Telegraph. "One man writes the story, another the

continuity, another the titles, while still another casts and directs it: finally the result is cut by a totally different collection of people. It is a wonder that a film which has gone through so many changes from as many different viewpoints, comes out with any definite character at all. The author may have a rare sense of beauty and balance in his original story, but the continuity writer, in order to satisfy his ideas of drama, throws it out of focus and interpolates freely. The director forms his idea of the characterization and casts accordingly. The lighting and camera work then play their part toward making or breaking the general effectiveness. The title man may cause a well-bred lot of characters to assume the language of Broadway or a set of rough ones to take on the airs of the drawing room. Last, but not least, the cutting, after leaving the discerning eye of the director, is subjected to various boards of censorship in each State or community, but this is not all, for the finished product still depends upon the projection of the theatre in which it is shown. Taking it all in all, it is no wonder that the thoroughly satisfactory picture is rare. The big steps ahead will be taken by the men who can master more than one branch of picture making. The author who can follow his story through into continuity form and then know enough to take it into the studio and collaborate with a good photographer who has some ideas about lighting and who will, in turn, respect the wishes of the director and art director, whose carpenters and property men can produce the desired effects, should make a combination that will go far toward establishing harmony of production."

That all reads very well, but where in the dickens are we going to find a producer who has faith enough in the author to let him do all this?

I happened to be present the other day when a writer received a telegram stating that a certain producer had accepted his story and was willing to pay the price asked by the author. The effect was pleasing to the eye and quite as enjoyable to me as though I was the party of the first part.

The result was interesting. Immediately, the author surrounded his typewriter and began working on about eighteen stories at the same time. About the greatest incentive I know of is a check: especially when the amount is in four figures. And, for the benefit of those who are inclined to become discouraged, I might add that this story had been traveling around to the various studios for months.

When we begin to feel too important it might be well to remember that we won't be missed a great deal when we're through; that the boys will still be playing pinochle; there'll be just as many simps struggling for front seats at musical comedies; and those we leave behind will keep right on electing presidents. The only way we can attract attention after we're gone is by doing big things while we're here. A good story on the screen will never be forgotten.

Just jot this down in your note-book: Morning is for courage and ambition; midday is for business adventures; twilight is for beauty, love and romance, and night-time is for mystery and fear. Keep this in mind when writing.

There are only two or three big punches in life. One of them is living; another is writing and a third is dying. Before we can do the first and the third, we've got to do the second.

In Bakersfield a railroad conductor came to see me. I spent a very interesting hour with him and listened to some marvelous experiences which he said he intends to write in the near future. He has been preparing to write for the past two or three years, but up to the present hasn't felt the real urge. But, he knows plot and theme, and I'll bet when he does start he'll attract some attention. His stories should find a ready market for he is merely reaching back into his mental archives and taking some of the stuff he has lived.



WHEN an ingenious and economical housewife cuts up one of dad's suits of clothes and makes it over for Junior, the results leave perfection in neither one thing nor the other. The garments are null and void so far as father is concerned and Junior's hybrid habiliments do not compare favorably with the made-to-order toggerly of his associates.

It is much the same with photoplays.

The novel, short story or stage drama that is cut, patched, and "adapted" to screen use ceases to be a novel, short story or stage drama and becomes a hybrid that is usually as unsatisfactory as father's "adapted" suit on Willie.

Of course we know that there are exceptions to all rules. If dad's suit happens to be made of material that is equally appropriate for Junior and the job is turned over to an expert tailor the results may be made exceedingly happy. There are some novels, short stories and stage dramas that, in the hands of experts, may be translated into highly creditable photoplays. In some cases the screen adaptation is better than the story in its original form. The "Miracle Man" was a little heard of book; George Cohan's stage play made from the book was not a huge success, but the screen version was circumstances under which adaptation to the a masterpiece. The occasional instances of the successful adaptation to the screen of stories written in other forms are in the minority and we shall set them aside for the present as the exceptions that prove the rule.

My attitude in this matter is not based on empty prejudice. I am championing

the original photoplay, not because for nearly a decade I devoted my time to writing original screen material, nor because for the past few years I have been vitally interested in others who have been doing, or preparing themselves to do, likewise. My argument is based upon what I regard as sound logic and reason.

The heart and soul of a drama—or a photodrama—is *suspense*. The formula, "Make 'em laugh—make 'em weep—and make 'em wait," is well known. Make 'em wait for what? For the climax—for the outcome of the conflict—the solution of the mystery—the denouement of the problem involved. What happens when I go into a theatre and witness a production which has been adapted from a novel or short story that I have previously read? *I know in advance what the climax is going to be*, and there is no *suspense* so far as I, and others who have read the story, are concerned. Have you ever had the pleasure of reading a book marred by a friend who has revealed to you the contents of the concluding chapter? Why? Because the *suspense* was eliminated! If a thousand men and women picked at random from every class and every station of life were given the power of second sight—a sure and accurate vision into the future clear through to the ends of their lives, a large proportion of them would sooner or later commit suicide because the element of suspense and hope would be removed.

Hope and suspense are closely related. While we are in doubt as to the outcome of a play on stage or screen, we are hoping that the character with whom our sympathies lie will win, just as our courage and ambition are sustained by hoping for a better tomorrow in real life. If we have read a story in book form before seeing it played on the screen, we know the principal character is going to win, or, in

case of tragedy, going to lose; and having nothing to hope for our interest is dead unless we are merely admiring the acting or the quality of art involved in the work as a whole. This is not the attitude of the average screen audience, however. There is another strong argument against "adaptation." When I read a printed story I visualize the characters in one way—you in another. In spite of the author's detailed description, every reader involuntarily and subconsciously sees each character and locale differently. When one has finished a book the characters in it have become real—they are as people whom one has known. This individual visualization is inevitable and not at all undesirable. Part of the charm of reading lies in this very thing. But—when a story is "adapted" to the screen, what a disappointment awaits those who have read the tale and formed their own visual images! There are occasional exceptions, of course. John Barrymore, in his screen version, was both Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, just as I had seen them in my mind's eye. "Sentimental Tommy" was an admirable effort, but Gareth Hughes was not at all the sentimental Tommy that I had loved in the book. Perhaps he was to others, just as, perhaps, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde were not, to many. Mind you, Hughes' acting was superb, but he was not the Tommy that lived in *my* imagination for all the years since I first read the book. William Farnum's acting was wonderful in *Les Misérables*, but he was not the Jean Valjean that I had known in the book.

When I witness the screen presentation of a photodrama that was written solely for motion picture production, I meet the characters for the first time. I have had no opportunity to visualize them, and therefore there is no disappointment in store for me, in so far as this point is concerned.

Meeting them for the first time on the screen, I become interested in them and their ambitions, problems, ideals and all the elements that combine in giving them living personalities. I take sides with one or another as their relationships develop conflict. My curiosity is aroused as to the outcome of the conflict. I am deeply

interested, for I *hope* that the character, be it man or woman, who is endeavoring to accomplish a worth while purpose in a legitimate, admirable manner will succeed. I feel for and with that character. I am much concerned when a new obstacle looms in his path. I am alarmed when that obstacle appears to be insurmountable, and I am elated when my "hero" or "heroine" does surmount it. I admire and respect the courage, sacrifice, generosity or whatever admirable quality is involved, just as I despise the contemptuous characteristics of the "villain," provided there is such a character in the play, and some degree of villainy is usually characterized in every play or photoplay. While doubt remains as to the outcome of the conflict—while the skillful author of the play is "making me wait," not only are my emotions aroused but I am held in the grip of suspense, just as the author intended I should be. But—if I have previously read the story, I know what the outcome is going to be and there is no curiosity, no suspense and little interest.

Part of the charm of a stage play lies in brilliant dialogue, just as much of the fascination of a novel is embodied in the style in which it is written. Neither of these elements may be adequately translated to the screen. Why, then, should the attempt at translation be made when we have a new art form at our command—a new, universal, graphic language in which to convey our stories to the people of the world.

If there is a foundation of logic or common sense in a producer's ignoring strong, original screen material and seeking for published works to "adapt," then there is an equal amount of logic or common sense in a painter buying the "rights" to a famous statue in order to use it for "adaptation" to his canvas in oils.

Art is truth and beauty—an individual entity in art is the expression of a worth while truth in a beautiful way—in a way that will "move the sensibilities and souls and minds of men by adherence to certain harmonies which accord with fixed ideas of grace, beauty and dignity"—that will arouse the emotions—that will portray sentiments and passions in a way that makes an emotional impression.

Art, in drama, or photodrama, is a reflection of life. For material we have the lives of millions of men and women who are living or who have lived. Why should men call themselves artists while they continue to fawn as parasitical mendicants on the thresholds of other arts, instead of using their own brains, their own originality, and their own technique combined with the limitless material that covers the face of the earth and the most effective and universal means of expression that the world has ever known? Why?

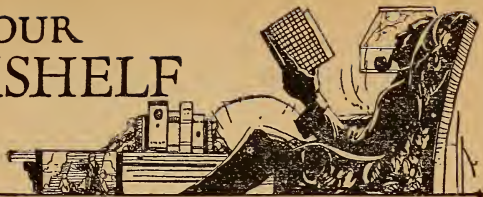
When patrons of motion picture theatres pay the price of admission they may reasonably expect and are fully entitled to a competent and satisfying presentation of the picture or pictures that are advertised. Frequently, however, the cupidity or carelessness of the exhibitor permits a defect that is inexcusable—the too rapid projection of films. It would seem that some exhibitors have pledged themselves to the motto, "Get their money; get 'em in and—get 'em out!" A few nights ago I attended the performance at a large downtown house in Los Angeles. Business was good—the house was full. When I came out there was a long line waiting for admittance. Apparently the proprietor had told the operator of the projection machine to "rush the show" and the results indicated no quality of insubordination. The show was rushed to such an extent that one was left rubbing outraged eyes and wondering what it was all about. A news reel showed King George of England attending the christening of his grandchild. As he passed the camera, tipping his hat to the crowd, one might easily have believed that in addition to underwear lined with sand crabs and red ants he was afflicted with St. Vitus dance, a bad case of hives and just a touch of hysterical insanity. The amiable monarch offered almost conclusive proof that the hand is quicker than the eye, for he managed to get his hat off his head, high in air and back on his royal pate faster

than any hat ever traveled a like distance in real life. The attendant who carried the royal heir from the church to the waiting limousine gave an excellent imitation of a female fugitive bootlegger escaping from a raid with a gallon of gin in her arms. No officer of the law could have overtaken her on foot. Nothing short of a motorcycle geared to track speed could have equalled her pace. In the ensuing photodrama the heroine was supposed to be leisurely drinking her breakfast coffee and reading the morning paper. She picked up her cup, sipped and set it back in the saucer in such frantic haste that one was left with the impression that she had absent-mindedly lifted and kissed a gila monster by mistake, and then scrambled through the newspaper in a manner that left no doubt that she was looking for an antidote to counteract the poison. A pet dog entered and departed through a French window much as an upholstered cannon ball might have done. A maid came in and deposited something on the table so hastily that one took it for granted that it was a bit of white hot metal, although it was probably a letter in the manuscript of the play. The rest of the cast outdid a troupe of trained grasshoppers as the film rushed madly on. As I felt my eyesight leaving me and my senses reeling I left the theatre obsessed with the contagious suggestion of speed to such a degree that I bowed to a passing taxicab before I realized that I had passed the ticket-taking damsel at the door and was half way across the street in front of the house. If I have exaggerated in detail I have not in effect and impression. Not once but many times has a short-sighted manager ruined my evening in his effort to run off seven reels in the time that three should be run. He gained dimes at the box office for the moment and lost dollars in the eventual dissatisfaction of patrons. If the association of projectionists is possessed of sincerity of purpose its members should refuse to exceed the standard speed of film projection.





FOR YOUR BOOKSHELF



The Latest Novels Reviewed

By HETTY GOLDRICK

"FOOTLIGHTS"

By Rita Weiman

Dodd, Mead & Co., Publishers Price, \$2.00

DANIEL FROHMAN himself says of Miss Weiman's *Footlights* that these half-dozen stories treat life behind the stage "effectively and sympathetically" and that he finds them "illuminating and delightful." To the layman stories of the stage always have a fascination and it is pleasant to know from such an authority that the atmosphere of these is authentic. Entertainers always seem as exotic as their entertainments and that they are just plain people like the rest of us is not so evident when they are viewed only from this side of the footlights.

Miss Weiman conducts us across to the other side and shows us lonely, discouraged Lizzie Parsons as well as successful, sought-after Parsinovas, the faded has-been as well as the gorgeous Peacock, the wrinkles and weariness which are covered up with Grease-Paint, the unassuming Back Drop behind the scintillating star, those who are torn between Two Masters and who must always decide for the inexorable, that there are shabby clothes and decency even Upstage and that the Curtain rings down on the player's personal drama as well as the one he pretends upon the boards.

There is real sincerity in all these stories, each one is vivid and well told. If I were choosing the best of the six I should say "Back Drop." A homely-visaged manager with a kind heart gives a girl a chance because she has hungry, frightened eyes. Square meals take the hunger out of her eyes and success the fright. Her

real ability, and perhaps her bright hair, also, brought her the love of this same homely manager. He marries and makes her a star, he content to be the homely, unobtrusive back-drop to her magnificent success. Then the fright returns to Gloria's eyes for in spite of her real affection for old 'Dolph she falls in love with her leading man. Nightly she and John Brooks enact a love scene which is maddening to them both and all the time the unsuspecting manager is urging them to put deeper feeling into it. But the lovers play square. John tells old 'Dolph and is leaving the cast when the Back Drop himself steps aside and leaves the two to make real the story they have been acting. The tale is written with fine restraint and no trace of mawkishness. Gloria first appears in the separate story, "Madame Peacock." If the two were combined there would be enough material for an interesting picture of stage life.

"WISDOM'S DAUGHTER"

By H. Rider Haggard

Doubleday, Page & Co., Publishers

Price, \$1.75

Sir Rider Haggard has written three romances of She-Who-Must-Be-Obedied: *Ayesha*, *She* and now *Wisdom's Daughter*. This is her life and love story and is of particular interest now that Egypt is so much in the eyes of the world. In the light of recent discoveries the mummified land of the Pharaohs has come to life and in *Wisdom's Daughter* we see those ancients live and love and die much in the same fashion as the moderns, and struggle the same as we in the never ending clash between the flesh and the spirit.

Ayesha, beautiful child of the Arabian desert, part mortal, part goddess, pupil

and charge of the Prophet Noot, is truly wisdom's daughter, her life wholly guided by the spirit until, in an Egyptian temple where she reigns in Isis' stead, she sets eyes upon a god-like Greek, Kallikrates, who in penance for his sins of numerous light loves and finally the murder of his brother because of jealousy over an Egyptian princess, enters the priesthood that he may be forgiven of his sins and forever free from the temptations of the flesh. He confesses his sins before the altar of Isis and calls upon the veiled confessor for compassion. When she had granted forgiveness it was the custom of Isis to bestow a kiss upon the brow of the penitent. As Ayesha stoops to perform this rite, her veil, somehow, and contrary to ritual, falls away and she is disclosed a beauteous maiden instead of a benevolent goddess. Mother-of-all Isis is somewhere afar in her high abode. Ayesha and the young Greek gaze into each other's eyes. Instead of a kiss upon the brow, the lips of the two somehow meet and there echoes through the temple the beguiling laughter of Aphrodite, goddess of mortal love.

Troublous times fall upon Egypt. The counsel of Ayesha is sought and she goes to the court of Tenes, king of Sidon, who has at heart the winning of Ayesha for himself rather than the good of Egypt. She and Beltis, his Jewish queen, accomplish his destruction. The sacrifice of children to Moloch, the burning of Sidon, Ayesha's escape by sea, the tragic figure of the Jewess awaiting calmly her horrible fate are all most dramatic.

In the meantime Kallikrates, who was a warrior before he was a priest, has taken up arms for Egypt. He has also, despite his priestly vows, returned to the Egyptian princess, Amenartes, for whose favor he slew his brother. His path and that of Ayesha cross and re-cross. Ayesha's wisdom is of no avail to quell her mortal love for him and Kallikrates himself trembles under her glance. Whether the author speaks in the role of wisdom's son, I cannot vouch, but he does say concerning Kallikrates: A man can love two women at the same time, one in the flesh and one in the spirit. This philosophy comforted neither woman, however, and

Ayesha and Amenartes are bitter enemies. They three meet upon the desolate plain of Kor where before Noot's death he had set Ayesha to guard the Fire of Immortality. She wilfully steps within its flame that she may have everlasting life and beauty. When Kallikrates lingers in the arms of Amenartes and refuses to follow her, she strikes him dead.

Today, doomed to life, she wanders in the caves of Kor, awaiting the reincarnation of Kallikrates, Folly's daughter instead of Wisdom's. Aside from the dramatic qualities of the story its historical value would make of it a timely picture.

"THE LOST MR. LINTHWAITE"

By J. S. Fletcher

Alfred A. Knopf, Publisher Price, \$2.00

Most mystery stories have more plot than English. Mr. Fletcher's are different. He can tell a thing as neatly as he makes it happen. *The Lost Mr. Linthwaite* is written well and plotted well all the way through.

Mr. Linthwaite, before he became lost, was a staid London solicitor. He was wealthy as well and he had a nephew, Richard Brixey, on the *Morning Sentinel*. These two had planned a vacation together, Mr. Linthwaite going ahead a few days to enjoy the antiquities of Selchester, he being something of an antiquarian. On the very day that Mr. Brixey is going down to meet him, Miss Byfield, the bookkeeper at Selchester Inn, comes to his office with the troubled story that two days before Mr. Linthwaite went out for a walk and had not yet returned. Mr. Brixey accompanies her to Selchester on the next train and here begins a most devious unwinding of a most tangled mystery. Selchester is an excellent setting, for there is an ancient wall built entirely around the town, a tower hoary with history, the Priory grounds, the Lane Hussar Inn and a charming Foxglove Lane. For characters there are, beside Mr. Linthwaite, and his nephew, a handsome, mysterious woman residing in the most pretentious house

in town and who has the same name as the poor bookkeeper. But the two are as strangers to each other. Christopher Meachem is a man you should keep your eye on and also watch out for Debbie Lee, a girl in a lilac print frock. Inspector Crabbe, of the town police, is as stupid as police always are, and it is Richard Brixey, with the help of a certain Gaffkin, who has grown elderly and astute in Mr. Linthwaite's employ, who finally unwind the plot and bring Mr. Linthwaite out of the maze of circumstances in which he was lost.

Richard Brixey is a matter-of-fact young man and Georgina Byfield can keep her counsel as well as she can keep books. For these reasons the love episode at the end of the story seems as much a mere incidental to the reader as it apparently is to the contracting parties. If audiences insist on love interest, some inkling of Richard's and Georgina's tender feelings should appear sooner in case Mr. Linthwaite gets lost on the screen.

"OLD CROW"

By Alice Brown

Macmillan Co., Publishers Price, \$2.00

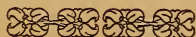
The New England character is a region peculiar unto itself and before making excursions into its borders the reader should know something of the mental woods into which he is venturing. Life in New England is perhaps no more grim than it is in the Northwest, but New England gives the whys and wherefores more thought. Introspection is its chief occupation and as a result tragedy stalks close at hand, for, as Old Crow discovered, there are many things which are not meant to be understood and therefore should not be thought about too much.

It took Old Crow nearly a lifetime to shape his philosophy, religion, code of morals, or whatever you want to call it, and he had been dead these many years before John Raven, his descendant, with the same cast of mind as Old Crow and

having almost parallel experiences, came upon Old Crow's diary and thereby found a light to guide him through what his relatives insisted was shell shock and general nervous depression following the war, but what he knew to be a sickness of the spirit. Life seemed to him all out of joint after his return from France. He turned over his business and house in Boston to his nephew and went back to his ancestral home in the country, and more especially to the hut which Old Crow had built on a lonely hillside for a spiritual solace and retreat.

His alarmed relatives follow—his nephew, Dick, his sister, Amelia, and Nan, the charming ward of an old-time friend. These three come to look after him, but not before he had already found someone to look after himself. He came upon her one day on his way to Old Crow's hut, Beautiful as a madonna, ignorant as the backwoods girl she is, hounded and desperate, one time plaything of a flashy village roue, now the fearful wife of a psalm-singing fanatic, and to the end a pitiful pawn of a pitiless fate; John Raven tries to rescue her. In any other place than New England Tira would have left her brute husband and in any other place Raven would have taken her for himself. But in New England there is the New England conscience to be reckoned with and however unreasoning its mandates it is obeyed. Through obedience to it Tira gains a certain peace of soul if she never has the comfort of human love. Raven catches Old Crow's vision and finally finds happiness in the love which he has been blind to all along.

A stark tale of sick souls and troubled minds, this is, nevertheless, a story of distinction. Miss Brown never writes in any other style. New England is her field and she portrays it as it is. It is a long novel, giving so much space as it does to the mental and spiritual lives of its characters. But stripped down to the action alone there is still a full-sized, dramatic story. Tira would be an appealing figure on stage or screen, though many might demand a happier fate for her.



THE NEW YORK PLAYS

BY CARROL B. DOTSON

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The influence of the New York stage upon the drama of America cannot be denied. Almost invariably the presentation of certain types of plays in the metropolis presages a popular demand for similar productions in other sections of the country. This influence extends to the field of motion pictures—and even into the realm of literature. A study of the latest New York plays is, therefore, of vital importance to those who desire to keep informed on the trend of American drama.]

THE jury in charge of awarding the late Mr. Pulitzer's annual prize for the best American play elected to honor this year a thing which has no particular mission other than to satisfy huge audiences in quest of good, old-fashioned drama. Mr. Owen Davis was not quarreling with the institutions of marriage, religion, capitalism, government nor the decencies of social intercourse when he wrote "Icebound." This prize winning play, which was reviewed in the April issue of the STORY WORLD, indicates a combination of human cupidity with unctuous virtue which presumably will flourish no less in an Utopia of free love, socialism and unbridled self-expression than here and now. There isn't a prurient complex in the piece from beginning to end. It is superlatively well done—in a season of distinguished plays—and that explains the award perfectly.

At the time this was written the reaction of the inevitable dissenters had not become articulate. But if disappointed authors of other contending American plays follow the example of Channing Pollock, the Pulitzer jury are in for a good scolding. Mr. Pollock, whose play "The Fool" was not named among the fourteen "Sign Post" selections of the Drama League, made an occasion of the Drama League dinner, at which reporters were present, by demanding the reason for omission of his piece. "Hokum" was one of the epithets applied

to Mr. Pollock's play by the embattled leaguers at that dinner, who in turn were branded "anonymous nonentities." The parties to the dispute cleared up the odds and ends of the controversy in the Vox Populi columns of the newspapers, and at this writing the Drama League is letting its Sign Posts stand where they were originally placed while Mr. Pollock, a bad loser perhaps but not a poor one, rakes in the royalties.

The fourteen Sign Post Plays are:

Icebound by Owen Davis
A Square Peg by Lewis Beach
Rain by John Colton and Clemence Randolph
Loyalties by John Galsworthy
Six Characters in Search of an Author by Luigi Pirandello
R. U. R. by Karel Kapek
Mary the Third by Rachel Crothers
The World We Live In by Karel Kapek
Pasteur by Sachi Guitry
Peer Gynt by Henrik Ibsen
Romeo and Juliet with Jane Cowl
Hamlet with John Barrymore
The Merchant of Venice with David Warfield
Moscow Art Theatre (Russian repertory)

If current report be true that Lewis Beach's play "A Square Peg" survived the elimination events up to the last flight in the Pulitzer award tournament, the Pulitzer jury sustains the Drama League in its contention that popular approval at the box office is not, as held by Mr. Pollock, a fair measure of a play's worth. For Mr. Beach's remarkable piece gave up trying

to fill the tiny Punch and Judy theatre after a scant five weeks.

Mr. Pollock's play has been running since October 28 at the Times Square Theatre under the able Selwyn direction, and is to be translated into numerous European languages. It has to do with the assistant rector of a fashionable church who becomes known to his parishioners as "The Fool," and who at times seems, according to very worldly standards, to be just that.

The young clergyman inherits funds adequate for support of the girl he loves, or for giving an overcoat to every shivering sneak thief he meets, but not both. Forced to choose, he elects to thaw out the bones of the scantily clad, losing a desirable bride in consequence. His pastorate is taken away from him when he refuses to rewrite a Christmas sermon dedicated to the wrongs done miners in the employ of a pillar of his church. The girl marries the son of this outraged coal baron.

We next discover the young minister in a slum mission, presenting his last overcoat to the rascal whom he caught trying to steal it. Here the coal baron, who has a real affection for "The Fool," visits him with a proposal that he employ his influence with labor union potentates to compose trouble in the mines. Here also comes the girl whom he had loved, confessing the error of her marriage to another and placing herself at his permanent disposal on terms which ignore the existence in good health of a valid husband. Though stern reference is made in the pastor's speech of renunciation to the vows to which the temptress had committed herself at the altar, we fear that at least one abandoned audience began at that very point to concede the accuracy of Mr. Pollock's title.

The minister attempts reconciliation in the mines on terms which concede everything the unions demand. His solution meets disfavor in the drawing room of his friend the coal baron; and in that scene our hero avails of his opportunity to turn the other cheek in a bit of unpleasantness with his former sweetheart's husband. Here the audience's last doubts vanish and it becomes unanimous.

It develops that during his visit among

the miners the young minister had unconsciously excited the admiration of a young woman and the imagination of her jealous husband, a fact of many consequences, among which is an attack by a gang of rowdies. During the fight occurs a phenomenon of the "Miracle Man" sort. A little crippled girl whom he had befriended recovers full power of locomotion at sight of the saintly resignation of a man who will not fight back under attack.

In the end, the son of the coal baron, now a wreck mentally and physically in consequence of his dissipations, comes to taunt "The Fool" on the mess he has made of his life. He totters away cackling while the virile young minister stands prayerfully gazing skyward through the window of his attic room.

"Is that the Star of Bethlehem?" lisps the little restored cripple, following his gaze.

"I wonder," muses the rector; and the curtain falls.

Hokum is a harsh word, but Mr. Pollock cannot be said to have attempted many experimental situations. If the Drama League had just left its Sign Posts in the attic instead of sticking them around in front of Broadway theatres, New Yorkers would not only continue to help pack the Times Square theatre but, like the out-of-towners, admit without apology that they liked the show first rate.

Peer Gynt

Theatre Guild Production at the Schubert Theatre

Thanks to the courage of the Theatre Guild, and the art of young Joseph Schildkraut, "Peer Gynt" becomes a vivid personality; wherefore the Ibsen dramatic poem acquires a reality, and the Grieg composition a new charm. Not since Richard Mansfield essayed dramatization of this fantasy had it been done. None out but the Theatre Guild might have tried it.

The distinction of the present effort lies in its superb stagecraft and Schildkraut's portrayal of the youth of Peer. As done by the Theatre Guild the play is episodically presented in thirteen gorgeous scenes. The playboy of the mountains is intro-

duced at his mother's cottage; he endures the taunts of the merry-makers at the fair but meets Solveig; he commits the crime which outlaws him; high in the mountains among the troll folk, a strikingly weird scene, he experiences wild delirium, and the bassoons in that part of the Grieg suite do now in all truth come to life. Peer sobers up and finds Solveig awaiting him in the refuge in the mountains; but is driven forth by the troll princess to purge his soul. To his mother's hut, where Ase breathes her last to the strains of the suite. Then to Arabian scenes, and Anitra's sensuous dance, done by Lillebil Ibsen with terrific effect; and the madhouse at Cairo, with its gibbering lunatics.

Years of wandering, and at last, an aged man, back to his mountain hut. Like Tomlinson, "neither spirit or spirk . . . neither book nor brute" Peer has achieved no important virtue, accomplished no damning sin. The Guild play is a demonstration not so much of the art of acting as the art of production. It would serve without the lines, so effectively is it pantomimed.

Secrets

By Rudolph Bessier and May Edgington

Produced by Sam H. Harris at the

Fulton Theatre

A prologue, three acts and an epilogue are employed to portray the enduring love of a woman for a man. It is a love which separates Mary Manners from the luxury of a London home, survives the rigors of American ranch life, spurs John Carlton on to wealth, knighthood and social triumph; and stands by during and through his period of exploration of forbidden fields of romance.

In the prologue four of Mary's children stand outside the door of their father's sickroom reproaching the mother for her devotion to an undeserving mate. They persuade her to rest; and the dreams of her sleep are pictured in the three acts of the play.

She appears as a debutante, writhing under the lash of her father's infuriated

reprobation of her love for John Carlton, a clerk in the family's commercial house. She is ordered to her room, but with the connivance of a maid escapes to elope to America with John.

Three years of hardship on a Wyoming ranch, and the first baby comes. John's life is demanded by a band of outlaws in Mosaic satisfaction for the loss of their leader at the hands of avenging ranchmen. John is given his choice of surrender or sacrifice of his wife and baby along with his own life. Mary's reply to this proposal is a volley from her own rifle. The cabin is fired and Mary kills an intruder just as neighboring ranchers come to the rescue in the nick of time.

They return to London, with their four grown children and vast wealth. John is knighted by the king and forgiven by Mary's parents. In the social round which follows John loses his head. An adventuress, wife of an impecunious nobleman, compromises him; and John is named as co-respondent in the divorce action instituted by the aggrieved husband. Mary is urged by her husband's paramour to divorce him and leave him free to follow his heart. The timely appearance of John, and his confession, determines Mary to see it through for the children's sake, and to save him from the consequences of his folly.

As the curtain rises on the epilogue the voice of John is heard from the sickroom, calling for Mary. She rouses from her sleep and its retrospective visions to hear from the physician that her husband has passed the crisis. Brushing the astonished children to one side, she hurries to his bedside and the play is done.

So This Is London!

By Arthur Goodrich

Presented by George M. Cohan at the

Hudson Theatre

Ever since the Dogdays of 1922 this entertaining sketch has satisfied Broadway's fastidious appetite for comedy. Its mission is to prove that the one requisite of perfect amity between the Englishman

and the American is recognition by each that the other is a good fellow. The characterizations are broadly drawn to drive the point home.

A millionaire American shoe manufacturer arrives in London with his family to control or ruin British shoe production. He ridicules everything British and boasts of everything American in the purest Babbit mood. Learning of his son's infatuation for an English girl he threatens disinheritance; and failing in that, makes extravagant fun of English family life. The father's idea of his subject is pantomimed by the appearance of the English characters of the play in a broad burlesque intended to represent an ignorant American's idea of British snobbery and general asininity.

The scene shifts to the home of the titled shoe manufacturer for whom the American comes a-gunning. Here we see the Englishman, excellently done by Lawrance D'Orsay, suffering acutely from discovery of his daughter's love for an American youth. Failing in every other appeal, he resorts to ridicule of American family life. His impressions on that subject are visualized by the introduction of the American characters in a burlesque representing the ignorant Englishman's conception of American gaucherie and boastfulness.

Presently the two families come face to face in negotiations related to the shoe business only to discover that they are face to face with an international love affair. But before either set of parents learns of the romance, each has contracted a warm admiration for the offspring of the other. With one final quarrel over whether the wedding shall be on English or American soil, the play ends with everybody happy, including the audience.

Why Not?

By Jesse Lynch Williams

*Produced by The Equity Guild at the
48th Street Theatre*

Mr. Williams has written one of the best farces Broadway has seen for a long time. The Equity Players cause it to suffer in the presentation. This venture of the actors' labor union reflects unfavorably upon the theatrical producing technique of the American Federation of Labor.

Poetry sufficed to shelter, clothe and feed Leonard when he was single. Marriage compelled him to supplement his income by writing verse; and when the baby came, there was nothing for it but to go in for jingles. So after fifteen years of this descent was easy to the calling of butler and maid, where we discover Leonard and Mary when the curtain rises.

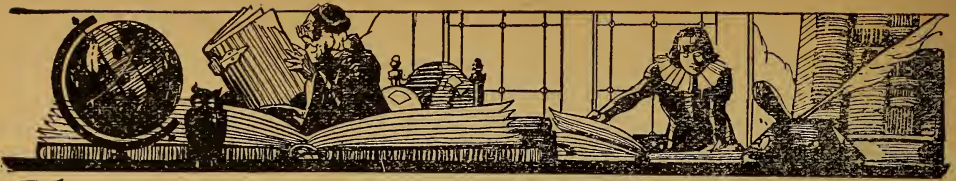
Enters Madame, looking her new butler over and almost swooning as she gasps "You!" Enters the Master, glimpsing the maid and diving for the decanter as he hisses "You!" Fifteen years ago Madame had loved the poet turned butler; and Master had adored the debutante turned parlor maid. Not one of the four cares passionately for his or her own mate.

Master and Madame have a son, Leonard and Mary a daughter. Divorce is approved in friendly conference of the six; the procedure is desertion and Reno. Continued daily association of both sets of parents with their own children is happily arranged by taking a double-wing house.

The lines sparkle and there are many situations which make sophisticated good fun of the conventions. It is unfortunate that the Actors' Equity Association did not enlist a more adequate cast.



"MAYBE you'll be wanting my definition of the difference between thrift and stinginess. Thrift is keeping your money in your 'pooch' biding the day when you'll need it. Stinginess is putting a padlock on your pocket—and your heart—to keep from helping the other chap when HE'S needing it."—Sir Harry Lauder.



The STORY WORLD'S SERVICE BUREAU.

OUR chief purpose in conducting this department is to keep our readers informed as to the most active fiction and photoplay markets. However, it should be realized that the policies of both magazine editors and motion picture producers are subject to change. Therefore, we cannot always guarantee that our lists will be absolutely up-to-the-minute on the final date of publication. Indeed, since the last issue of THE STORY WORLD we have received many letters stating that manuscripts forwarded to a certain Eastern producer had been returned unopened. Each correspondent seemed to consider himself personally insulted, and criticized us for having erroneously listed this name. Of course, we explained that the company in question had temporarily suspended production and, since it was located in the East, we had not been informed in time for publication.

Our lists represent only the most stable markets. There are others, naturally, which fluctuate. But if you have a story which you believe to be different and are puzzled in selecting a possible purchaser, let the Service Bureau help you. Do not submit the manuscript, but give us brief details concerning its theme, characterization and general nature.

G. Harrison Wiley, former Research Director for the Metro studios and one of the most capable technical men in the motion picture profession, is still on our staff to answer your technical questions. How-

ever, Mr. Wiley at present is also engaged as technical consultant for the Richard Walton Tully Productions, who are filming "Trilby." If he has not replied to your questions as promptly as heretofore, rest assured that he is losing no enthusiasm in his work for you. It is only that his time is more occupied in taking care of his studio duties together with answering his Service Bureau mail. Mr. Wiley's advice to writers enables them to avoid inserting in their stories scenes or situations that would prove impossible or difficult of production. Incidentally, much time and many postage stamps have been conserved.

FICTION MARKETS

The following list represents magazines paying for fiction upon acceptance. The market has undergone little change recently. However, prices remain high, and the properly written story should find a buyer. A double asterisk indicates those paying highest rates; a single asterisk, those paying two cents or more. Manuscripts should be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes, in order to insure prompt return to the sender:

Ace-High—799 Broadway, New York.

Action Stories—41 Union Square, New York.

Adventure—Spring & Macdougall Sts., New York.

*Ainslee's Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.

*American Magazine—381 Fourth Ave., New York.

Argosy All-Story Magazine—280 Broadway, New York.

Asia—627 Lexington Ave., New York.

*Atlantic Monthly—8 Arlington St., Boston.

Black Mask—25 W. 45th St., New York.

*Blue Book—36 S. State St., Chicago.

Bookman—244 Madison Ave., New York.

Breezy Stories—377 Fourth Ave., New York.
 Brief Stories—805 Drexel Bldg., Philadelphia.
 *Century Magazine—353 Fourth Ave., New York.
 *Collier's Weekly—416 W. 13th St., New York.
 **Cosmopolitan Magazine—119 W. 40th St., New York.
 *Country Gentleman—Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia.
 Country Life—Garden City, L. I., N. Y.
 *Delineator—Spring and Macdougall Sts., New York.
 *Designer—12 Vandam St., New York.
 Detective Stories Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
 *Dial, The—152 W. 13th St., New York.
 *Elks Magazine, The—50 E. 42nd St., New York.
 **Everybody's—Spring & Macdougall Sts., New York.
 Farm and Fireside—381 Fourth Ave., New York.
 **Good Housekeeping—119 W. 40th St., New York.
 *Harper's Bazaar—119 W. 40th St., New York.
 *Harper's Monthly—Franklin Square, New York.
 **Hearst's Magazine—119 W. 40th St., New York.
 Holland's Magazine—Dallas, Texas.
 **Ladies' Home Journal—Philadelphia.
 *Life—598 Madison Ave., New York.
 Live Stories—9 E. 40th St., New York.
 Love Story Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
 *McCall's Magazine—236 W. 37th St., New York.
 *McClure's—80 Lafayette St., New York.
 McLean's Magazine—143 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.
 *Metropolitan Magazine—432 Fourth Ave., New York.
 *Modern Priscilla—85 Broad St., Boston.
 Munsey—280 Broadway, New York.
 National Pictorial Monthly—119 W. 40th St., New York.
 People's Story Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
 *People's Home Journal—78 Lafayette St., New York.

*People's Popular Monthly—Des Moines, Iowa.
 *Photoplay Magazine—25 W. 45th St., New York.
 **Pictorial Review—200 W. 39th St., New York.
 *Popular Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
 **Red Book—36 S. State St., Chicago.
 **Saturday Evening Post—Independence Square, Philadelphia.
 Saucy Stories—25 W. 45th St., New York.
 *Scribners' Magazine—597 Fifth Ave., New York.
 Sea Stories—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
 Short Stories—Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.
 Smart Set, The—25 W. 45th St., New York.
 Snappy Stories—9 E. 40th St., New York.
 *Success—1133 Broadway, New York.
 *Sunset Magazine—San Francisco, Calif.
 Telling Tales—80 E. 11th St., New York.
 Top Notch—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
 True Story Magazine—119 W. 40th St., New York.
 Western Story Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
 *Woman's Home Companion—381 Fourth Ave., New York.
 Woman's World—107 So. Clinton St., Chicago.
 Young's Magazine—377 Fourth Ave., New York.

PHOTOPLAY MARKETS

The following constitutes a list of all reliable producers who at present offer possible markets for photoplays. As stated above, however, the demands of producers change rapidly, and it is difficult for us to offer assurance that these producers will be in need of manuscripts when this magazine reaches our subscribers. It must be considered, also, that some producers do not announce their requirements in advance, since they prefer to buy through reliable photoplay agents. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelopes for the return of manuscripts, as producers are not legally responsible for the return of

unsolicited material. Carbon copies should be retained, for further protection.

Eddie Lyons Productions—Care of Berwillia Studio, 5821 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Two-reel comedies for Eddie Lyons and Bobby Dunn.

Ben Wilson Productions—Care of Berwillia Studio, 5821 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Two-reel comedies for Monty Banks.

H. and B. Productions—Care of Bronx Studio, 1745 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.: Dramas, comedy dramas and all-star dramas.

Century Studio—6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Two-reel comedies for Jack Cooper, Baby Peggy and Fred Spencer.

Phil Goldstone Productions—Care of Chester Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.: Dramas for William Fairbanks and Snowy Baker.

I. W. Irving Productions—Care of Cosmosart Studio, 3700 Beverly Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: All-star dramas.

Harry Reveir Productions—Care of Cosmosart Studio, 3700 Beverly Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: All-star dramas.

Shell Craft Productions—Care of Cosmosart Studio, 3700 Beverly Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Two-reel comedies for Ted Henderson and all-star casts.

Clifford S. Elfelt Productions—Care of Fine Arts Studios, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Dramas, all-star casts.

Garson Studios—1845 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.: Dramas for Clara Kimball Young.

Goldwyn Studios—Culver City, Calif.: Big feature dramas.

Richard R. Seeling Productions—1442 Beechwood Drive, Hollywood, Calif.: Western dramas for "Big Boy" Williams.

Richard Thomas Productions—Care of Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: All-star dramas.

Douglas MacLean Productions—Care of Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica

Bld., Hollywood, Calif.: Comedy dramas for Douglas MacLean.

Irving Cummings Productions—Care of Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Outdoor dramas for Irving Cummings.

Victor B. Fisher Productions—Care of Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: All-star dramas.

Courtland Productions—Care of Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.: Unusual dramas for Guy Bates Post.

Lasky Studios—1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Calif.: Comedy dramas for the following stars: Betty Compson, Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Joy Moore, Walter Hiers, and May McAvoy. Also all-star dramas.

Mayer-Schulberg Studio—3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.: All-star dramas.

Metro Studios—Romaine and Cahuenga Sts., Hollywood, Calif.: Comedy dramas for Viola Dana and all-star dramas.

Robertson-Cole Studios—Melrose and Gower Sts., Hollywood, Calif.: Western dramas for Harry Carey; dramas for male or female lead.

Joseph M. Schenck Productions—Care of United Studios, Los Angeles, Calif.: Dramas for Norma Talmadge and comedy dramas for Constance Talmadge.

Maurice Tourneur Productions—Care of United Studios, Los Angeles, Calif.: All-star dramas.

Principal Pictures Corporation—Care of United Studios, Los Angeles, Calif.: All-star dramas.

Universal Film Co.—Universal City, Calif.: Dramas and comedy dramas for Herbert Rawlinson, Jack Hoxie, Wm. Desmond, Gladys Walton, Hoot Gibson, Neely Edwards, Lon Chaney, Reginald Denny and Roy Stewart. Also all-star photoplays and two-reel comedies.

Warner Bros. Studios—5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Comedy dramas for male or female lead.





Across the Silver Screen

THE LATEST PHOTOPLAYS IN REVIEW

"You Can't Fool Your Wife"

"YOU Can't Fool Your Wife" is a Hector Turnbull original for Paramount featuring an all-star cast. Of the triangle variety, the rather obvious story suggests McPherson and de Mille. It receives, however, the formal treatment characteristic of its director, George Melford.

The photoplay's only claim to novelty lies in the nature of the approach to its melodramatic climax, the threatened murder of the lead by anaesthesia. That the development of this situation is attended with a definite degree of repulsion is probably due to awkwardness in its presentation by Mr. Melford. Certainly such dangerous moments have been handled convincingly. Witness the business of the scaffold in Griffith's "Orphans." It takes skilfully measured suspense to dress these overdrawn effects for the intelligent audience, but it can be done quite smoothly. Undoubtedly the lack here is partly traceable to the undecided suspense element.

For the rest, this picture is fairly entertaining. Lavish sets and picturesque backgrounds attract the eye.

Farth McBride, a Wall Street financier, makes a bitter enemy of one Fenton in a business feud which ends disastrously for the latter. Failing in an effort to shoot McBride, Fenton is sentenced to three years in Sing Sing. Later McBride, in Florida with Mrs. McBride and a group of friends, finds himself infatuated with Mme. Saneck, wife of a Polish doctor, and a member of the party. The situation is plain to all, including his faithful little wife who finally leaves him, returning to New York and her nursing profession.

Fenton has, meanwhile, been pardoned through McBride's solicitation, but not be-

fore he has suffered an accident when attempting an escape from a moving patrol. The skill of Saneck, an expert in anaesthesia, saves him, and the doctor's kindness allows the invalid the freedom of his home, there to plot revenge for his imagined wrongs. Fenton learns of McBride's affair and informs Saneck of the condition, arousing the latter's jealousy.

McBride follows his wife to New York, thoroughly awakened and sickened of his association with Mme. Saneck who, in turn, journeys home where she is accused by her indignant spouse.

Through Fenton's trickery, McBride is injured near Saneck's residence and is delivered into the doctor's hands, where his identity becomes known, following which the timely arrival of his wife, in the capacity of nurse, barely saves him from his doom.

The physician's indelicacy in revealing his vicious intention to his victim and the ensuing struggle struck us as decidedly revolting, but the jaded may derive a thrill from it all. Evidently such was anticipated by the producers, for Melford puts it over, with apparent triumph, as a big moment.

Some good, standard performances are given by Lewis Stone, Leatrice Joy, Nita Naldi, Julia Swayne Gordon and others. Perhaps the uncritical will find general satisfaction in this photoplay with the clumsy title.

"Where the Pavement Ends"

When one anticipates the work of Rex Ingram, it is with high expectation. The very least to be sure of is a new twist to provide emotional employment presented with technical excellence. It was, therefore, in keen disappointment that we witnessed Metro's current offering produced

by this young director, "Where the Pavement Ends." Being the adaptation by Mr. Ingram of a John Russell short story of the South Seas, it comes to the screen, the slenderest possible material containing no moment that completely grips; forming merely a romantic interlude possessed of considerable poetic value, it is true, but lacking the drama to justify its tragic finish.

The story is mainly concerned with the love of Mathilda Spencer, a missionary's daughter, for Motauri, a pagan but decidedly attractive South Sea chieftan. The to-be-expected opposition from the stubborn but quite gullible old father is complicated by the remarkable sleuthing system of Greggson, a wicked, wicked villain of the hokum school, who desires Matilda for himself and is aided to the accomplishment of that end by the parson whom he easily takes in with a few heroic gestures.

Matilda and Motauri, after engaging in several gracefully staged love sequences, decide to brave all (even the wrath of the bestial Greggson who, with the aid of a hill and the spy glass, waxes quite psychic in following the movements of every one in Wailoa) in an elopement to the latter's own particular domain. A perilous descent over a remarkably elongated falls rivalling Eliza's well remembered ice episode, a violent storm and a daring effort by Motauri to steal a boat for transportation, all come to naught for, of course, Greggson, with his double vision, has had them like fishes in a net all the while. Matilda's incidental decision that she cannot mate with an islander is followed by a hand to hand contest between the two men. The suspense, unfortunately, is not wholly maintained here nor are Motauri's renunciation of his love and his resultant suicide developed with sufficient logic to lend the climax other than a dwindled out, unsatisfactory flavor. The whole is sadly missing in weight.

The high lights of the picture are its soft poetry, backgrounded against natural beauty, and the performances of a well chosen cast headed by Ramon Novarro who interprets Motauri, the laughing, mocking, tender songster, with his established finesse. This young artist's promise of

great things expands to include new territory with each successive effort.

The Ingram regard for detail and clever type casting of the atmospheric bits further assists to merit this screenplay which might have been fully and, no doubt, more pleasingly treated in two reels.

"Enemies of Women"

The much-heralded Cosmopolitan production of Ibanez' "Enemies of Women" is a rather stupendous screen drama beautifully acted, elaborately dressed and satisfactorily directed, which through its sustained, sordid weight, loses in entertainment almost to the point of monotony.

To start, Ibanez, always difficult to scenarize, has not been prepared for the camera by John Lynch in the understanding manner of June Mathis with "The Four Horsemen." Then, the gloomy story itself possesses practically no light moments, so vital in the accomplishment of contrasts in this type of thing.

The undeniably depressing theme, treating all that is most selfish and brutal in mankind, is silhouetted against the world war to which its characters are sent one by one as their reformations are laboriously achieved. This, presumably, upon the assumption that the service of army life rather than the bloody nature of its business will redeem them.

The inclusion of much stock film lends realism to the war episodes, but is overdone to the extent of distracting the observer's attention upon several occasions from the plot, injuring the continuity irreparably. The patriotic atmosphere created by the news reel is scarcely important enough to justify the sacrifice.

Joseph Urban's exotic settings and Alan Crosland's direction add to the technical value of the picture.

The really brilliant note, however, is struck by Lionel Barrymore who utilizes the whole of his art to characterize the Russian Prince Lubimoff, a devotee of Self, its pleasures and vanities. The Prince, a gallant beast, is loved by the Countess Alicia de Lillethe, feminine counterpart of his own character. For political reasons they flee to Paris where Alicia frantically attempts to conceal the

existence of Gaston, her grown son, from Lubimoff. The latter, seeing the lad, believes him to be another sweetheart of the countess and speedily deserts her which she permits as preferable to admitting the truth. The boy's enlistment awakens Alicia's dormant womanhood but Lubimoff is untouched by the sacrifice about him until his tragedy arrives in the death from heart failure of Gaston, now a returned convalescent but still unknown to Lubimoff, during a duel to which he was challenged by the Prince.

Alma Rubens is a very graceful Alicia and William Collier, Jr., as Gaston, plays the one deeply sympathetic role in the piece, while several incidental characters who assist as influences are excellently enacted by Pedro de Cordoba, Gareth Hughes, Gladys Hulette, Mario Majeroni and Paul Panzer.

"Souls for Sale"

Rupert Hughes' personally produced, Goldwyn cinema play, "Souls For Sale," is a much modified version of his serial story of the same name. It is a chronicle of the career of Remember Steddon from her midwestern home to motion picture stardom and is chiefly valuable as highly entertaining and instructive film colony propaganda authentically depicting present day studio life. By its very nature, fictional propaganda is cheapened out of the ranks of art, but it is priceless in the accomplishment of a given end and this picture is an entirely worthy message from Mr. Hughes to the impressionable, American public. It is not a photodrama; therefore to apply photodramatic principles in its criticism would be futile.

Mem Steddon barely escapes a horrible fate as the wife of a murderer by dropping off a Los Angeles bound train in the desert, abandoning him on her wedding day. When utterly exhausted from a two days' struggle with the wilderness, she stumbles upon a locationing film company with which she is given extra work when resuscitated. Tom Holby, the leading man, is attracted to her.

Later in Hollywood, she works in mobs until Frank Claymore, the director of the original company, is persuaded to give her a test. The test is a failure and Remem-

ber's grief at the outcome arouses the director's interest. He obtains her a stock position with the studio and commences her screen education. Holby continues more infatuated than ever with the girl, a fact which renders Claymore's star, Robina Teele, most miserable in the light of her own affection for the actor; nor does it delight Claymore who is himself growing in devotion to his protegee.

Remember's opportunity is Robina's misfortune for she is awarded stardom after the latter has been incapacitated through an accident. About this time, Scudder, the menacing husband, after various experiences, shows up to claim his bride and, upon failing in this effort, indulges in evil threats. During terrific confusion resulting when a circus set is struck by lightning and hundreds of principals and extras are endangered, he attempts to kill Claymore, now his recognized rival, with the propellor of a wind machine. Circumstances throw Mem in its path rather than the man who loves her and, conscience stricken at last, Scudder dies to save her. The conventional ending winds up this melodramatic sequence speedily.

The only striking interpretation in the play is to the credit of Lew Cody whose rendition of Scudder is vaguely reminiscent of Von Stroheim's Count Sergius in "Foolish Wives." The other performances provide little opportunity but they are handled in good form by Eleanor Boardman, Richard Dix, Frank Mayo, Mae Busch and Barbara La Marr.

Intimate glimpses of real film celebrities at work and play along with other Hollywood shots add immeasurably to this picture's attraction.

"Vanity Fair"

Undoubtedly, Hugo Ballin has made of Thackeray's widely-read classic, "Vanity Fair," a more human screen subject than could have been anticipated by the most optimistic. The scenario covers the high spots of the original quite neatly and these Mr. Ballin treats with comprehension while, with the assistance of an excellent cast, visualizes the author's characters in an interesting manner offering, from every consideration, a very presentable and entertaining chapter on English social life

during and following the Napoleonic era.

It is unavoidable, however, that the lovers of the old novel will find cause for annoyance over the necessary slighting of detail in the film and the omission of so many of Thackeray's characteristic ironies; while, on the other hand, the average fan, little concerned with fiction of another age, is liable to remark with disappointment a certain stiltedness almost inevitably present in the adaptations of stories never intended for revision. We, as a profession, are subject to both attitudes of criticism so long as we fail to develop a screen literature sufficient to meet the particular demands of our public.

Nevertheless, the exploits and intrigues of attractive, little Becky Sharp upon her inadmirable climb to position over the affections of her numerous lovers has, as always, marked fascination here. Everyone in the path of Becky's ambition is sacrificed, her friends, her child and finally the real love of her life. Moreover, the woman cleverly manages to deceive those with whom she deals most treacherously right up to the rude discovery by her husband of Lord Steyne in her rooms and the verification of her infidelity which form the story's climax and precipitate the material ruin and following spiritual redemption of Becky.

Mabel Ballin's rendition of this character is one of her best pieces of acting. She makes the ingenious, little commoner most enjoyable despite the rank selfishness and vanity which dominate her.

Eleanor Boardman in Amelia and an exceptional masculine cast including Hobart Bosworth, superb in the repulsive Steyne, George Walsh, Harrison Ford, Earle Fox and Williard Louis fill the remaining roles most competently.

Technical excellence is an outstanding satisfaction of this Goldwyn production.

Glimpses of the Moon (Paramount)—An Allan Dwan production which lavishly frames a series of real situations. Excellent performances prove partially redeeming.

Masters of Men (Vitagraph)—A well directed romance of Spanish War period with action, thrills and an unusually good performance by Cullen Landis, from a patriotic novel by Morgan Robertson.

Safety Last (Pathe)—A typical Harold Lloyd comedy replete with laughs and breath-taking stunts which dress a slight plot delightfully.

Modern Marriage (American)—Bushman and Bayne return in a vehicle typical of their old time efforts; rather ordinary and inconsistent but with enough action to appeal—here and there.

The Go Getter (Cosmopolitan)—A rather dull effort by Peter B. Kyne smothered in excess footage and lightened but "lighty" with a sprinkling of laughs.

The Abyssmal Brute (Universal)—A Jack London story with definite entertainment value, excellently handled and acted with Reginald Denny leading.

—F. R.



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WITH THE *Producers*

BY AGNES O'MALLEY

ACTIVITIES IN AND AROUND THE STUDIOS

MILTON E. HOFFMAN, Metro's production manager, returned recently from New York where he had gone in search of screen material, with the announcement that there is an appalling dearth of film stories. He says, "Most of our writers do not take the motion picture business seriously enough. They write without studying our needs. What we want is stories written expressly for the screen by people who have studied its requirements, and who have taken the trouble to master its technique."

The United Lot

Final shots are being made by Eddie Cline on "The Meanest Man in the World," the Principal Pictures production starring Bert Lytell. After the completion of this Cohan play, the first of the Harold Bell Wright novels will be made by Principal. The screen version of "The Winning of Barbara Worth" is being handled by Harry Carr and Walter Anthony, and shooting will begin shortly. Florence Vidor has been cast for the title role, and Tully Marshall and Monte Blue have so far been selected in support. Eddie Cline will direct. In addition to the Wright novels, Principal Pictures' plans include a series of comedies featuring Harry Langdon, the vaudeville comedian, and more of the "Peck's Bad Boy" series.

The complete cast for Richard Walton Tully's "Trilby" which James Young is directing for First National release, includes: Andree Lafayette, Arthur Edmund Carew, Creighton Hale, Wilfred Lucas, Philo McCullough, Frances MacDonald, Martha Franklin, Rose Dione,

Maurice Caonage, Max Constant and Evelyn Sherman. The production is nearing completion.

Barbara La Marr is the latest addition to the cast of Maurice Tourneur's "The Brass Bottle," which he and M. C. Levee, are producing for First National.

Warner Brothers' Activities

Johnny Hines has come out of the east to star for Warners in the Cohan play, "Little Johnny Jones."

Grant Carpenter is at work on the screen version of Avery Hopwood's play, "The Gold Diggers," which Harry Beaumont will direct.

Harry Rapf's production of "Lucretia Lombard" will feature Irene Rich. Sada Cowan adapted this novel by Kathleen Norris.

William Beaudine will direct Wesley Barry in "The Printer's Devil," which is an original by Julian Josephson.

David Belasco is expected in Hollywood about the first of June to supervise the production of "Tiger Rose," with Lenore Ulrich.

Frank E. Dazey of New York has been engaged by Warners to head their scenario department. Mr. Dazey with his wife, Agnes Christine Johnston, wrote "Rich Men's Wives" and "Poor Men's Wives," both original screen stories.

Ince News

The screen rights to "Anna Christie," Eugene O'Neill's sensational drama, have been purchased by Thos. H. Ince. Bradley King is at work on the screen version, which will go into production shortly under the direction of John Griffith Wray.

"Her Reputation" is the working title for the screen version of "The Devil's Own," by Talbot Mundy and Bradley

King. Miss King is also preparing the continuity.

"Judgment of the Storm," the first Palmerplay, has been completed. Finishing touches are being put to the titles, and final cutting being done on the film.

Douglas MacLean is being featured in a story of the French underworld, "A Man of Action," an original by Bradley King. James W. Horne is directing and the star is supported by Marguerite de la Motte, and Raymond Hatton. Ernest Wilkes is writing the continuity.

Associated Authors, which is composed of Frank E. Woods, Thompson Buchanan and Elmer Harris, is producing "King Richard the Lion-Hearted," as their initial offering. Wallace Beery has the title role and is supported by Clarence Geldert, John Bowers, Marguerite de la Motte, Tully Marshall, Charles Gerrard, Kathleen Clifford and Wilbur Higby.

Associated Authors' second offering will be Peter B. Kyne's, "Harbor Bar."

John Griffith Wray will direct a screen version of Vaughan Kester's, "The Just and the Unjust."

Mrs. Wallace Reid's dope story has been re-titled again; it is now called "Human Wreckage," and work is nearing completion. Robert McKim, Harry Northup and Lucile Rickson have been added to the cast.

Goldwyn Studios

Another merger has been effected by the Goldwyn company. Officials of Distinctive Pictures Corporation of New York have signed contracts whereby Goldwyn will handle the entire output of Distinctive Productions. The acquisition of Distinctive's output, together with its own pictures and those of Cosmopolitan, give Goldwyn a commanding position in the motion picture industry.

Lew Cody has been added to the Goldwyn Stock Company, which now includes the following well-known picture players: Frank Mayo, Mae Busch, Claire Windsor, Eleanor Boardman, Helene Chadwick, Raymond Griffith, James Kirkwood, George Walsh, Hobart Bosworth, Conrad Nagel, Patsy Ruth Miller, Kate Lester, William Haines, Cecil Holland, Lucien Littlefield, Aileen Pringle, Kathleen Key,

Jean Haskell, William Orlamond and Ted Edwards.

Conrad Nagel's first work under his Goldwyn contract will be the masculine lead in Madelaine Ruthven's romance, "The Rendezvous." Marshall Neilan will direct.

The first names to be announced for the cast of Emmet J. Flynn's "In the Palace of the King" are Pauline Starke, Charles Clargy, Aileen Pringle and Hobart Bosworth. June Mathis prepared the screen version of the Marion Crawford novel.

Victor Seastrom, the Swedish director recently signed by Goldwyn, will make as his first production "The Master of Men," Hall Caine's latest novel. Paul Bern, who photodramatized "The Christian," has been especially engaged to write the scenario for "The Master of Men," and Mae Busch will play the leading feminine role.

The second Elinor Glyn story to be made by Goldwyn will be "Three Weeks." Work will begin shortly.

Jean Hersholt has been cast for the heavy in von Stroheim's production of "Greed," which is the screen version of Frank Norris, "McTeague." Most of the picture is being made in San Francisco.

In the latest tabulation of votes for the casting of the title role of "Ben-Hur," James Kirkwood has caught up with Valentino.

Achievement Films has rented space at Goldwyn Studios where they will produce Balzac's "The Magic Skin." Charles Whitaker is preparing the continuity and George D. Baker will direct. Bessie Love and Carmel Meyers have so far been cast.

Lasky Plant

Mary Astor arrived recently from New York to begin work on her first picture for Paramount, "To the Ladies," in which she will be co-featured with Robert Agnew. This is a film of a play by George S. Kaufman and a Marc Connelly. Ralph Block will be production editor on this feature.

Actual shooting on Cecil DeMille's original story "The Ten Commandments" has started. The story is being developed by Jeanie MacPherson to show the application of the Decalogue to modern life.

Gloria Swanson and company are on

location at Catalina Island completing the final scenes of "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," which Sam Wood is directing.

Gradually all the well-known people of the screen are being introduced into the episodes of the original photoplay "Hollywood," James Cruze's comedy-drama of motion picture life.

Universal City

Adrian Johnson is working on the continuity of "The Daughter of Crooked Alley," one of Jack Boyle's "Boston Blackie" stories of the underworld.

Clarence F. Brown will direct Rita Weiman's famous stage play, "The Acquittal," as his first work for Universal. Priscilla Dean will be starred. Jules Furthman is writing the screen version.

Edmund Mortimer is directing Herbert Rawlinson in "Thicker Than Water," in which the star is supported by Esther Ralston. This is a screen version of Margaret Bryant's popular novel "Richard."

"Hoot" Gibson is being directed by Edward Sedgwick in "Out of Luck," in which he is supported by Laura La Plante.

J. Warren Kerrigan, Anna Q. Nilsson and Tom Santschi have been engaged for the principal roles in Harry Garson's first production for Universal, an original story of Java, as yet untitled.

Niles Welch, Edith Yorke and William Daly are supporting Gladys Walton in her latest starring vehicle, "Sawdust." This is a story by Courtney Riley Cooper. Hugh Hoffman is writing the continuity. Jack Conway is directing.

Raymond L. Schrock and King Baggot are at work on the story which will be Baby Peggy Montgomery's first feature picture. King Baggot will direct.

Jack Dillon is busy with "The Self-Made Wife," in which he is directing Ethel Grey Terry, Krauford Kent, Virginia Ainsworth and Dorothy Cummings. The story is by Elizabeth Alexander. Edward T. Lowe wrote the continuity.

Metro Activities

The complete cast of Viola Dana's "Rouged Lips" includes Tom Moore, supporting the star, Nola Luxford, Sidney de

Gray, Arline Pretty, Francis Powers, Georgie Woodthorpe and George K. Arthur. This is a screen version by Thomas J. Hopkins of Rita Weiman's story, "Upstage," which appeared in the Saturday Evening Post. Harold Shaw is directing.

Edward Sloman will direct "The Eagle's Feather," a Cosmopolitan story by Katherine Newlin Burt. Winifred Dunn is preparing the screen version.

The cast of Rex Ingram's "Scaramouche" to date includes, in addition to Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry in the leading roles, Lewis Stone, Edith Allen, Lloyd Ingraham, Otto Matieson, Julia Swayne Gordon, Lionel Belmore, Lydia Yeamans Titus, William Humphrey, J. Edwin Brown, Carrie Clarke Warde, Bowditch Turner, George Siegmann, John George, Joe Murphy and Snitz Edwards and Kala Pasha.

Clara Kimball Young's "La Rubia" is nearing completion.

Jackie Coogan is well into production of Mary Roberts Rinehart's novel, "Long Live the King." He is supported by Alan Forrest, Alan Hale, Ruth Renick and Rosemary Theby. Victor Schertzinger is directing the little star.

Other Activities

Announcement has been made that Marilynn Miller will come to Hollywood for a two months' vacation this summer, in which time she will make a picture co-starring with her husband, Jack Pickford. No story has been found as yet.

The cast of Mary Pickford's new Spanish picture includes Holbrook Blinn, Irene Rich, Charles Belcher, Frank Leigh, Madame Mathilde Comont, George Periolat, Bert Sprotte, Snitz Edwards, Madame de Bodamere, Phillippe de Lacey, Donald McAlpin and Doreen Turner. This is an original story of Nineteenth Century Spain. Ernest Lubitsch is the director. Edward Knoblock prepared the continuity.

After nine months of inactivity, Douglas Fairbanks has actually started work on a new picture. It is an original tale of Bagdad, inspired by "Arabian Nights." Edward Knoblock prepared the scenario, and Raoul Walsh is directing. Evelyn Brent is playing opposite the star.

DO PRODUCERS BUY "ORIGINAL" PHOTOPlays

(Continued from Page 16)

of Avenue A," by Bradley King, Universal; "Colorau," by Jessie Wybro, Fox; "Alias Sebastina," by Raymond Shrock, Universal; "Chicago Sal," by Harvey Gates, Irving Cummings Productions; "The Trouble Buster," by Arthur Goodrich, Jess Robins Productions; "News," by Bradley King, Thos. H. Ince; "Refuge," by Lois Zellner, Katherine MacDonald; "Adam's Rib," by Jeanie MacPherson, Lasky; "Prodigal Daughters," by Joseph Hocking, Lasky; "The Bishop of Hollywood," by Bernardine King, Caldwell Productions; "Flesh," by Rupert Julian, Universal; "Around the World in Eighteen Days," by Robert Dillon, Universal; "The Spider and the Rose," by Richard Schayer, Bennie Zeidman Productions; "The Tinsel Harvest," by Harold Shumate, Thos. H. Ince; "Desire," by Henry Symonds and John B. Clymer, Louis Burston; "The Ninth Name," Katherine Briggs, Robertson-Cole; "No Trespassing," by Monte Brice, Robertson-Cole; "Mothers-in-Law," by Agnes Johnston and Frank Dazey, B. P. Schulberg; "Fair Week," by Walter Woods, Lasky; "Service," by Anna Blake Mezquida, Thos. H. Ince; "You Can't Fool Your Wife," by Hector Turnbull, Lasky; "The Extra Girl," by Bernard McConville, Mack Sennett; "Take Your Choice," by Frank H. Conklin, Christie; "Don't Marry for Money," by Hope Loring and Louis Duryea Lighton, B. P. Fineman; "McGuire of the Big Snows," by Raymond Shrock, Universal; "Upside Down," by H. H. Van Loan, Universal; "Rider of Devilshoof," by Clare Rusk, Seeling Productions; "The Man from Ten Strike," by James Oliver Curwood, Principal Pictures; "Tom Mix in Arabia," by Lynn Reynolds, Fox; "Another Man's Shoes," by Victor Bridges, Universal; "The 32nd Hour," by Leonard F. Bayer, Loew Productions; "The Love Gambler," by Lilian Bennet-Thompson and George Hubbard, Fox; "Brawn of the North," by Jane Murfin, Lawrence Trimble Productions; "When the Desert Calls," by Donald McGibney, Pyramid Pictures; "Ridin' Wild," by Roy Meyers, Universal; "Breaking Home Ties," by Frank N. Stiltzer and

George Rolands, E. S. Manheimer; "The Old Music Master," by Katherine Chesnay, Warrenton-Shute Productions; "While Justice Waits," by Charles A. and Don Short, Fox; "When Love Comes," by Ray Carroll, Film Booking Offices; "Environment," by Harvey Gates, Principal Pictures; "Judgment of the Storm," by Ethel Styles Middleton, Palmer Photoplay Productions; "The Kingdom Within," by Kenneth P. Clarke, Producers Security Corp.; "As A Man Lives," by Bob Dexter, Achievement Films; "Tousie Stoops to Conquer," by Walter Hallstead, Palmer Photoplay Productions; "A Front Page Story," by Arthur Goodrich, Jess Robins Productions; "The Woman Conquers," by Violet Clark, Katherine MacDonald Productions; "A Clouded Name," by Tom Bret, Playgoers; "Crinoline and Romance," by Bernard McConville, Metro; "The Midnight Guest," by Rupert Julian, Universal; "The Altar Stairs," by G. B. Lancaster, Universal; "The Darling of the Rich," by Dorothy Farnum, B. B. Productions; "Flames of Passion," George Hiveley, Independent Pictures; "The Footlight Ranger," by Dorothy Yost, Fox; "Romance Land," Kenneth Perkins, Fox; "Can A Woman Love Twice," by Wyndham Gittens, Film Booking Offices; "Catch My Smoke," by Joseph P. Ames, Fox; "Ethan of the Mountain," by Sarah Waters, Monroe Salisbury; "Lost and Found," by Carey Wilson, Goldwyn; "You Are Guilty," by Roy Middleton, Mastodon Films; "The Dangerous Age," by Frances Irene, Louis B. Mayer; "Fools and Riches," by Frederick Jackson, Universal; "Poor Men's Wives," by Agnes Johnston and Frank Dazey, Preferred Pictures; "The Love Letter," by Bradley King, Universal; "The World's Applause," by Clara Beranger, Lasky; "Crashing Through," by Elizabeth De Jeans, Film Booking Offices; "The Tents of Allah," by Charles A. Logue, Encore Pictures; "Soul of the Beast," by C. Gardner Sullivan, Thos. H. Ince; "The Dangerous Adventure," by Frances Guihan, Warner Bros.; "The Man Between," by Finis Fox, Fox; "Decree Granted," by H. H. Van Loan, Universal.

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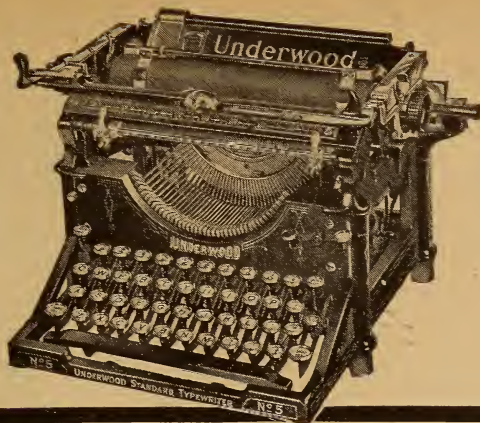
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You have ten full days in which to try the typewriter before deciding whether you want to keep it. Give it every test—see for yourself—make the Underwood prove its worth to you. Don't take our word for it—put the Underwood before you and see if you don't think it the greatest typewriter bargain ever offered.

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A Contest for Writers

Can You Write a Tooth Paste Advertisement?

Advertising writing offers the writer with a fertile imagination a field where truth, logic and convincing English can make him a commercial success.

This contest may start you on the road to that success.

The Advertising Vigilance Committee of the *Story World* offers three prizes for the three best 200-word advertisements on tooth paste. Contestants may write copy on any one of the several nationally advertised tooth pastes. Submitted copy should contain not more than 200 words, including caption and signature of advertisement, and must be typewritten on white paper. Art layouts are not required and will not influence judges. First prize for most convincing copy from standpoint of publication in *Story World* and appeal to writers, \$25.00. Second prize, \$10.00. Next five best, \$1.00 each. Where two or more winners submit same copy, prizes will be awarded to each. Copy entered in this contest must be mailed before midnight June 20th to Contest Editor, *Story World* Vigilance Committee, 6411 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Prize winners will be notified by mail July 1st and announced in August *Story World*.

A Hint to Contestants

One of the first rules in advertising writing is, be "sold" on the product about which you write. In writing your copy, choose the brand of tooth paste you can conscientiously recommend. Write your copy in clear, understandable language. Whether or not you enter this contest, fill in Item "B" in the coupon and mail it to:

Contest Editors, Vigilance Committee,
STORY WORLD and Photodramatist,
6411 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Paste on
Submitted
Copy

Enter the accompanying copy in the advertising writing competition announced in the June *Story World* and in compliance with the terms and conditions as therein printed. I would like to see a similar contest on (B)

.....advertising
conducted, (Kind of product)

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On location with "Judgment of the Storm" company. Standing, left to right, Director Del Andrews, Lloyd Hughes, Lucille Rickson, Claire McDowell, George Hackathorne. Seated in the foreground is Assistant Director Frank Geraghty.

Why You Should See This Palmerplay

"JUDGMENT OF THE STORM" is the picture of the year for writers. It is theory of dramatic construction presented in practice. It is that concrete example of photoplay technique that you have been seeking, and which is made possible because the story was written directly for the screen. Wide departure from the author's script was unnecessary, and Ethel Styles Middleton's powerful, true-to-life drama comes to the screen undiluted.

You have probably read the story as written by the author and previously published. Now, see the picture and note the truthful screen interpretation. Match your story telling ability with that of the creator of "Judgment of the Storm." Can you write a more graphic screen play; one requiring even less adaptation? A viewing of "Judgment of the Storm" at your favorite theatre will be an invaluable visual lesson in screen technique. "Judgment of the Storm" is the first picture to be produced on a plan whereby the author partakes of the profits of the picture. This new royalty basis introduced by the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, producers of "Judgment of the

Storm," paves the way for the universal adoption of this plan. Register your approval of this step by mailing the coupon below.

MAIL THIS COUPON. Put yourself on record in favor of the new type of photoplays called Palmerplays. Assure yourself a viewing of "Judgment of the Storm" by writing your favorite theatre to show it. Besides bringing you a colorful souvenir poster on "Judgment of the Storm," this coupon will allow us to approach your local theatre and urge an early booking of the picture. Clip and mail the coupon today; then watch for advance information regarding the showing of "Judgment of the Storm" in your city.

Productions Division,
Palmer Photoplay Corporation,
Producers of Palmerplays,
Palmer Building, Hollywood, Cal.

I am anxious to see "Judgment of the Storm," and list below the names of one or more theatres in my community at which I should like to have the picture appear. Also send me free, a full-color, illustrated souvenir poster on "Judgment of the Storm."

.....Theatre
.....Theatre
.....Theatre
My Name.....
Address.....
City.....

Five New Writers Sell Photoplays



Ethel Styles Middleton,
Pittsburgh, wrote the first
Palmerplay. She receives
royalties on the profits of
the picture for five years,
having already received an
advance payment of \$1000.



Waldo C. Twitchell,
graduate engineer, now as-
sistant production manager
at Fairbanks-Pickford
Studios.



Euphrase Molle,
a school teacher at Oakland,
California, recently sold her
story, "The Violets of Yes-
teryear," to Hobart Bos-
worth.



John Holden
Now in a studio staff posi-
tion with one of the large
producing companies.



Jane Hurrel,
portrait painter, sold her
story, "Robes of Redem-
ption," to Allen Holubar.

or win studio staff positions—Send for Free Test
which tells if you have like ability

HERE are five men and women, trained by this Corporation, who have, through this training, recently sold stories or accepted studio staff positions with prominent producing companies.

Picked at random from many, they prove that the ability to write belongs to no one class. One is a housewife, one a school teacher, another a graduate engineer, a portrait painter and the other has written fiction.

All have been amply repaid for the time, effort and money they invested in this work.

Not one of these men and women realized a short time ago what latent screen writing ability he or she possessed.

But each took advantage of the opportunity that you have at this moment. They tested and proved themselves by the novel method we have developed.

We offer you the same test free—no obligation. Merely send the coupon.

New Writers Needed

We make this offer because we are the largest single clearing house for the sale of screen stories to the producing companies. And we must have stories to sell.

Through daily contact with the studios, we know that a serious dearth of suitable screen material exists.

Novels, short stories and stage plays, adaptable for the screen, have been practically exhausted. Scenario staffs are greatly overworked. They can not keep pace with the present day demands.

New screen writers must be developed if we are to supply the producing companies with the necessary photoplays, for which they gladly pay \$500 to \$2000.

It is not novelists, short story writers and

playwrights that are needed. Many of them have tried this work; few succeeded.

The need is for men and women in every walk of life who possess Creative Imagination—story telling ability. Unusual aptitude for writing is not a requisite, for little else than titles appear on the screen in words.

We Pay Royalties

We are also producers, making the better type of pictures—Palmerplays. It is therefore of vital importance to us that we find the stories that make better pictures possible.

So we offer to new writers, Palmer trained, royalties for five years with an advance payment of \$1000 cash, on the profits of the pictures selected for Palmerplays.

You must admit the opportunities. On this page are five of the many men and women who have succeeded.

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Now the question of importance is, can you succeed in this work? We will test you free, because we want to train those who have the necessary ability.

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*Reissued 1922

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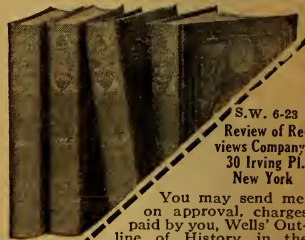
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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of "STORY WORLD AND PHOTODRAMATIST," published monthly at Hollywood, Los Angeles, California, for April 1, 1923. State of California, County of Los Angeles—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Hubert LaDue, who having been duly sworn according to law deposes and says that he is the Editor and Business Manager of the "STORY WORLD AND PHOTODRAMATIST," and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher, Photodramatist Publishing Company, Inc., 6411 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Editor, Hubert LaDue, 6411 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Managing Editor, Hubert LaDue, 6411 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

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2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.)

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HUBERT LADUE,
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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of March, 1923,

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(My commission expires May 12, 1924.)

Form 3526.—Ed. 1922.

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